

TOGO AND THE RISE
OF JAPANESE SEA POWER



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET COUNT TOGO

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER

BY
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Author of *Fighting Bob Evans*

WITH A FOREWORD BY
REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U.S.N., *retired*

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To

MY MOTHER

FOREWORD

To almost any American reader, this book will come as a surprise and almost as a shock. The whole atmosphere of the book, the whole exposition of the character of Togo, the clear and close similarity between the spirit of Togo and the spirit of Japan, will be a revelation to most Americans; because it is a kind of spirit that we only dimly comprehend.

But woe to us if we do not learn to comprehend it. Woe to us, if we fail to read the handwriting on the wall.

So hindered are Americans by the multitudinous factions in our political and social life, so swept along are we by the forceful impulse of our "rugged individualists," so obedient are we to the doctrine "every man for himself," so eager are we in the pursuit of luxury and pleasure, that the picture here presented of a modest gentleman—self-effacing and loyal, and yet acclaimed, the world over, as one of its greatest warriors—is almost unbelievable.

Yet it would not have been unbelievable to our Pilgrim Fathers, who started us along the path of duty, and preached the doctrine of "plain living and high thinking," from which we have strayed so widely; from which we have strayed so dangerously. To realize this, we have but to spend a half hour of contemplation over the decadence and fall of Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome in ancient times, and the futile staggering of pleasure-loving France in modern times, and confess to ourselves that we are following them "down the toboggan."

Can we stop? The future will decide. A wide-spread reading of this book would help us greatly.

It will help us to comprehend Togo, if we realize that we have a figure in our own history, who, in point of modesty and gentleness and loyalty, was a counterpart of Togo—General U.S. Grant. His tomb is a shrine in America as Togo's is in Japan.

If rightly understood, this book will act as an inspiration to Americans. It will constitute an awful warning that no nation

of self-indulgent individuals, even if so rich and great as Russia was, can successfully compete with a nation of self-sacrificing individuals, or long maintain in the world a place of respect or power.

BRADLEY A. FISKE

AUTHOR'S NOTE

ACKNOWLEDGMENT of deep appreciation is due to many persons who rendered substantial assistance in the preparation of this volume but, unfortunately, mention cannot be made here of them all.

Hélène Falk translated considerable French material and in innumerable other ways helped tirelessly and effectively from beginning to end.

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Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N., Director of the Naval Library and Records, kindly made available old logs and other American naval records which it was necessary to examine. With characteristic generosity, the late Commander Holloway H. Frost, U.S.N., placed his papers and sketches on the Russo-Japanese War and his advice at the author's disposal.

Supplementing the footnotes there is appended a bibliography relating to Togo and to the Japanese naval development of the Togo period that is available in English and, with less completeness, such material in French and German. (Most of the best material on those subjects in the European languages, including the best Russian material, has been translated, directly or indirectly, into English.)

There are also included certain works relating to the background, which are mentioned partly as an introductory guide to those not familiar with the literature in that field and partly as an acknowledgment, but the following text shows that the author dissents from expressions of the opinion and even the factual statements in some of those writings. Without minimizing the great help derived from other books and articles, especial gratitude is due for the assistance obtained, in connection with the text and the charts, from that vast reservoir

TOGO

of world-wide naval information and opinion, the files of the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute, from the distinguished volume by Admiral George A. Ballard, R.N., *The Influence of the Sea upon the Political History of Japan*, from the writings of Professor William Elliot Griffis, from the biographies of Admiral Togo by Vice Admiral Viscount Ogasawara (the unabridged Japanese edition) and by Professor Arthur Lloyd, respectively, from the British *Official History of the Russo-Japanese War*, and from Jane's twin classics, *The Imperial Russian Navy* and *The Imperial Japanese Navy*.

The charts, carefully laid out but awkwardly sketched by the author and transcribed with painstaking accuracy by Addison Durland, are not intended to be self-explanatory but solely to clarify the text.

E. A. F.

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CHAPTER I BEFORE PERRY

ON A spring day in 1871, a British liner, homeward bound from the Orient via the new Suez Canal route, steamed through the Straits of Gibraltar and swung to the northward. As Cape Trafalgar loomed into view, a dozen Japanese youths in native attire crowded the starboard rail and gazed with excited reverence at the landmark of the great battle. They had been stirred to an equal degree a few days before by the scene of the victory in Aboukir Bay.

This was the perfect introduction to the West of young men sent halfway around the world to learn among its master's compatriots the technique of "the Nelson touch."

A certain one of these naval neophytes, born five years before Perry sailed into Yedo Bay, had seen his country's awakening and knew that before long she would call for her own Nelson.

Three decades later, dramatically coincident with the centenary of Trafalgar, a small bust of Nelson carved out of wood and copper from the old *Victory* herself, was presented as the tribute of his many British friends to this Japanese student, in recognition of his crowning achievement at Tsushima.

Once more did sea power, this time escorting the Industrial Revolution, perform its eternal mission. Personifying the amazing rise of a nation in one generation was the life of this disciple of the Mistress of the Seas: "The Peaceful Son" (Heihachiro) of "The Eastern Hamlet" (Togo).

He lived to quote from Milton in all solemn sincerity: "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war."¹ These peaceful victories Togo also helped to win, but against the background of naval might, applied under his own leadership in action.

THE significant feature of the volcanic archipelago constituting the original Japanese Empire is that, while for most of its

¹ At luncheon of Japan Society and New York Peace Society, in New York City, August 14, 1911.

long, narrow, crescent-shaped length it is separated from the continent by a substantial stretch of open sea, at one point it nearly touches the end of the Korean Peninsula. This is at the western side of the most westerly and southerly of the four principal islands, Kyushu, where only a relatively narrow waterway gives to Japan a position in Asia corresponding to Great Britain's in Europe. While the distance from Calais to Dover is much less than the width of this passage, the crossing of the latter is facilitated by midway islands. The history of Japan has demonstrated that the control of her destiny depends upon the control of the Straits of Tsushima.

At first, when craft were frail in structure and propelled by sail and oar, the Straits of Tsushima were a natural zone of neutrality barring successful invasion of either side. Fleets of hostile junks had to overcome the physical difficulties of the passage first and naval resistance as a minor second. In more recent times, however, the physical hazards were practically nullified by modern vessels, and the situation became reversed. What through the ages had been a dividing moat became a connecting drawbridge. There remained no effective obstacle to its use by a fleet except an opposing fleet.

Enhancing the age-old fame of that province as the birth-place of great warriors, Admiral Togo was born in Satsuma on the Island of Kyushu. Besides being the strategic centre of the Empire by virtue of forming one side of the Straits of Tsushima, Kyushu's proximity to the mainland and its south-westerly location near the early oceanic trade routes gave this island an inevitable prominence in the nation's history and exposed it more than the rest of the Empire to the European influences of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Japan's sources almost all look towards Kyushu, whither they came from the far ends of the earth, from prehistoric China and even, according to legend, from heaven itself, as Ninigi, grandson of the Sun Goddess and progenitor of all the Mikados, chose to make his landing on a mountain in Satsuma.

Down in this region, in the extreme southern corner, on the shore of Kagoshima Bay, lay the old town of Kagoshima, the urban centre and seaport of the province. In Kajima-machi, a village in the County of Kagoshima, Togo's family resided and there he was born.

Distant from the bleakness of Yezo² in the North, even differing radically from the temperate main island of Hondo, Kyushu's location is such that Kagoshima basks in the latitude

² The most northerly of the four principal islands, now called Hokkaido.

of Los Angeles and breathes the warm, moisture-laden vapour of the Kuro Siwo that flows up from the tropics in the manner of the Atlantic Gulf Stream.

Thick foliage in the valleys crowned with more northerly pine forests near the summits of the surrounding volcanic mountains; bright sunshine and heavy downpours; long summers with a profusion of fruits and song birds; sudden and calamitously devastating typhoons, earthquakes, tidal waves and eruptions; such is the vicinity of Kagoshima.

Across from the city, on a circular island in the bay, stood Sakurajima, magnificent and menacing, its peak often veiled by clouds and often boldly clear against a blue sky, a constant threat to the security of the neighbourhood. Togo learned the full fury of its temper only late in life when, in 1914, after a long series of premonitory earthquakes and tidal waves, the cone exploded in the greatest volcanic eruption in the annals of Japan.³

Nature was stimulatingly beautiful and stimulatingly treacherous in Togo's boyhood home; bountiful in its indulgence to the flesh and exacting in its demands for obedience to its first law. Superimposed upon the physical characteristics of the region was the significance of its relative distance and inaccessibility from the seats of the Imperial Government on the main island at Kyoto and Yedo.⁴ This remoteness engendered a self-reliant local semi-autonomy and a proud independence, as in all other feudal relationships affecting the vassals on the periphery of the liege's sphere of authority.

Foreign influence reaching Japan in this locality and taking root in this environment first, there developed in Satsuma the most notable prototypes of the Samurai caste and the exquisite ceramic art unequalled in its forms throughout the rest of the world.

The very village of Kajima in which Togo was born already had produced great men, two of whom, Saigo Takamori and Okubo Toshimitsu, were then leading statesmen of Satsuma of whom much will have to be said in the coming pages.

The encircling ocean, with its seemingly capricious and unpredictable moods, proved that the vessels it carried "twixt wind and water" were to be dreaded more than either of those elements. Indeed, the Japanese learned to their amazement that the ordinarily accursed typhoon might, in counteracting

³ T. A. Jaggar. *Sakurajima, Japan's Greatest Volcanic Eruption*. The National Geographic Magazine, Vol. XLV, No. 4 (April 1924), pp. 441-470.

⁴ Now Tokyo.

these more pernicious visitations, be a blessing. At least as far back as the period of the Norman Conquest of England, marauding Manchurian pirates attacked the coast of Kyushu, but they never gained a footing ashore. The most serious of such sorties was made by the outlaw Tois whose large-scale assault was frustrated by adverse winds at the critical time.

To the elements there also must be accorded a large measure of the credit for maintaining the independence of Japan against the acquisitive operations of Kublai Khan. At the time of the greatest expansion of the latter's sovereignty, he sought to subdue the domains of the sea as well as of the land, and launched two monster armadas across the dividing Straits of Tsushima.

Upon the first occasion, the main body of the invading fleet was destroyed at Hakozaki on Kyushu by a gale bursting in from the only exposed quarter of the bay. Six years later, the enormously mightier expeditionary force, swarming over the straits in forty-five hundred bottoms that carried a hundred and fifty thousand men, reached its destination only to be smashed to fragments by a torrential rain-storm of exceptional violence.

It is not to be wondered at that the Mikado ascribed his deliverance from subjugation to the intervention of his divine forbears.

The Japanese learned that, like their flat blades, the sea was a two-edged sword which thwarted not only the attempted invasions by their enemies but also their own ambitions of foreign conquest. At about the time Queen Elizabeth was adorning Sir Francis Drake with a precious jewel in tribute to his having "encompassed the globe" and the latter was repulsing the Spanish Armada in the Channel, the corresponding passageway in the Far East was churned with the naval encounters of the Korean War, which raged through the 1590's. This was an enterprise of pure and simple territorial aggrandizement on the part of Japan.

In Yi-Sun, Japan met the most adept sea fighter developed in the Orient before Togo, and there were titanic engagements afloat and on the mainland in which the fortunes of the belligerents fluctuated from battle to battle.⁵ But in that era of fragile craft, the sea was the unfailing ally of the defender, and ultimate Korean success was inevitable. The

⁵ See Vice Admiral George A. Ballard, *The Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan*. (Murray, London; Dutton, N. Y. 1921) pp. 50 ff.

Japanese achieved the first great naval victory in their history but it was not decisive of the campaign. Finally, after a defeat marked Japan's last major naval engagement until the Battle of the Yalu in 1894, the islanders' ambitious efforts to annex the Korean Peninsula were abandoned.

For three hundred years, the fighting forces of Japan and her continental neighbours left each other at peace. They unconsciously were awaiting the time when more seaworthy vessels, whose means of propulsion functioned independently of the weather, would render the sea more amenable to military operations and bring the archipelago closer to the mainland.

The intervening years constituted the periods of European penetration of Japan and her subsequent seclusion.

India, the East Indies, the Philippines, China, were familiar to the sixteenth century European sailors, whose stout ships voyaged afar with confidence. It was the Portuguese who, entirely by chance, stumbled upon the Japanese Islands, lying north of the trade routes. Landing at Kagoshima, they found to their delight a virgin market for their material and spiritual wares. Traders and priests poured into Kyushu and beyond, encountering little sales-resistance and an unusual receptivity to proselytizing. The European commodities of those pre-industrial days included little that substantially could enrich the lives of the Japanese. By all odds the most impressive contribution offered by the foreigners was their ardently propagated religion.

In the wake of the Portuguese came representatives of the other maritime powers of the West, bringing along their international and inter-denominational jealousies, prejudices and conflicts. Spanish Jesuits from the Philippines soon were clashing with the Portuguese missionaries, and the more commercially-minded Dutch, although holding aloof from the salvation of souls, by their dissenting Protestantism further confused the presentation of Christianity.

Despite these embroilments, Roman Catholicism spread, flourished and eventually nurtured the inevitable issue of Church and State.

Important secular influences also were felt. With European artisanship came a widening of the horizons. In 1600 there arrived at Nagasaki as pilot-master of a Dutch vessel one Will Adams, a veteran of the British Navy, who made his way to Yedo, was detained in luxury because of his coveted talents, and taught the central authorities the rudiments of ship-building as practiced in the yards of England. There

were launched Japanese craft of ocean-going dimensions and stamina, which soon sailed abroad in every direction. The following era of seclusion has dimmed the Occidental recollection of these seventeenth century Japanese voyagers who knew their way to the Malay Peninsula and the west coast of the Americas. Had it not been for the internal situation and its consequent policy of non-intercourse, Japan would have become a leading sea power before the people of the nascent United States found themselves upon the waters of the Pacific.

Togo's life commenced two hundred years after Japan had receded within her own shores and severed almost all ties with the outer world. This policy of non-intercourse was adopted to preserve native institutions from the alien influences that, after their thorough trial, seemed wholly malignant. To the conservative elements of that fraction of the populace which did the thinking for the whole, there were recognizable no benefits from foreign contact at all commensurate with the internal discords and disaffections that it had injected into Japanese life.

By torture, deportation and execution, Christianity was extirpated. Foreigners and their ships were excluded. Subjects of the Mikado were forbidden to leave his realm and, to ensure obedience to this injunction, no vessel more than seventy-five feet long was allowed to be built.

Japan reverted to her old ways and turned her back upon the rest of the earth. Yet her self-imposed solitary confinement never kept her entirely incommunicado. Through all the years there came trading junks from the mainland, strictly limited in number, and the Dutch vessels calling at the tiny islet in Nagasaki Bay where, under humiliating regulations and walled-in like a pest, the Dutch East India Company was permitted to retain its station.⁶ The Chinese and the Dutch served to keep the Japanese fastened to the rest of the planet, but the connection was tenuous and the foreign influence that it transmitted was slight.

Thus the Japan that Togo entered in 1847 was much the same as it had been in 1637 when the exclusion edicts were promulgated. With the passing of time, Oriental tradition sank its clutches into this policy of detachment until it became gripped in the rigid hold of undebatable and quasi-sacred

⁶ This exception in favour of the Dutch was due to their freedom from the taint of proselytizing in the troublous old days and to a monopoly granted in grim consideration of assistance rendered to the Shogun Iyemitsu in administering the *coup de grace* to the last Roman Catholic martyrs.

custom. The sinister "black ships" of foreigners might not with impunity darken the harbour entrances. For a Japanese there was no such thing as a respectable or lawful ambition to venture beyond the fishing banks. Even accidental transportation abroad due to shipwreck was punishable by decapitation if the contaminated native subsequently returned with his alien infection.

The determination to hold aloof from the rest of the human race seemed an integral and absolutely unalterable part of Japanese national policy. There was no disposition ever to give Europe another trial. When penetration finally was effected for the second time, it was not by the old West that had been expelled in the seventeenth century but by the new West of the Industrial Revolution.

In increasing numbers there entered the North Pacific the ships of a new maritime nation,⁷ which sailed around the Horn instead of around Good Hope. The insatiable quest of whale oil enticed American vessels to the Japan Grounds in increasing numbers. The financial institution at the head of elm-lined Main Street in far-away Nantucket bore the significant name of Pacific Bank and the homes there contained beautiful objects evidencing illicit barter with the Japanese.⁸

There were other and increasingly frequent trespasses of the forbidden waters by foreigners.⁹

Had the wooden sailing vessels of the period been less seaworthy they would not have ventured to Japanese waters; had they been more seaworthy, there would have been less immediate pressure for a mitigation of the anti-foreign decrees, because it was through marine disasters that most of the prohibited contacts were made.

Ten years before the birth of Heihachiro, his father saw the unfamiliar Stars and Stripes come to Kagoshima. The in-

⁷ As early as 1797, a Major Robert Shaw, veteran of the Continental Army, visited Japan in a Dutch ship, with first-hand reports of the Revolutionary War and the resultant United States of America. During the next decade, several of the then annual voyages of the Dutch East India Company to the Nagasaki post were made in bottoms chartered from the ship-owners of that new nation. See Charles Oscar Paullin, *Early Naval Voyages to the Orient*. U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. XXVII, No. 1 (Mar. 1911), p. 239.

⁸ When Commodore Perry was seeking the best available charts and navigation data of Japanese waters in preparation for his visit, it was to New Bedford that he went.

⁹ For example, providentially appearing at the Ryukyu (Loo Choo) Islands during the famine of 1882, the American ship *Amherst* donated enough food to relieve the acute hunger, and graciously was allowed to depart intact.

truder was the merchantman *Morrison*, innocently attempting to return to their native land some Japanese sailors who had found their way to China after various shipwrecks. Most of these survivors had been washed ashore near the mouth of the Columbia River in the fur-trading region of the wild American Northwest. The Kuro Siwo had a mighty drift.¹⁰ Ransomed from Indian slavery, these derelicts, eager to return to their homeland despite all risks, had been transported to China as the nearest permissible point. An American merchant in Macao, long fascinated by the idea of piercing the veil of Nippon, seized this apparent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity and at the same time perform an errand of mercy.

The *Morrison* had approached Yedo Bay but, before the nature of the visit could be explained or even the Japanese aboard smuggled onto the beach, the guardian guns had barked their indignant injunction.

The promoter of this unusual expedition correctly understood that Satsuma was the province of one of "the most powerful and least dependent of the feudal princes,"¹¹ and, on August 9, 1837, the *Morrison* was off the mouth of Kagoshima Bay. Word of the notorious arrival spread with the speed of all bad news. Astonished crowds gathered on the shores. There was consternation in the town. Every movement of the strange craft was observed, reported and exaggerated. While she was still in the lower bay, a boat shoved off from her side and approached a junk. Contact was established with a hamlet on the beach. A servitor of the Prince of Satsuma went aboard the *Morrison*, learned the object of the ship's call and was shown that she was unarmed.

There was debating in the councils of the Satsuman leaders. Curiosity and common sense struggled against discipline, habit and the distrust of the accursed unfamiliar. The decision was reached, and one night, with care to arouse no suspicion on the big ship, there was feverish activity on the hillsides. Dawn was heralded by a sudden fusillade from concealed guns on the summits. The shots splashed harmlessly into the water far short of the target, but there was open to the *Morrison* no alternative to withdrawal.

¹⁰ Ripley of "Believe-it-or-not" fame verified the fact that the wheel dropped from Pangborn's transpacific plane as it took off from Japan in 1931 floated 4400 miles across to Cape Flattery within a few months.

¹¹ C. W. King, *Notes of the Voyage of the Morrison from Canton to Japan in The Claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom*. (French, N. Y. 1839) Vol II.

This routine-breaking event was a momentous and memorable one in the homeland of the Togos.

While these thrusts were being made from without, there was a great renaissance within the confines of the Empire. The tiny apertures in the wall of seclusion were sufficient to acquaint the perspicacious leaders of thought with the progress abroad. The intellectual liberals, a minority as always, were chafing for open intercourse. Besides, there were the powerful economic stimuli on both sides of the wall, seeking the opportunities of sanctioned commerce. The plight of the whalers, needing a haven for their weathered ships or a sanctuary for themselves after the loss of their ships, lent a humanitarian lustre to the desire of the United States for the privileges of international comity.

A few months before Heihachiro's birth, there sailed into Yedo Bay a squadron of two American naval ships¹² under the command of Commodore James Biddle on a good-will visit en route to the China Station. The Japanese found him polite in the extreme and gracious even when ordered, through a Dutch interpreter, to depart at once. The ships neither used nor threatened to use force and obediently sailed away.¹³

The first summer of Heihachiro's life, the King of Holland sent to the Mikado a library of books and a map of the world. The progressive Shimazu Nariaki, celebrated Daimio of Satsuma, commenced building a steamship model along European lines with the help of books translated by a Dutch scholar.

Two years later there reached Kagoshima the reverberations of the outburst at Nagasaki occasioned by the arrival of Commander James Glynn in the U.S.S. *Preble*. He demanded under threat of force the release of certain imprisoned American survivors of shipwrecks. The hills surrounding Nagasaki were covered with hastily concentrated troops and the harbour was filled with armed junks, to prevent undue contact between the hated foreigners and the shore, but the jailed Americans were set free.

Some Englishmen landed in this year, 1849, at Uraga in Yedo Bay, and made a survey.

The Shogun ordered the daimios of seacoast provinces to strengthen their harbour fortifications—which meant building some that were more than ornamental.

While the Dutch and Chinese back-door communications and

¹² The *Columbus*, flying the Commodore's pennant, and the *Vincennes*.

¹³ That same season the American whaler *Manhattan* succeeded in delivering at Yedo Bay some Japanese sailors picked up after a shipwreck.

the peekings through the front keyholes were highly significant in presaging the opening of the main door, they did not have much immediate effect upon the lives of the Japanese people. Almost all traces of the early Christian proselytizing had been eradicated and the steam-age technology had not taken root.

The work and the recreation of the towns and the rural districts went along virtually unaltered by foreign influence. Season after season of cherry blossoms, generation after generation of stratified feudal society had passed with their individually distinguishing local brawls and civil wars, their abundant rice crops and their famines, but without essential change in either the outward modes of human economy or the temper of the mind. Rich products of the decorative arts emanated from the secluded palaces, their excellence most pronounced during the régimes of relative decadence ; poetry flourished whenever the conventional morality suffered a lapse from its more rigid standards ; the virtues of the warrior rose and fell in their high degree of practice during an age of constantly exalted chivalry ; but these fluctuations were merely minor variations in the rhythmic repetitions of the recurring theme, like the wind-blown waves upon the surface of a stagnant pool.

In retrospect, it is the static nature of those nationally tranquil days before Perry and Togo that seems most impressive. More striking than the physically perceptible contrast between the forms of life under the mediaeval agrarian-handicraft and the industrial systems is the contrast between the sameness of the former throughout its immemorable length and the unceasing change of the latter in its dynamic evolutions.

Togo KICHIZAEMON, a Samurai solid in the confidence of his Prince of Satsuma, was a gentleman of means, influential in his village and well known in the City of Kagoshima. His wife was the equally high-born Masu-ko, reputed to have descended from Kujomori, the half-legendary founder of the ancient House of Tairi. On December 22, 1847, (on January 27, 1848 according to subsequent co-ordination with the Gregorian calendar,) their fourth son was born.¹⁴

As soon as possible, the new-born infant was carried to the shrine of the guardian deity of the Togos and placed by his mother upon the altar. There, according to the ritual of the Samurai, a solemn ceremony was performed dedicating the tiny life to the service of the country. As in the sacrament

¹⁴ The second son died in infancy; likewise the only daughter. A fifth son followed.

of baptism, the child was named, but the Japanese custom was to bestow a temporary name, in this instance Nakagoro, to fill the gap until the permanent one was assumed at the coming-of-age party.¹⁵

At Nakagoro's maturity, celebrated in fitting fashion in 1860, the thirteen-year-old lad was renamed Heihachiro, the Peaceful Son. This is the name which its owner carried to fame and, however illogical it may be to give the change a retroactive effect, it is the only sensible name to use even in reference to the days before it was adopted.

Although this ceremony was religious, the dominant note was patriotism, sublimated to the plane of spirituality. To this day the Mikado¹⁶ represents the fusion of the worldly and the divine.

In those days, side by side with the godly dynasty which graced the throne, there reigned in Yedo the temporal Shoguns of the House of Tokugawa, who by stealthy degrees had relieved the Mikados of the mundane burden of actually ruling the country. There existed this dual system that suggests many analogies but finds them all distinguishable in substance. The Samurai of Satsuma accepted the sovereignty of the imperial sceptre as they accepted the sun itself, but they viewed the Shogunate (or Bakufu) as a mere political institution built of sacrilegiously-usurped power. Of late the Shoguns had assumed the more pretentious title of "Tycoon," derived from the Chinese denoting a supreme exalted ruler, which the Shogun was not. The Satsumans conceded no margin of superiority to any other clan of mere mortals and certainly not to these distant, presumptuous Tokugawas. In 1847 the family patriotism of the Togos was abstractly to the Mikado in his impenetrable detachment at Kyoto and concretely to the visible Daimio at Kagoshima.

During the epochal period of Japan's reopening, Heihachiro resided at home, following the usual routine of a normal youngster. The house at Kajima-machi stood upon a plot of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by the customary bamboo fence. There were twelve rooms, not including the kitchen and pantry, and the structure, shaped to provide a small inner courtyard, spread out in an easterly-westerly direction on the southern portion of the grounds, facing the garden and the gate at the north. The garden was the most important part

¹⁵ This interim name, Nakagoro, means "Middle Male Child" and is now forgotten outside of family and historical records.

¹⁶ More accurately but pedantically called the Tenno.

of the Togo homestead, because in the mild climate of that region it was the centre of the family life. On one side there were a few pine trees, just enough to form a grove, and the altar for worship of the household gods. On the other side was a pool of water in a large natural stone basin flanked by two old plum trees, bearing red and white blossoms, their trunks moss-covered with age. As a boy Heihachiro used to look at those two trees with their branches intertwined above the basin, and imagine that they were dragons contesting for the precious stone at their feet.

Until the age of twelve, Heihachiro was tutored by his mother, a gentlewoman of charm and uncommon intelligence, well qualified to indoctrinate her four sons in the rudiments of Samurai culture. Masu-ko imbued the boys with obedience to the code of their caste, the *bushido*,¹⁷ with its mandates of stoical performance of duty. Respect for authority was the tenor of every commandment. Reverence, uncompromising obedience, eternal loyalty, were the interlocking qualities drilled into the children's minds and characters with their meals and games.

The day's work was being done in Kagoshima by the grown-ups in the same way that it had been done for generations. The fishing boats went out to sea and brought back their catches ; the rice crops were planted and harvested ; the potters turned out their jars and bowls. There was nothing very new but the news from Yedo, which began to reach Kagoshima in unprecedented volume with the arrival of almost every coast-wise junk or overland traveller. Things were happening in the North that even without the perspective of time or place were recognized as having vital significance. In 1847 feudalism was the order in Japan, gold had not been discovered in California, and the great trans-Isthmian rush to the North Pacific had not begun. By 1859, when Togo was twelve, San Francisco was a thriving seaport, the United States was looking over her second ocean, and Japan was in licit intercourse with the rest of the world, commercially, intellectually and diplomatically.

It was during Heihachiro's sixth summer that there burst into Kagoshima the explosive report of the Great Arrival. Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, impressively ignoring the impotent shore batteries, anchored in Yedo Bay and proceeded to stage his carefully planned performance. By the time the news reached Kyoto, his four ships had been multiplied

¹⁷ The way of the warrior.

in the telling to a hundred, and his five hundred odd men to a hundred thousand! Relayed further, these exaggerations underwent additional distortion and magnification until, across the Straits of Shimonoseki and through the valleys of Kyushu at the far-off town of the Togos, the American squadron was credited with the number of vessels of Kublai Khan's armada.

This visit did not come as a bolt from the blue. The ever-solicitous Dutch, alert to maintain their monopoly, warned the authorities as early as the summer of 1850 that Great Britain and the United States both were planning to force their commerce upon Japan. This news followed by two months a nationwide appeal to heaven to save Nippon from the barbarians whose ships now were appearing with disquieting frequency. The Shogun built a fort near Yedo as a mark of his displeasure and let it go at that.

Shimazu had more prescience. He was in direct contact with the Dutch news-carriers at Nagasaki and was not the man to sit with folded arms when the safety of his province was in jeopardy. He petitioned the Shogun for leave to construct a warship, but this was denied. It was most desirable that Satsuma should have impregnable coastal defences—but not the kind that could be moved up to Yedo Bay. Finally, however, permission was granted for Shimazu to arm one of the vessels regularly plying between Yedo and Kagoshima. This conversion of a merchantman into a warship constituted the birth of the Satsuman Navy.

After Perry's visit, the Shogun did not dare thwart further naval development by Shimazu, and the latter, obtaining a rescission of the old injunction against building ocean-going vessels, launched several large sailing ships and three steamers, one of which was the first Japanese man-of-war designed on the European pattern. The latter enviously was acclaimed by the other feudal lords then at Yedo who inspected her when she lay off Shinagawa in 1855. The Shogun, equally impressed and desiring both to have the ship for himself and to disarm the all-too-independent Daimio of Satsuma of such a dangerous weapon, suggested that it would be very acceptable as a gift.

Shimazu continued leading the way navally for all Japan, gathering together a fleet as best he could under the many handicaps that beset him. When he heard that the French had some steamers at the Ryukyu Islands, he sent down representatives to negotiate for their purchase. The Tycoon built another fort at Osaka.

There was nothing casual or impromptu about Perry's han-

dling of the situation. He came deliberately to make history. Native artists left pictorial impressions of the smoking vessels and the pageant-like conferences. The many extant original sources render it possible to recreate the colourful scenes of that July occasion as they were viewed by the astonished inhabitants and by the visitors. The serene self-assurance of the unwelcome squadron, the demonstration ashore of a miniature railroad and a telegraph apparatus and other mechanical magic, the studied pomp of the Envoy Extraordinary, the almost unctuous ultimatum, were calculated to and did make a sensational first-hand impression upon the observers and disseminated those rumours that from end to end of the archipelago sharply raised the issue of isolation.

Then, suddenly, with a keen sense of the dramatic, Commodore Perry made ready to weigh, ominously said *au revoir* and not good-bye, and departed with dignity unruffled.

The authorities on the spot, who had bowed to the overseas dignitaries and received their obeisances, knew that the squadron would reappear in the spring as promised and then could not be denied its demand for a sanction of intercourse. Copies of President Fillmore's letter to the Mikado, delivered by Perry and proffering friendship, were distributed by the Tycoon among the regional rulers of Japan with a request for counsel. There was an almost unanimous protest against abandonment of the time-honoured policy of seclusion. The more distant from Yedo, the louder did most of the nobles shout: "The barbarians can not intimidate us!"

The bitter truth, which none would acknowledge, but of which the authorities were desperately aware, was that Japan's foreign policy no longer lay within her own power effectively to define. Her sea-girt border, formerly an unfailing shield, had become a dagger turned against her exposed breast by this Commodore with his modern engines of war. Even the unworldly Mikado, misled by his dreamy sycophants, realized that successful resistance was impossible. From the palace at Kyoto came a command to mobilize—but also prudent authority to compromise with the Americans on the best terms procurable. There were fervent hopes that the royal prayers for divine intervention would save Nippon at the eleventh hour from the monstrous floating fortresses, as by opportune typhoons the gods had thwarted those attempted invasions in days of old.

Punctually the Commodore kept his self-appointed tryst. Returning in augmented force and unhindered by natural or

supernatural opposition, his unmentioned guns beckoned the shy hermit out of her retreat and initiated her into the society of nations. He was no sea-lawyer to cavil at details and he knew that the mere making of this first treaty transcended in importance the bargained text. The provisions assured humane treatment for shipwrecked sailors and vessels in distress, and opened two ports to American shipping. Perry was sure that however small an aperture he might cut in the flood-gate, the stemmed tide of the nineteenth century quickly would pour through. To those certain to follow in his wake and to time, he left without misgivings the task of widening the breach.

In the meantime, while the American squadron was still in Yedo Bay, naval vessels of several of the European maritime powers hovered in nearby Oriental waters. Learning of Perry's achievement, they swooped down and obtained favours similar to those yielded to their predecessor.

The hole in the dike that Perry had dug was enlarged by the pressure of the outside currents, which streamed through and inundated a land whose soil displayed a fertility for modern florescence utterly lacking in China, India, and other Asiatic countries. Down in Kagoshima there was felt at first only the back-wash of the new tide, but the reactionary patricians there shook their heads in dismay and despair when the Treaty of Kanagawa was proclaimed a few months after Togo's seventh birthday.

Ships of all seas now became familiar sights at many harbours along the extended coasts, and white faces were seen in the interior. Over the deeply-rooted ancient civilization cascaded everything European, helter-skelter, the good with the bad, the æsthetic with the distasteful, the utilitarian-concrete with the philosophical-abstract.

In addition to the collision of East and West, nothing novel in itself, there was the sudden superimposition of the achieved Industrial Revolution upon one of the most rigid cultures of the pre-mechanical pattern. Whereas the anguish of the Ruskins at the industrialization of England by Englishmen was their reaction to a slow and somewhat self-controlled metamorphosis, the change in Japan was effected almost overnight amid a whole confusion of general readjustments in other fundamental phases of the people's lives. It was as if the cinematograph of the Industrial Revolution had been rephotographed upon the film of racial admixture and the double negative run off at a speed of twenty times the initial rate.

Togo continued under the tutelage of his mother until his eighth year. She was stern with her sons but accorded them the respect to which her fond ambitions entitled them. They might be turned in at night with a severe scolding but if Masu-ko later had occasion to pass by their beds, she never would walk behind their heads.

"Some day they shall serve their country," she would explain, "and even a mother should not fail to display due regard for future patriots."¹⁸

About the period between Perry's two visits, Heihachiro was tutored by professional teachers. The day's work commenced at six A.M. He trotted off with his books under his arm, just like any Western youngster but a couple of hours earlier, to the residence of Saigo Kichijiro, the younger brother of the great Saigo Takamori, already mentioned, whose coming exploits were to have an important bearing upon the Togo family fortunes. Here Heihachiro studied and practiced calligraphy in the form of ideographic brush-writing.

Breakfast was taken at home with the family at about eight o'clock. Then the forenoon would be devoted to the Chinese classics, whence was derived a philosophy of self-abnegation and serenity.¹⁹

By this hour the boyish animal spirits required a physical outlet, and Heihachiro was turned loose with the other fellows of the neighbourhood on the improvised recreation field near the town's stream that flowed down to the bay, which it entered at Kagoshima. When the weather permitted, the boys would swim. They wrestled and played various outdoor games. Two of Togo's companions in these sports were Chosa Sanji, the future Field Marshal Kuroki Itei, and the future Captain Ichiji Hiroichi.

Luncheon was served at about two, after which Heihachiro attended the Embun-kan, where he was taught fencing.²⁰ This drill lasted an hour or so. The rest of the afternoon was unplanned and the lad did what he pleased. Often he went with his friends on walks through the surrounding country. Here Togo developed the hobby that he rode throughout his life, bird-shooting—and always the birds were secondary to the woods, fields and beaches that he tramped through and across in stalking the game.

Evenings in Kajima-machi as in other villages the world over

¹⁸ Ogasawara.

¹⁹ His teacher was Kawakubo Seiichi.

²⁰ By Yakumaru Hanzayemon, the noted master of the *Shigen* style.

were story-telling times. The tales were pretty much the same as elsewhere, with different names of characters and places. The chief theme was high adventure, such as tiger-hunting in Korea or great martial campaigns, and when real personalities were indulged in, the hero was one or another of the Shimazu princes dead or living whose house ruled Satsuma.

When Heihachiro was twelve, he followed his older brothers to a *gochu*, or boys' academy, in Kagoshima. His schoolmates were mostly children he had played with since early childhood, whose families were of the same upper-class as his own. Several of the lads were to be distinguished colleagues of Togo's in the wars ahead, including Kuroki.

Heihachiro was a student at this exclusive neighbourhood institution from 1859 to 1862.

It was the *gochu's* function to continue the inculcation of the *bushido* along the lines started by the parents and tutors. The object of the training was not the attainment of proficiency in the subjects taught as an end in itself, but the development of character according to the Samurai standards. The virtues of this ethical code were bravery with its correlative indifference to pain and suffering, honour of the spoken word, ascetic simplicity in every habit, and uncompromising loyalty to parents and State. The vices of the code were the emasculating wining, dining, singing, dancing, rapturous love-making and self-adornment exemplified by the voluptuous court circle at Kyoto, and the mercenary pursuits of the shop-keeping bourgeoisie. Here was the old Stoic-Epicurean contrast in the setting of expiring Japanese feudalism.

Nor have all the mighty changes in Japan since Togo's boyhood rendered this *bushido* archaic in the eyes of the nation's leaders. On August 19, 1933, there appeared in the *New York Times* a statement by Lieutenant General Araki Sadao, Minister of War, in which he declared:

“. . . we Japanese must, first of all, return to the spirit, the ideals, the moral traditions of old Japan, the code of the Samurai, which has stood the test of time and now points the way to our regeneration. Unquestioning loyalty to our Emperor, eagerness to devote ourselves and all we have to the advancement of the empire, readiness to abjure all laxness, corruption, luxury and the modern softness that saps the fighting qualities of the soldier and the loyalty of the subject — all these are necessary.”

Self-control unto death was the watchword, and the propriety of suicide by the deliberately painful and difficult method

of *seppuku*²¹ (disembowelment) was a normal contingency for which every Samurai was schooled.

The curriculum of Togo's academy was planned to develop such self-control. The mind and the body were drilled rigorously with that singleness of purpose. The lads were impressed with the fact that all of the arts and sciences, if correctly interpreted, taught the prime lesson of the supremacy of poise : poise under all external conditions, however unstable, poise that repressed fear, concealed hesitation, nullified surprise. Everything was subordinated to poise. This was the essence of the *bushido* in the land of earthquakes, eruptions and constant uncertainty. Whether Heihachiro was studying the Analects of Confucius or practicing with the blade, he was striving for balance. This quality of self-control, poise, balance was in evidence at crucial moments of his career. If the Japanese warships, like some British, had been christened for the martial virtues, a fitting name for the *Mikasa*, as from her bridge Togo led the fleet at the Battle of Tsushima, would have been "Imperturbable."

Heihachiro was a slender, pale-faced lad with conspicuously pink lips. He got along well but displayed no exceptional qualities. He was industrious, conscientious, affable in a reserved way, and quietly mindful of his own business without being at all aloof. Had one of his teachers or fellow pupils been told that Japan's greatest admiral of the future sat among them, hardly any would have guessed which one he was. On the other hand, had this embryo celebrity been identified, it is probable that only Togo himself would have been astonished. He gave no promise of distinction but exhibited no weakness that might bar it.

He was intelligent but not brilliant. He wanted to attain proficiency in his work and plugged away until he did so with a determination that brooked no interference. To a degree that impressed itself upon all with whom he came in contact, Heihachiro possessed the quality of taking an attitude and maintaining it in the face of any change of circumstance, persuasion or opposition. Sometimes this manifested itself as perseverance, sometimes as commendable tenacity, and sometimes as downright stubbornness. His friends considered him pig-headed.

This obstinacy cropped out early in life. His friend Vice Admiral Viscount Ogasawara Nagayo, who wrote Togo's semi-

²¹ More vulgarly called *hara-kiri*.

official biography,²² relates some incidents to illustrate this. One day, when still very small, Heihachiro was playing in the stable and annoyed his father's favourite horse, a handsome chestnut-coloured animal of high temper. The result was a poke from the foreleg, which knocked down the startled boy, and a bite on his head. Togo scrambled to his feet, picked up a stick and gave the tethered horse a merciless beating. He knew enough to be ashamed of this performance and kept it to himself.

Masu-ko was in the habit of dressing her boy's hair every morning instead of permitting the servants to do it. She cross-examined Heihachiro concerning the injury to his head and extracted the truth. Needless to say, the young man got a sound scolding. It had a perverse effect. Instead of arousing any remorse for the act of cruelty, it served only to reawaken the original fury towards the offending horse. Heihachiro rushed over to the stable and administered another lashing to the creature that first had kicked him and then had caused him to be reprimanded.

The other incident occurred when the four sons, on a trip with their father, were staying overnight at an inn. A quarrel occurred between Heihachiro and Sokuro. When Sokuro, taking his daily bath a little later, ordered his younger brother to bring him a drink of water, the latter was resentful and dropped some red pepper in the cup. Upon taking a big swallow, Sokuro gasped and then emitted howls of burning anguish. Heihachiro had disposed himself so as to hear the gratifying screams without being seen. Sokuro leaped out of the tub and dashed about, looking for the culprit, but failed to locate his hiding-place. When the father learned of the affair, he directed Heihachiro to apologize to his older brother, a light enough punishment and a concession to Sokuro that was hardly adequate compensation for the fiery throat. The word of a Japanese father and especially of a Samurai was law. Nevertheless, in the conflict between filial duty and stubbornness, the latter triumphed, and Heihachiro would not apologize. This refusal was a much more serious offence than the original one and raised a grave issue. The older Togo banished Heihachiro from his family and friends for ten days, paroling him in the custody of a fellow government official. It

²² After Togo's death a much-abridged translation into English by Inouye Jukichi and Inouye Tozo was published in Japan. (Seito Shorin Press, Tokyo, 1984.)

was not doubted that the disgrace of being sent to Coventry in that way would bring the child to his senses. The term of exile elapsed and Heihachiro meekly returned home, but he never apologized to his brother.

The handling of the sword, at which every young Japanese Samurai endeavoured to become skilled, was an art at which it was correspondingly difficult to excel, and he that succeeded where all tried was as distinguished among his companions as the best baseball player on an American sandlot. It seems fair to credit Togo with marked superiority at this accomplishment; in fact, it was the one talent that his habitual reserve permitted him to show off and this alone is persuasive evidence as to its calibre.

When he was only nine and a half years old, there occurred an instance of this display that those who were present applauded with an ardour not calculated to discourage encores. In mid-summer was held as usual the annual Feast of Lanterns, on the seventh day of the seventh month. The entire populace suspended its regular activities and devoted itself to the holiday. The Samurai community of Kajima-machi had a picnic in the rice fields. Heihachiro strutted about swinging his sword, looking very much like an animated toy soldier. Along-side of a brook he proceeded to slash at the carp swimming below. To the admiration of the many who gathered about, the young swordsman swung his blade with a nice dexterity worthy of a surgeon, killing many of the fish by decapitating them as they tried to dart out of danger. It has been related that by way of a fitting climax to the exhibition, the *beau sabreur* pointed, one at a time, to other fish and then, with a graceful and assured whirl, cut a lightning-quick circle through the water and sliced off the fins of the designated victims; but this part of the story smacks of the Parson Weems variety.

All of Togo's life he and the sword remained friends, the more so because of the development of firearms. The naked blade symbolized the heritage of his caste and the tenets of the *bushido*. It was the inalienable comrade of a self-respecting "Peaceful Son." The expertly forged and tempered instrument required and deserved the most understanding and sympathetic care.

In August 1911 the retired Admiral was seated with the retired President on the broad veranda at Sagamore Hill. Always these two, on opposite sides of the Pacific, had looked at the world from the same point of view. When the interests of their respective countries were in conflict, these realists did

not blind themselves to the issues and sanctimoniously rant about brotherly love. That is why, without having had the opportunity to become intimates, they were true friends in the public sense, and why their mutual esteem redounded to the harmony of international relations.

Theodore Roosevelt proudly exhibited to his guest one of the most cherished objects in his uniquely heterogeneous collection of prizes, tributes and souvenirs. It was an item that could not have failed to interest Togo Heihachiro—a Samurai sword that had been presented to the President by the Mikado.²³

The two men fingered the handsome weapon as affectionately as a couple of trout fishermen would fondle a choice fly rod. Gently Togo drew the blade from the scabbard. What greeted his eye made him frown and cast a severely critical glance at his companion. The steel that should have been as shiny as the bright-work on the bridge of a flagship was dull with rust.

To the Samurai this bordered on desecration. It was maltreatment of an almost-living thing. Obviously the American gentleman treasured the gift but, to the Japanese swordsman, there went with such pride of possession the responsibility to devote solicitous attention to its upkeep.

The Admiral did not, of course, have at hand the special sand and cloth with which to rub the blade in the approved manner, learned in his boyhood, but he made the most of such materials as could be found in the house. He did not spare elbow grease. Roosevelt watched these semi-religious ablutions with fascinated admiration and his characteristic eagerness to gain proficiency in whatever concerned him.

Gradually the rust disappeared and the sword, refurbished, gleamed anew with the beauty that denoted appreciation by its master.

Subsequently, Togo presented Roosevelt with a miniature set of Samurai armour which, together with that sword, are still in the Sagamore Hill home.²⁴

²³ Ogasawara, p. 441.

²⁴ Letter from Mr. Kermit Roosevelt to the author.

CHAPTER II

IN PERRY'S WAKE

COMMODORE PERRY's prologue to the new era did not constitute an epilogue to the old. The existing order died hard.

A furious campaign to undo the recent betrayal of the seclusion policy and to end the power of the Shogunate which had been guilty of fostering it took form under the Jo-i (Barbarian Expelling) party. Charter members were the dictatorial ghosts of the honourable ancestors. The less ethereal supporters came mostly from the provinces not under the control of Yedo, notably from Togo's Satsuma and from Choshu at the western extremity of the Main Island.

Honorary and unsought leadership of the Jo-i movement was bestowed upon the Mikado himself, in whose sacred name the presumptuous foreign trafficking of the Shogun was assailed.

The history of these years of prime transition could be set forth best in parallel columns of juxtaposed contemporary events. The inroads of commerce, diplomacy and culture would be presented opposite the acts of affirmative resistance by the hyper-nationalists. The latter, like all other conservatives, were dominated by the fear of losing what they possessed, in this case the spiritual and social integrity of their nation and race. Clutching frantically at the hands of the world's clock, they desperately strove to turn it back to the time before Perry.

Arrayed against these anti-Tokugawa and anti-foreign factions was the Bakufu or Shogunal party, supported by the adherents of the Yedo régime, the trade-minded merchants and those recently sprouted liberals who had no counterpart in any other section of Asia.

The great masses, often drawn into the controversy in one way or another, were intellectually inert about its merits.

Whenever anything occurred in the sphere of foreign relations, the Bakufu party automatically scored a point, because the very essence of the Jo-i doctrine was to prevent things

from happening, to avoid change of any kind. Ships arrived in increasing numbers from every important harbour of the West, unloaded their organic and inorganic media of influence, and diminished the likelihood of any reversion to the hermitical and hermetically-sealed past.

The increase of alien influence aroused a corresponding intensification of the hostile resistance. The roots could not be extirpated but the frustrated isolationists could and did strike at the branches. As the webs of international communion enmeshed Japan more tightly in the outer world, a campaign of fatuous violence was unleashed by the more frenzied Jo-is.

In 1859 the Shogun despatched the naval mission to the United States in the *Kanrin*, commanded by Captain Katsu Awa, whose immediate grasp of the principle of sea power earned for him the title of father of the Navy and of whom much was to be heard in the years ahead. It seemed to the Jo-is bad enough to receive Perry in Yedo Bay under the pressure of impliedly threatened force but much more reprehensible to send envoys across the Pacific to San Francisco, thence down and across the Isthmus and finally to Washington, to deliver to President Buchanan, in his harassed last year of office, the reciprocal good wishes of Japan as lines were forming for civil strife within both nations.

In the eyes of its foes, the arch-villain of the Bakufu was the astute Ii-Kamon-no-Kami who, as Prime Minister, had conducted the international parleys and guided the new policy with an iron hand. In March 1860, he was approaching his Yedo residence in state, surrounded by his retinue, when there sprang out of the shadows a gang of ruffians who threw into confusion the surprised escort body, pounced sword-first upon the Prime Minister and carried his head to their Prince of Mito, leader of the Jo-is, who then regarded himself as a Japanese Brutus but had taken the precaution of committing his patriotic murder vicariously.

A long series of attacks upon foreigners and their associates spattered with blood the record of the following months, the intermittent screams of the victims playing a melody against the counterpoint of increasing waterfront activity. With re-introduced Christianity came a revival of the ancient persecutions. Even diplomatic immunity meant nothing to the inflamed Jo-is, whose hireling gangsters broke into legations at night and carried their malfeasances to the extent of homicide. The Shogunate was unable either to protect the lives and property of the foreign population or to drive this latter trouble-

some element which it had lacked the power to keep out. Plainly the outer world would have to withdraw from these still untamed, hostile shores, or make good its landing.

There was some irony in the visit to London and the continental capitals of a Japanese mission sent to Europe in 1862 to cement at that end the contacts which the Yedo authorities seemed too weak to maintain unsevered at their own end. While physical insecurity drove the diplomats out of Yedo and even rendered existence perilous in Yokohama, commerce continued and gradually made retrogression an unthinkable alternative.

At about this time, other Japanese went abroad to taste the Pierian Spring. Some were sent by the Shogunate and others, of their own initiative, sneaked out in violation of the unrepealed edicts prohibiting emigration. They all went with the thirst of centuries and they drank deep. The future Viscount Enomoto Buyo studied navigation in Holland, pursuant to the orders and, as will be seen, for the subsequent support of the Shogun. Two young Choshu reformers of the under-cover liberal group inspired by Yoshida Shain (beheaded for trying to stowaway with Perry) slipped aboard a British sailing vessel at Nagasaki with the connivance of the line and, reaching Shanghai, worked their way before the mast to England.¹ There they acquired the education that later gave worldwide renown to the names of Prince Ito Hirobumi and Marquis Inouye Kaoru.

The period of tentative foreign intercourse was exactly a decade. 1863, ten years after Perry's first call, was the year of definite establishment of the open-door. The parallel columns chronicling the events down to 1863 would show the two streams of increasing anti-foreign agitation and of increasing foreign influence.

THERE occurred in the late summer of 1862 the incident denominated within Japan as the Namamugi, the place where it happened, and outside by the name of the chief victim, Richardson. It occasioned Togo's first battle.

Spurred on by the Jo-i nobles who professed grave solicitude for his prestige and authority, the Mikado summoned the Shogun to Kyoto to confer about the critical affairs of the nation. This was an unprecedented assertion of superiority and was made deliberately as a challenge to defiance. To make the affront more marked, the conference was to include the other princes of the realm. Thus the *de facto* autocrat of the

¹ Kaju Nakamura, *Prince Ito* (Anraku Pub. Co. N. Y. 1910) pp. 6 ff.

house of Tokugawa suddenly was treated in accordance with his ancient status as a mere member of the upper nobility.

Shimazu Saburo, Regent of Satsuma,² volunteered to deliver the invitation and to escort the Shogun to Kyoto. With several hundred retainers headed by Saigo he reached Yedo and was met by a flat refusal. The time and place not being ripe for precipitating the imminent Civil War, the haughty Shimazu had to bow his way out as gracefully as he could.

There was no good humour in the Satsuman contingent as on September fourteenth it plodded back toward Kyoto and home, in its extended formation. Leading the procession were heralds whose mandatory shouts "*Sh'ta ni iro!*" ("Be down!") warned the populace to prostrate itself before the approaching personage. Then came the advance guard of Samurai swordsmen, behind whom trudged the porters, carrying the princely baggage in baskets slung on bamboo poles. The main body of Satsuman soldiers followed, all in fighting equipment, formidable with their spears and halberds. Behind this force rode the rebuffed Shimazu, nursing his injured dignity within the ornate palanquin, borne by eight servants and watched over by his personal physician and by the master of the procession on horseback. The Prince's unmounted steed walked next in line and then there was a long column of additional troops, servants and finally the rear guard.

As this imposing parade neared the junction of the branch road to Yokohama, haunt of the "hairy barbarians," a riding party was observed, strangely remaining in the saddle despite the cries of the Satsuman vanguard and the reverent obeisances of the native crowd. This behaviour was comparable to remaining seated at a public gathering in England during a ceremonious rendition of *God Save the Queen*. The party consisted of an English merchant of Shanghai named C. L. Richardson, two other Englishmen, residents of Yokohama, and an English lady from Hong-Kong.

There are several versions of what occurred, varying from stories of deliberate arrogance on the part of the Britishers to stories of complete innocence of intention to offend. Whether some of these equestrians tried to force their way through the parade or drew up at the side of the road is not known positively. It is clear that the customary mark of respect to aristocracy was not forthcoming. The riders did not dismount.

² Upon the death in 1858 of Shimazu Nariaki, Daimio of Satsuma, he was succeeded by his young adopted son, Shimazu Tadoyoshi, son of the former's younger brother Saburo Heisamitsu, who managed the affairs of state until Tadoyoshi was old enough to rule.

This disregard of the proprieties was serious in decorous Japan; it was manifested at a most unpropitious time; and it impulsively was construed as a deliberate insult. At first the outraged retainers at the head of the party stared in amazement, but as the palanquin of the Prince drew near the riders, the situation became acute. There was a fierce tension, of which the English doubtless were totally unaware, and then impassioned action. Spontaneously the nearby soldiers with drawn swords rushed towards the contemptuous offenders. They reached Richardson first and, while he was being attacked, the other terrified foreigners spurred their horses into precipitate flight, but did not escape unharmed by any means. The lady in the group, adorned with the luxuriant hair then fashionable, suffered its excision but thereby saved her head. One of the men lost an arm. Richardson toppled off his horse under a shower of steel and was stabbed to death. The assailants fell back into formation and the procession continued on its route.

The precise facts were immaterial. It did not matter that two American gentlemen on horseback had encountered Shimazu's train the same afternoon and were unmolested. A foreign son of Satan had been killed; there would be some Devil to pay. Until the exaction of the penalty nearly a year elapsed; there was no cable nearer than India.

Colonel Neale, the British Chargé d'Affaires, reported to London that the Shogun sincerely and correctly appraised the limitations of his own power in professing himself to be unable to apprehend the soldiers who had slain Richardson. "Just come and get them!" challenged the Acting Daimio of Satsuma, back at his own fastnesses across the Inland Sea.

There floated back from the cable terminal in India instructions to require a public apology, a large indemnity and the execution of the culprits. The Kyoto Court was furious and commanded Yedo to throw back these impudent demands in the face of Her Britannic Majesty's envoy.

Thereupon, as had become usual, the Shogun ignored the Imperial mandate and submitted to the more terrifying threat from overseas to the extent of his ability. The public apology and the indemnity were delivered. The British Legation still insisted upon the punishment of the individuals and ignored the internal schism making this demand impossible of compliance by the Shogun. If the vainglorious Tycoon were impotent in the matter, the Royal Navy would deal with the refractory province direct.

Following the precedent of two centuries before, the Mikado,

pressed by the Jo-i nobles, promulgated a decree expelling every alien and once more closing the treaty ports. The Shogun was directed to execute this order. Although this was but shortly after his insubordinate apology and payment to the British, this official, in a complete volte-face and to the amazement of the diplomatic corps, designated June 25, 1863, as the time when the enforced exodus was to begin.

Naturally the Jo-i party was exultant over its success. The end of foreign influence and of Tokugawa domination seemed at hand. The treaties, regarded as the fruits of duress, were considered immaterial factors. The decade of alien intercourse and its ineradicable consequences were ignored. Like the Nazis hysterically leaping into the control of Germany in 1933, the extreme reactionaries fretted for action in the temper of ultra-left radicals.

In particular, Mori, the Daimio of Choshu, one of the fire-eaters from the inception of the movement, gloating over the Jo-i triumph, began to take matters into his own hands at home.

The geological upheavals that moulded the archipelago made Kyushu a separate island by the narrow margin of the Straits of Shimonoseki, a turbulent flume through which the current swirls back and forth with the tides. The Daimio of Choshu resolved to alter the geography by proclamation, and announced that the Inland Sea had been demoted to a gulf. The straits that constituted the Inland Sea one of the two principal routes between the Pacific and the continent were declared closed.

This was comparable to the Governor of Panama, acting independently of the Washington authorities, barring foreign traffic from the Isthmian Canal, which would be an amazing performance for a local administrator regardless of the sovereign prerogatives of the United States.

Today Shimonoseki is heavily fortified on both shores against possible foes and provided with every navigational aid for friendly traffic. In 1863 there were no lights or even accurate charts. Transit by day was hazardous enough with the best pilots and when unmolested by an enemy. Night passage was out of the question. The Lord Mori believed that reasonable defensive measures, supported by the natural difficulties of the channel, would render him the absolute arbiter of admittance.

In the spring he ordered Mori Noto, as director of provincial coast defence, to close the "gates of Bakan" (another name for the straits). Hundreds of labourers were put on the job.

Forts were constructed along the Choshu edge of the passage, stretching from Dannoura, opposite Moji Point on the Kyushu side, through the narrows and on the large island of Hikoshima.

The batteries consisted of old smooth-bore muzzle-loading cannon and mortars of short range. Choshu also possessed three vessels purchased from Americans and armed: a steamer, a bark and a brig.

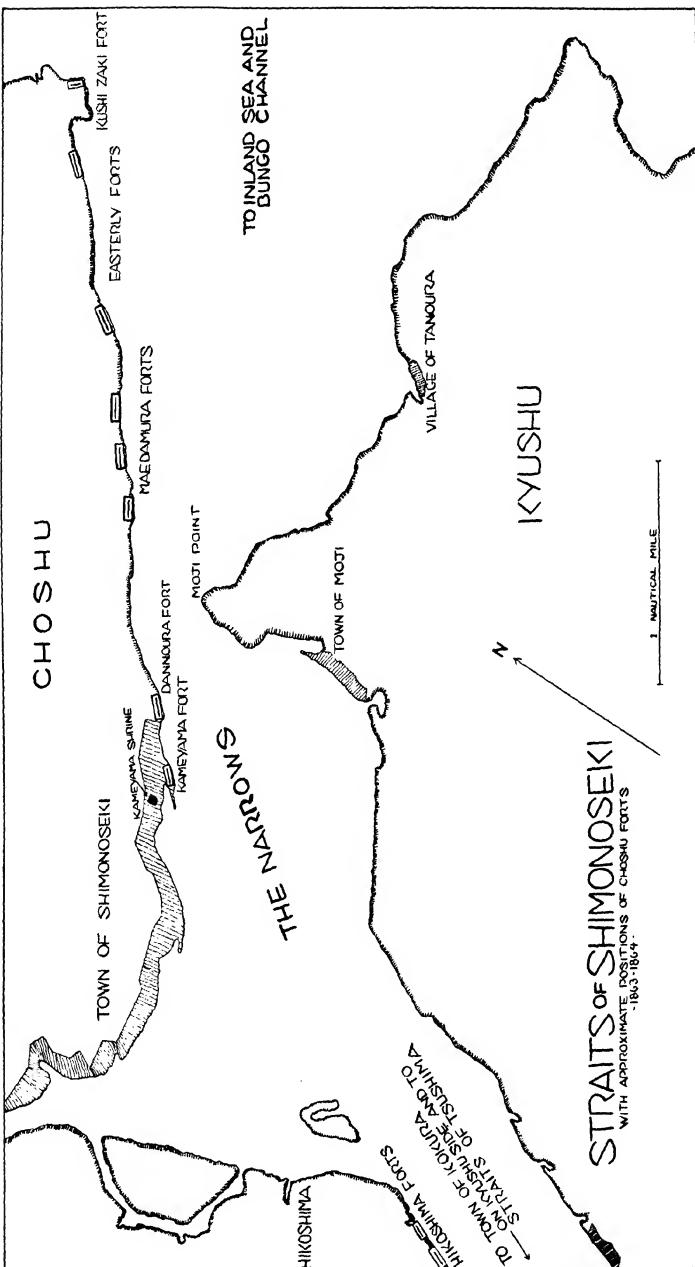
On the very day set for the Imperial Expulsion, the Choshu lookouts espied a steamer completing her crossing of the Inland Sea and approaching its westerly outlet. She was the *Pembroke*, an American ship, utterly ignorant of the Choshu injunction.

She anchored off Tanoura, on the southern shore, to await a favourable tide for the transit of the narrows. The nearest Choshu battery fired a signal gun and several of the others gave answering blank shots. All available soldiers rushed towards the forts, in every kind of uniform and outfit. Some of the men had mediaeval helmets and no armour, others had mediaeval armour without helmets.

The American skipper saw and heard all of this strange activity. His Japanese pilot informed the Choshu leaders of the *Pembroke's* nationality, that her complement consisted of United States citizens and Chinese cooks, and that the Captain bore a letter from the Port Authority of Kanagawa to the Port Authority of Nagasaki.

Noto regarded that letter as a passport and hesitated to attack the ship, but the majority wanted to try out their new toys on the bluffs. Then along came the *Koshin*, one of the Choshu warships, commanded by Matsushima Gozo, a rabid anti-foreigner. He said that he had been sent to sink any vessel that dared push the "gates of Bakan" and that the only proper subject of discussion was the method to be employed in attacking the *Pembroke*. A group of Samurai were eager to rush the American intruder, slay the crew and add another steamer to the Choshu Navy. The prevailing opinion, however, was that the enemy should be fired upon in orthodox fashion late that night after the moon set.

The *Pembroke* was preparing to get underway at dawn and was emitting sparks from the smoke-stack, giving the gunners ashore a fine target in the darkness, when three or four shots whizzed through the rigging. As day broke, the *Kikai*, another Choshu man-of-war, stood in and joined the *Koshin* and the



batteries on the heights in a bombardment of the unarmed merchantman.

The *Pembroke* swung over to the Kyushu side of the channel and made a dash on the favourable current for the open sea to the westward. At Nagasaki, where she dropped her pilot, the story of her experience at Shimonoseki caused great excitement.

On July 8 the crouching sentries sprang at another passer-by, the French despatch-boat *Kienchang*, transporting to Nagasaki the secretary of the Legation on official business. She had cleared Yedo Bay before learning of the blockade, much less of the attack upon the *Pembroke*.

It was late in the afternoon when the *Kienchang* reached the eastern approach to the Shimonoseki exit. According to the prevailing usage, she dropped her anchor to await dawn.

The foreign accounts of what ensued are practically unanimous in stating that the shore batteries, presented with this fixed target, opened fire as soon as the *Kienchang's* fluke settled in the mud, that the astonished Frenchmen slipped the cable and that the despatch-boat fled towards the Bungo Channel, the southeastern mouth of the Inland Sea and the much longer route from Shimonoseki to Nagasaki.

The Choshu records are different.⁸ While they include details regarding the *Pembroke* incident which seem erroneous, they are probably accurate in the case of the *Kienchang*. According to the Japanese version, the despatch-boat's evening anchorage was beyond range of the forts and no hostilities occurred until she proceeded through the channel the following day. At that time, the Choshu account indicates, the vessel came under a short-range fire from the central fortifications along the narrows and from the two Choshu warships. The ambushed Captain tried to send a delegation of inquiry ashore near the Kameyama Shrine, where one of the batteries was located, whereupon the little open boat was bombarded by the heavy artillery and had to put back to the ship.

The *Kienchang* quickly withdrew to the eastward, badly damaged but able to proceed. She had inflicted some injury herself but none of military importance.

In any event, no matter what were the precise details of the surprise assault, she had been fired upon at Shimonoseki, and at Nagasaki she added the tale of her misadventure to that of the *Pembroke*.

⁸ *Bo-Cho Kwaiten-Shi* by Viscount Suyematsu Kencho (Tokyo, 1912; revised 1921), Vol. IV, pp. 285-282.

Work on the Choshu forts proceeded more rapidly as the season advanced and every long summer day saw substantial progress. Their next opportunity for action was against a worthier foe than the unwarned and unarmed American freighter or than the French despatch-boat.

The Dutch, always the blue-eyed favourites in Japan and especially in Choshu, had no doubt but that the "gates of Bakan" would open to their knock. The Dutch corvette *Medusa* was leaving Nagasaki with the Consul General of Yokohama aboard, just after the *Kienchang* arrived, and she disdained to change her course to avoid the wrath of Mori. Smugly relying upon Japan's traditional partiality to the Netherlands as a guaranty of safe conduct, the Dutch officers and Consul General were sanguine of their ability to persuade the Daimio of Choshu to let down the bars to all.

The *Medusa* was prudent enough, however, to enter the straits with her sixteen guns loaded. Signal shots ashore were heard but the corvette steamed into the channel against an adverse tidal current which slowed her down considerably. At the western end of the narrows, the Choshu warships dispelled the Dutch illusions with a greeting of solid shot.

The determined sons of Holland ran the gauntlet, taking eight hits before they got by. In steaming between the two enemy craft so that she could use all her guns upon them, she almost came to grief on a shoal, but swerved off in time. On the passage through the zone of fire, the *Medusa*'s port broadsides gave Choshu a taste of her own medicine. At some points the range was desperately short. The Choshu ships were hit, the Kameyama Shrine badly damaged, and many private structures demolished.

There was no opportunity for parley. It was a battle every minute that the Dutch corvette was in the narrows and until she was well past the Dannoura Fort at the Inland Sea exit. Her parting shot missed the fort and penetrated a tea-house of one of the Choshu princes.

The *Medusa* had numerous casualties and a scathed hull but succeeded in making Yedo Bay.

The Choshu leaders met again at Shimonoseki. They were divided into two groups of opinion, the bellicose faction led as before by Matsushima and the conservatives by Nakashima Nazayemon, regarded as an expert on fortifications.

Nakashima warned his fellow clansmen not to be misled into a conviction that the straits were impregnable against serious Western assault. Matsushima and his concurrents shouted

down this sober advice and, with great enthusiasm, the policy of foreign defiance was adhered to. That night the sincerely patriotic Nakashima was slain in his home by a frenzied band of "unknown" assassins.

Evidently Choshu was ready to fight the maritime world. Yokohama, already aroused over the unprovoked assaults upon the *Pembroke* and the *Kienchang*, now received from the outraged Dutch sailors first-hand reports of their experience. Just about the time of the *Medusa's* arrival, there stood out of the bay a small unit of the United States Navy deliberately bound for the seat of trouble.

Only by chance was an American warship in Far Eastern waters. Federal sea power was engaged upon a blockade of its own—the most ambitious ever undertaken up to that time. Between the *Pembroke* incident and the arrival at Shimonoseki of her avenger, occurred the climax of Gettysburg. The Orient was of interest to harassed Secretary Welles only as it might figure in the North's eventually decisive control of the sea, involving the protection against Confederate depredations of ocean trade routes everywhere.

Since the *Saginaw* had two-blocked her homeward-bound pennant at Macao the previous April, the Asiatic Station had seen no American warship until the steam-sloop *Wyoming*, seeking the elusive commerce-destroying *Alabama*, touched at Manila in August 1862 and cruised through the Orient.

The American Minister to Japan, in need of something more than moral support to deal with the Daimio of Choshu, had the good fortune to find the *Wyoming* in the Yokohama roadstead, commanded by Commander David Stockton McDougal, a naval thoroughbred.

Probably it did not impress the naïve civilian diplomat as important that the sloop's two eleven-inch guns fore and aft, respectively, and four thirty-two-pounder broadsides were on paper no match for the twenty-five guns ashore and the warships that had given the *Medusa* a close call. The naval officer did not mention the discrepancy, nor the remoteness of a base or refit yard in case of non-fatal injury. He sailed forth to demonstrate what happens to wicked daimios who fire upon the Stars and Stripes. Unlike the British disciplinarians in the Richardson case, no authority was sought from the distant headquarters otherwise preoccupied.

McDougal's search in Yokohama for a chart had been fruitless because none was in existence. He improvised a simple way of putting two and two together. Choshu recently had

acquired another vessel, renamed *Shinshu*, for duty in the straits. Having been of American registry, her draft was ascertainable and found to be about the same as the *Wyoming's*. Wherever the *Shinshu* might go, McDougal safely could follow.

His tactics carefully predetermined, the Captain taught the lesson on July 16.⁴ Approaching the threshold of the sealed waterway, the *Wyoming* hugged the Kyushu shore and ignored the opening shots of the easterly Choshu batteries that harmlessly splashed short.

Rounding the protruding headland at Moji, she was confronted by the three Choshu warships anchored near the town of Shimonoseki and by the strongest of the forts arrayed on the bluffs above. Along mid-channel, marking the course a ship naturally would take, was a row of stakes at which the gunners ashore had been drilled to set their ranges.

McDougal suddenly steered straight for the opposite (Chosu) bank, heading so as to pass between the enemy flotilla and the shore. The Choshu artillerymen were baffled by this manœuvre and, by the time they lowered the elevations, the *Wyoming* was under the brow of the bluffs so near the base that the cannon above could not be depressed sufficiently to bear. The reverse, however, was not the case and, while the garrison of the Kameyama Fort exasperatedly stood impotent against this proximate foe, the latter, as McDougal wrote in the log, "hoisted colors and opened fire," demolishing that battery.

When the *Wyoming* reached deeper water some distance westward of the extreme narrows, she straddled the land batteries, swung around 180 degrees and fought her way back again. The Japanese pilots that McDougal had brought from Yokohama were panic-stricken. At a critical moment, under the plunging fire from the heights and from the enemy ships, two of which now were in motion, the *Wyoming's* bow struck a sand-bar. Her situation seemed desperate. Somehow, however, the engine backed her off and the American gunners kept hammering the Choshu forces with effective salvos that wrought destruction.

In seventy minutes of hot fighting the *Wyoming* got off fifty-five shots, a rapidity of fire that amazed the natives. She received twenty hits, which struck her hull, slashed her rigging, holed her smoke-stack and caused a dozen casualties, including

⁴ Besides the general authorities see W. C. Tyler, *The Wyoming At Shimonoseki*. U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. 58, No. 856 (October 1932), pp. 1464 ff; and A. C. Hansard, *Early Days in Japan*, U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. 87, No. 188 (March 1911), pp. 161 ff.

five killed. When she re-entered the Inland Sea, she left behind two sunken and one half-sinking ship, a row of silenced shore batteries, many buildings burnt and burning, and several casualties.

The Choshu chieftains now wished that they had heeded Nakashima's counsel and they paid tribute to his memory, too late, however, to be of value to either Nakashima or the clan.

At Yokohama McDougal gave what the Choshu survivors declared a year later to have been a very modest account of his performance. His name has been perpetuated in American warships, the last vessel so christened being one of the new destroyer leaders laid down at the end of 1933.

The Choshu fortifications by no means had been completely demolished, however, and Mori continued to spit fire at all passers-by. Over-zealously hasty, his gunners opened on one approaching vessel without even waiting to identify her nationality and they learned to their horror that they had sunk a Satsuma steamer.

The very day of the *Wyoming*'s bombardment, a French squadron sailed from Yokohama to inflict reprisals for the unprovoked attack upon the *Kienchang*.

Rear Admiral Jaurés, Commander-in-Chief of Louis Napoleon's Asiatic flotilla, personally led the detachment aboard the frigate *Semiramis*, accompanied by the gunboat *Tancrède*.

Admiral Jaurés had a new European trick up his sleeve to show the cocksure Daimio. The flagship boasted modern rifles. These new specimens of a type still in the early experimental stage outranged the smooth-bore muzzle-loading Choshu guns and enabled the *Semiramis* to lay a barrage over Mori's armed embankments without coming within reach of his batteries. Jaurés could substitute a unilateral target-practice for a battle.

The two French ships calmly anchored near Tanoura off the eastern entrance of the straits, and the *Semiramis*, at her own pleasure, let loose a violent storm. The natives were familiar enough with explosive munitions and there was nothing novel in beholding the flashes of synthetic lightning, followed after a distance-denoting interval by peals of thunder, crashing from heavy clouds of powder smoke, and showers of shells raining upon the forts. What did seem remarkable, however, to those ashore was the range. This Jupiter of Toulon remained as safely remote from the answering fusillade of the immovable coastal weapons as if atop Mount Olympus.

When the easterly works had been pummelled devastatingly

from afar and the garrisons blown from their stations, the squadron landed some of the Colonial troops invited along for that purpose and they completed the demolition of those abandoned defences. Suddenly the bridge of the flagship heard a shout from the crow's-nest. The lookout reported a large body of Japanese soldiers advancing from behind the hills towards the wrecking party from the ships. The *Semiramis* laid down a barrage between her own men near the water's edge and the approaching band of natives. Jaurés perceived nothing to be derived from an infantry clash excepting heavy casualties on both sides. He knew that he could raze all of the fortifications along the straits but he also believed that the Daimio of Choshu too must be convinced of that by what had been done already. It was inconceivable to the Admiral that the *Semiramis*'s rifles would be challenged further, if Mori were allowed time to compute his damage and to reflect. So the recall was two-blocked on the yard-arm of the flagship, the Colonials were re-embarked and the French steamed off.

The astonished natives gathered on the promontories and watched the wakes streaking away across the Inland Sea, mystified at the barbarians' sudden retreat and never for a moment entertaining the idea that the withdrawal was attributable to a potential annihilator's moderation. The shattered Choshu morale was restored.

Activity along the bluff overtly manifested the unsoundness of Jaurés' analysis of Choshu psychology. The Lord Mori, with self-assurance undeflated, was highly gratified at the unimpaired condition of his unattacked westerly works and busily commenced to rebuild the others more solidly than before.

Thus the net result of these various naval assaults upon the artillery dam of Shimonoseki had been its re-enforcement. From the Yokohama foreign settlement point of view, a thorough demolition of the forts and an unforgettable chastisement of the offensive Mori now were more imperative than ever.

CHAPTER III

THE BOMBARDMENT OF KAGOSHIMA

THE MISSION appointed by King Edward VII to carry the Order of the Garter to the Emperor of Japan in 1906 made a side-trip to out-of-the-way Kagoshima. The purpose was to bury ceremoniously on the spot the hatchet that had been wielded there in 1863.

World affairs had changed in the interval. Centripetal forces had concentrated more and more power in the two great island capitals of the Atlantic and Pacific. Japan could afford to forget the past. Lord Redesdale, the recording member of the Mission, noted that the cordial addresses of welcome to Kagoshima alluded to the bombardment of '63 "as having been largely instrumental in bringing about the reformation . . . in Japan," and attributed to the hostile English squadron the demonstration to the reactionary isolationists "that no country could hope in these days to stand alone."¹

How well Japan had learned the lesson was proved by the Anglo-Japanese offensive and defensive Alliance, which the bestowal of the Garter celebrated. Such an eventual consequence made Japan almost grateful for what, at the time of its occurrence, was a major calamity.

As Prince Arthur of Connaught, heading the Mission, and his eminent colleagues lounged in the magnificent gardens of the Satsuma Prince's bayside villa, they looked over the beautiful body of water, with its picturesque islands and sailboats, listened to the murmur of the natural cascades that tumbled down the hillside, and chatted with their hosts about that less peaceful visit forty-three years before. In the group was an elderly Japanese naval officer, the gold on whose sleeve reached almost to the elbow and denoted a career that began at the receiving end of that bombardment. Vividly Admiral Togo remembered the clumsy old squadron flying the White Ensigns that in 1863 had swung menacingly where now the modern British warship lay as an honoured guest. He readily evoked

¹ *The Garter Mission to Japan.* (Macmillan 1906) p. 188.

the image of the churning of the waters now so tranquil, the raging of the typhoon, the tragic burning of the city. It seemed as yesterday, and yet, measured in terms of historical significance, it was a bygone age.

What Togo had seen, heard, smelt and what he subsequently learned, were pieced together in the retrospective picture of the event that had crashed to the core of his adolescence.

As the self-ordained leading carrier of the white man's burden, the British had accepted as of course the chief responsibility relating to the contact between East and West. In the early 1860's their trade with Japan was the largest of any non-Asiatic country. Their colonies in the treaty ports were the most influential.

The Richardson affair was a challenge to British prestige, not because of the original incident but because of the diplomatic aftermath. When the English statesmen reached the end of their tether, they summoned their brethren of the cloth of blue.

With tempestuous Colonel Neale, the British Chargé d'Affaires (acting in the absence-on-leave of Sir Rutherford Alcock, the Minister), aboard the flagship *Euryalus*, Rear Admiral Kuper led his China Squadron down from Yokohama to deal with the defiant Daimio in his own lair.

In mid-August, almost to the day twenty-six years after the *Morrison's* entry into Kagoshima Bay, the squadron made its landfall. The ships anchored inside the capes shortly before evening dusk. Wild excitement radiated from the nearby village of Hirakawa through all Satsuma.

Early the following morning, local officials put out in sampans and interviewed Colonel Neale, inquiring the purpose of the visit, the prospective movements of the squadron and its strength in armament. There was vouchsafed only the laconic reply: "We shall enter Kagoshima Harbour tomorrow morning and present a letter from the British Government to the Government of Shimazu."

No sooner had the Japanese emissaries returned ashore with this alarming report than there were fired rockets and signal guns summoning to their posts the garrisons of the forts. Grouped along the western shore of the inner harbour near the city, on the edge of Sakurajima Island opposite and on other islands strategically located, were a dozen batteries, mounting a total of about eighty-seven smooth-bore muzzle-loading guns and mortars.

The garrisons rushed to their stations, climbing the bluffs, and crossing the water to the off-shore fortifications. The future Admiral Viscount Inouye Naohachi, when also reminiscing, related how, a mere youngster of Togo's age, he had dashed to Maihama Beach, commandeered the first small boat he saw and hastily paddled to Oki Kojima Fort.² The future Admiral of the Fleet, Ito, took his place as a drummer-boy in the ranks.

From four quartermaster depots were distributed by coolies and horses the provisions and ammunition that would be needed during a protracted bombardment. Headquarters were established in the Sengeki Temple. Here sat the important councillors of state and the military commanders, directing the mobilization in accordance with prearranged plans.

General Kawakami Tatsue was in supreme command of the defence forces. After ensuring the proper manning of the batteries under their respective Commanding Officers, he marshalled the rest of his troops about the two castles of the Daimio, to resist any landing party from the British squadron.

The city was in a ferment, the masses wondering what the wise leaders knew and the wise leaders speculating upon the undisclosed intention of the enemy. The Samurai in the lead, practically all of the able-bodied men answered the call to arms. Like their friends and neighbours, the Togos went to the front to defend their Daimio and their home. Heihachiro's father left to take charge of one of the four guns at Yamakawa, an assignment of honour and responsibility. The three older sons were attached to headquarters, leaving behind only the youngest.

It was the proudest day of Heihachiro's youth as he found himself among the warriors instead of among the women and children stay-at-homes. Masu-ko's parting with her husband and the two older boys was mutually restrained, but for once Heihachiro's emotions overflowed in an oral outburst. He stood erect, trying to stretch himself beyond his height, feeling very martial in his long-trousered uniform that fitted tightly about the calves, wearing the swords of a Samurai and carrying a crude musket that was ultra-modern in Satsuma. His mother, who never had heard of Sparta, looked at the youngster and said merely: "Don't lose!"³

² Commander T. Okuda, I.J.N., *The Bombardment of Kagoshima By The British Fleet, August 1863* (trans. by Lt. C. H. N. James from the *Suikosha Kiji*) 57 Royal United Service Institution Journal (November 1918), p. 1487.

³ Ogasawara, Jap. ed.

THOUSANDS of native eyes watched every motion in the strange squadron. In accordance with the announcement at the first boarding visit, the ships advanced to an anchorage near the city, lying there contemptuous of the batteries within range.

A heterogeneous squadron it was. In the centre towered the flagship, a powerful frigate. Ranged north and south of her were odd supernumeraries of the Royal Navy that could be spared for duty on the Asiatic Station: the corvette *Pearl*, the sloop *Perseus*, the queer-looking sloop *Argus* with her paddle-wheels, and the small gunboats *Racehorse*, *Coquette* and *Havoc*.

In regarding themselves and their defensive works as invincible, the Satsumans were irrationally unmindful of the strength or weakness of the enemy. However confident of success in the event of hostilities, the Japanese nevertheless hoped that diplomacy still might avert a battle from which they had nothing to gain. In any event they wanted time in which to complete their mobilization. After the British took up their position off the waterfront of the town, two of the Councillors were sent to the *Euryalus* to repeat, with more authority, the questions propounded the previous day. Colonel Neale, flanked by his Yokohama interpreters, received these envoys and delivered to them the ominous letter for the Daimio. It demanded the summary trial before Admiral Kuper of Richardson's assailants and an additional indemnity of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling for distribution among Richardson's family and the injured members of his party.

The Japanese explained that the surprise visit of the squadron had found the Daimio at the hot springs of Kirishima, several days from Kagoshima. They pointed to the distant mountain range whose snow-covered peaks sparkled in the sunshine above the clouds, with the Olympian Mount Kirishima reaching above the rest.⁴ Colonel Neale was urged to await a reply from the absent addressee of the letter. When this request was denied, every effort was made to persuade the British Chargé to meet the Satsuman statesmen in a conference ashore, but there was not the slightest chance of luring the wary Englishman from his floating castle. Assuming the modest character of a mere letter-carrier, for which rôle the aggressive old warrior hardly was suited, Colonel Neale disclaimed any authority to modify his Government's ultimatum and demanded a favourable reply within twenty-four hours.

Parleying thus having failed, the Samurai insisted upon a

⁴ Now a national park.

resort to action. This seemed to be an opportunity to display the virtues of their code. With romantic bravery, some volunteers disguised themselves as tradesmen and proceeded in bum-boats to the sides of the British ships, hoping to be allowed aboard to sell their wares and then to murder the officers. The forts were ready to open fire simultaneously. The miscalculation was in the alertness of the deck watch of a smart man-of-war, especially in a hostile port. The natives politely were invited to remain in their sampans, and the plot was not discovered until, in days of friendship, it cheerfully was related by Japanese officers with amusement at its naïveté.

Later, when the Satsuman General came alongside in his state barge to deliver the reply to the letter, he casually asked leave to bring aboard the *Euryalus* his personal escort, impliedly in the spirit of Oriental ostentation but really in another effort to smuggle within sword-thrust some of the same Samurai who had failed to gain access in the more humble garb of ship-pedlars. There was no way tactfully to exclude the guard of honour, but Flag Captain Josling had the diplomatic ingenuity of an Imperial naval officer. He acceded to the request but, on his part, met gesture with gesture, substituting for the usual side-boys the entire company of marines as a reciprocal honour! Only the two senior Japanese officers were invited through this picket-fence of fixed bayonets. The would-be hit-and-dive heroes glared with frustrated anguish at the rigid soldiers-of-the-sea.

On the quarter-deck Colonel Neale and Admiral Kuper received the awaited reply to the official missive. It was not acquiescent and so not satisfactory. The independent-minded Satsumans had no thought of bending the knee to the Tycoon of St. James's. They protested that the culprits could not be caught, and argued that the entire matter should be taken up anew with the central authorities at Yedo.

During the course of these negotiations, that dragged themselves over two days after the squadron had anchored in the harbour, Admiral Kuper proceeded with preparations of his own. He had ventured into the bay without a chart and improved these waiting hours by having six of his masters survey the prospective theatre of operations. They produced an informative sketch of the inner basin between Sakurajima Island and the city, indicating the depths and battery locations (some of the latter, however, being fixed only after the bombardment). The native names being unknown, the sur-

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veyors supplied new ones, and the chart bears such titles as Euryalus Bay and Josling Point.⁵ Off to the northward, near the town but too far up the harbour to be covered by the batteries, three splendid foreign-built steamers which the Daimio had purchased for fancy prices and for which the British had been looking around the bay, were espied by Admiral Kuper.

The defence organization was ready for action, Samurai tempers were at the boiling point, Colonel Neale's patience was exhausted, nerves on both sides were tense, and now there developed another circumstance precipitating hostilities. The Japanese had been praying fervently for divine support. The temples were thronged and silent women knelt before family shrines. The sky and the atmosphere gave indications that the gods were as loyal as in days of old when hostile Asiatics had threatened the coasts of these favoured islands. The British Admiral had no knowledge of these appeals to heaven but he was a weatherwise sailor who could recognize the portents of the elements. The barometer, after an abnormal rise, in cool, dry, very clear air, had begun to fall, first slowly and then rapidly, as the sky turned hazy under a thin uniform cirrus ceiling and the atmosphere became oppressively heavy. This was the height of the typhoon season and the ally of Nippon that had vanquished Kublai Khan plainly was riding on banks of cloud towards the ridges of Kirishima.

That evening Kuper shifted his vessels into the lee of Sakurajima, and the increasing blow during the night confirmed the wisdom of this precaution. The surface of the harbour began to roughen up and soon its habitual placidity was broken into foaming whitecaps worthy of an open seaway. By dawn there no longer was any doubt that what was in the wind was whirling straight towards Kagoshima.

Through thickening mist the observers on the hilltops noted activity in the fleet. Colonel Neale had decided to hold as hostages the three Satsuma steamers that he knew were the Daimio's pride, and Admiral Kuper was gathering them into the Lion's bosom before the storm should dominate the scene. The prizes were being towed to the British anchorage by three of the warships. The gale was increasing in fury and it seemed that the guardian deities were howling their protest against this brazen seizure. There was no holding the

⁵ Chart in Royal United Service Institution Journal Vol. 57 (November 1913) p. 1494. The names probably were bestowed after the bombardment.

Samurai now. Messengers galloped from the batteries to headquarters with frantic pleas for leave to fire. At last permission was granted.

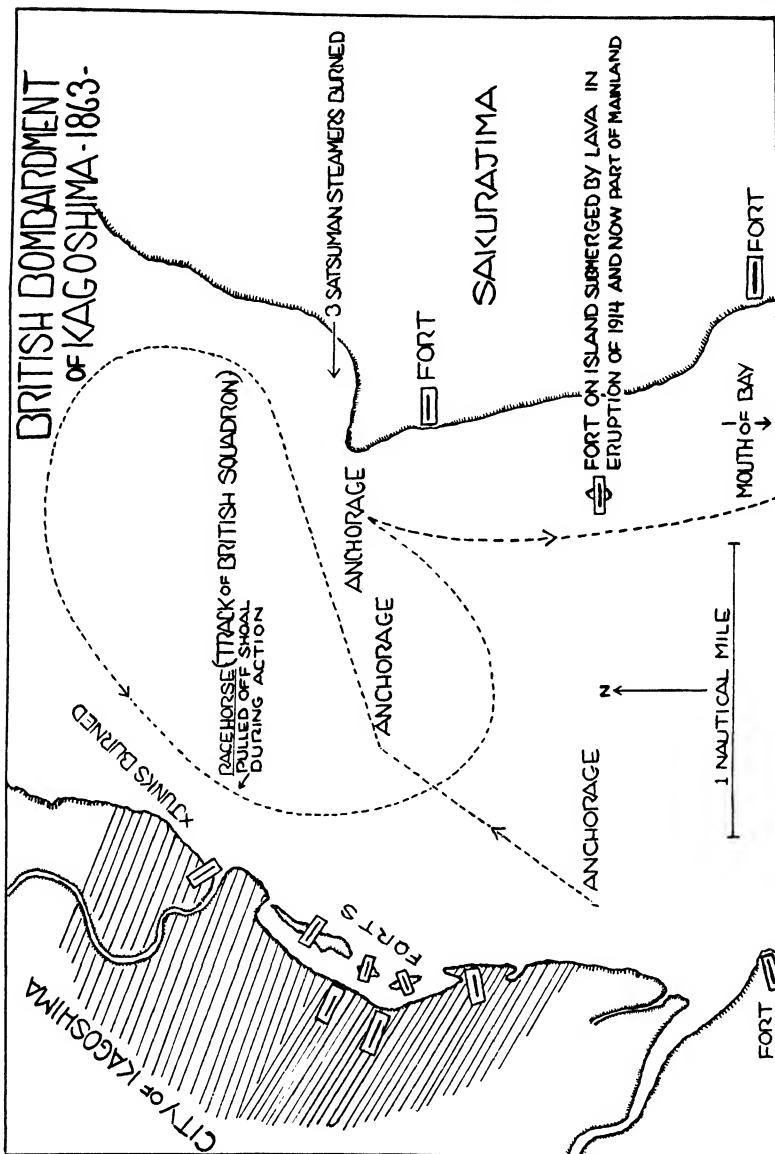
The towing operation, made extremely difficult by the blow, was almost completed. It being Sunday, officers of the idle ships were exchanging visits. Suddenly, snatching the initiative out of the aggressor's hands, the first Japanese shot changed the situation and there promptly came succeeding salvos. The choice of time and position no longer was the prerogative of the mobile antagonist, unless, of course, he would withdraw. This was what the Japanese expected the squadron to do. They regarded the storm as a shield against any maritime attack and, when they saw the British running boats rowing the visiting officers back to their respective ships and perceived other signs of impending activity, the defenders took for granted that the squadron would recede from the reach of the forts and devote its attention to the weather.

Admiral Kuper, however, far from retreating, was behaving exactly as if the weather were clear, the breeze light and all other conditions propitious for the immediate delivery of a bombardment. It was against the rules for insubordinate Asiatics, threatened with discipline from the muzzles of British guns, to strike first. Kuper was angrily indignant. Like Joseph Conrad's Captain MacWhirr, he was too salty an old sea dog to modify his plans to suit the whim of a vagrant typhoon. Instead of seeking a refuge from the batteries until the storm passed, he hastened to do his fighting and finish the job before the wind blew its hardest.

The captured steamers were cast off and set afire, after being sacked by sailors seeking souvenirs even at such a moment.⁶ The Japanese ruefully watched them burn to the water's edge. Then the Admiral formed column, his flagship in the van, and led the squadron towards the northern end of the town, directly into the danger zone. When close to the shore, he swung about, ships turning in succession, settled on a southerly course parallelling the waterfront and engaged in turn each of the fortifications on that side of the harbour. The latter blazed away for all they were worth and the starboard batteries of the ships pumped back a crashing fusillade. At the short range, sometimes decreasing to a quarter of a mile, hits were inevitable. The superstructures

⁶ Sir Ernest Satow (who was present) *A Diplomat in Japan* (Seeley, Service & Co., & Lippincott 1921) p. 87.

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and riggings vibrated under the impact of cannon balls, but below the waterline, the vessels seemed to be impervious to these anachronistic non-bursting projectiles.

The emplacements on *terra firma* gave the garrisons a substantial advantage over the British gun-crews trying to steady

their aim from madly tossing decks and drenched with green water pouring over the bows. Nevertheless, the odds were against the Japanese. The squadron's combined broadsides were heavier than those of any group of guns ashore that could bear simultaneously, its matériel was much more modern in design and fabrication, and its firing was handled by Europe's most expert professionals.

DETAILED by Headquarters to one of the forts near Kagoshima, commanded by Machida Mimbu, Heihachiro took an active part in the battle.

He experienced the interminable prelude of waiting and then the short period of exciting combat during which his battery exchanged direct fire with the enemy. The cannonading rumbled louder and louder through the lowering storm as the squadron approached. Suddenly the *Euryalus* stepped out of the wings and marched across the stage, followed by the other ships, one after the other, flashing their rhythmic salvos in the face of the garrison, and then disappearing behind the opposite side of the proscenium, leaving suspended above their wakes an opaque curtain of malodorous smoke.

Hurriedly the defenders served the guns. The "burnt shot" was heated in furnaces behind the battery. First, in loading, the powder was rammed down the unrifled bores, then fresh grass to prevent a premature detonation upon contact with the red-hot cannon ball, and then the missile itself, sizzling from the flames. Finally the primer was inserted in the breech, and then, aiming at the moving target, the lanyard was jerked. Just which part of this team-work young Togo performed is not certain, but necessarily it must have been a part requiring little skill.

Every few minutes a shell from the harbour struck close to the fort and shook the vicinity in a shower of dirt. At times the garrison had to dash to cover but it quickly would resume its position. When the bombardment was at its noisiest and deadliest, Heihachiro was shocked to behold his mother standing behind the fort. She had walked through the storm and battle to bring some extra refreshments to the garrison. Just then a shell screamed and burst, seemingly close by but actually some distance away. When the smoke cleared Heihachiro rushed towards his mother, fearing the worst, but she stood immobile and calm, a Samurai's heroine.⁷ This stirring picture remained a priceless vision forever.

⁷ Ogasawara, Jap. ed.

All of the forts that Kuper dealt with on this southerly run felt his crushing broadsides and suffered severe structural damage. For every shot that found its target, however, there were many misses. Due to the high degree of the ships' rolls, the salvo patterns covered an unusually large area, extending from the harbour itself, which caught the extreme "shorts," to fields and woods far inland, which buried the extreme "overs" like aimless meteorites.

As if the cyclonic storm and the assault of the batteries were not enough affliction for one day, some of these "overs" screeched their lethal trajectories into the very heart of the city and exploded amid the terrorized populace. Fragile dwellings crumpled up, sturdier edifices collapsed in a heap, and the streets became as impassable as in an earthquake. The entire urban district was brought beneath the full force of the naval bombardment. Helplessly the panic-stricken non-combatants saw the fingers of the arch-demon of all catastrophes reaching forth to do their scorching handiwork. Fire, the scavenger of all scourges, that always had followed seismic upheavals and the eruptions of Sakurajima, began to lick its noxious way from buildings that had been struck by shells to those that had escaped. There was no opportunity to resist the widening clutch of the wind-fanned flames, and every ember started a new conflagration.

The typhoon and the fire, in sadistic glee, were mocking the comparatively feeble efforts of the mere mortals to destroy one another.

Down the harbour ploughed the British ships beset by the heavy weather, by their unfamiliarity with the channel and by the hurtling cannon-balls from the seemingly irrepressible batteries. It was impossible for the spotters in the rigging to gauge the physical effect of the ship's bombardment upon the enemy's works. From time to time various batteries suspended fire as their garrisons were blasted to cover by direct hits, but usually, after a short interval, the guns would be shooting again, although the continued silence of a few indicated irreparable injury. Junks near the bank were blown to fragments by point-blank broadsides from the passing warships. In the background, rolling up towards the dense ebony clouds, were the thick black balls of smoke lifted on pitchforks of flame from the burning city.

The *Racehorse* felt the dreaded touch of solid soil upon her hull and she was gripped tight in the midst of all that inter-

action. Her comrades recognized the situation with alarm, quickly intensified as the nearest battery concentrated its plunging fire upon the lame duck. The *Argus* veered out of column and somehow managed to get a line to the *Racehorse* and pull her into deep water. It was a risky undertaking that exposed the two ships to the danger of the one, but it proved successful.

Flying Admiral Kuper's two-starred flag, most formidable and leading the column, the *Euryalus* naturally attracted most of the fire and she sustained numerous casualties. One well-directed cannon-ball whizzed squarely over the bridge, just missing the Admiral and killing both Captain Josling and Commander Wilmot, the Executive Officer.

"You see, sir," related a former signalman of the *Euryalus* years later, to Admiral Sir Charles Hope Dundas,⁸ "I was doing duty on the bridge at the time and I saw the whole business. The Admiral and the navigating officers were alongside each other leaning over the chart table with the Captain and the Commander standing on either side of them, when along comes a 40-pounder round shot and takes off the heads of the two officers standing up. The Admiral and the navigating officer were saved because they were leaning forward over the chart. Directly it happened the Admiral looked around and seeing the two headless bodies lying on the deck beside him, turned to me and said 'Boy, have that mess wiped up.' Then he leaned forward again over the chart, and went on talking to the navigator as if nothing had happened."

Down below and sprawled over the heaving decks of the flagship lay many other victims of the engagement. The remaining six ships had fewer casualties but enough to be impressed by the determined resistance that inspired the handling of those crude fortifications.

As the British column, much to its own and to the defenders' relief, steamed out of range of the last battery in the chain, the constantly rising wind attained hurricane velocity. The typhoon burst over the harbour and the city in the full vigour of its maximum intensity. Nightfall was lowering the visibility still further. Effective bombardment no longer was possible. Kuper again sought the protecting shelter of convenient Sakurajima, at a point beyond reach of the Japanese guns and screened from the gale. Here the exhausted Englishmen spent the restless night, while the typhoon battered the opposite slope

⁸ Quoted by Admiral Dundas in *An Admiral's Yarns* (Jenkins 1922), p. 86.

of the island mountain and twisted itself about the volcanic peak, and the moisture-laden atmosphere glowed crimson to the west with the burning of Kagoshima.

The garrisons drooped at their pounded and partially demolished posts, while the masses of the people ran around between the debris and the flames, crazed by the chaotic confusion. The destruction of the city had not been foreseen by either antagonist and was a bitterly tragic consequence. Admiral Kuper's apparent satisfaction at this accomplishment as recited in his official report was denounced by John Bright in the House of Commons, whereupon Colonel Neale declared it had been unintentional, but another trustworthy British eye-witness has testified to the contrary.⁹ In any event, it brought no glory to the White Ensign.

Even that infernal night was followed by dawn. By that time the typhoon's centre was far away and its lashing tail was being dragged over the zone of hostilities with diminishing violence. Admiral Kuper resumed his task and "straffed" the fortifications on the islands, to which he had been unable to devote any attention during the main engagement on the previous day. Assuming, with only partial correctness, that batteries silenced were batteries destroyed, he and Colonel Neale considered their punitive mission accomplished, and the squadron dropped down the bay.

After the unwelcome visitors had entered the inner harbour a few days previously, the crafty native chieftain planned a revenge for their anticipated atrocities. The squadron might overwhelm his fortifications but it was a long, devious way back to the open sea, the vessels' natural habitat. The night before the battle, when hostilities were inevitable, some sampans put out stealthily from shore in the lower part of the bay. Here the channel narrowed to a very slim cut between two islands. The boats plugged up this neck of the bottle with submarine mines.¹⁰ Japan was learning Western tactics.

The stratagem failed because the British navigators, in threading their way out of the bay, lost the regular channel before reaching the ambush. Blundering through another passage, the ships emerged intact, blissfully ignorant of the invisible danger.

The garrisons meanwhile restored the batteries to as good condition as possible. Their clansmen busily strove to rebuild the shattered city as so often before their ancestors had done

⁹ Satow, *supra*, p. 88.

¹⁰ Okuda, *supra*, p. 1492.

after a shaking of the terrain and a shower of lava from Sakurajima. Five-hundred homes had been destroyed, and of several public buildings there remained only fragments of foundations to mark their sites. The region was torn and maimed by its first blow from a foreign fist. Kagoshima carried on with Satsuman stoicism, thinking of the future alone. In every soul was the firm resolution that never again would an enemy find it possible to deliver his blows at such close range.

Amid the ruins there was the popular exultation of victory, the boast of having beaten off the British fleet. The Council-lors of State, however, knew what was what. They could foresee the eventual payment of the indemnity. The lesson was plain. Kagoshima would have to modernize the coastal forts and, besides that, would have to procure floating forts that could intercept an invading force outside of the capes.

The demobilization restored the troops to what had been their homes. The combatant personnel had escaped with remarkably few casualties and they returned as heroes. Masu-ko welcomed back her four soldiers. They had not lost.

As the work of reconstruction was pressed forward, the people relived in conversation the events of those hours of combat and terror. Heihachiro heard his elders discuss the battle and Satsuma's plans for future defence. The world had come, with sword and fire, to Kagoshima, the weapon improved to a degree that nullified the relatively unarmed martial virtues of a Samurai. The squadron's guns had not been available for scrutiny but their missiles reflected credit upon their potency. Particularly impressive to the Japanese were the elongated, pointed shells, with their devastating bursting charges, which rendered archaic the old cannon-balls fired by the native batteries. The full significance of these shells remained to be demonstrated to the Japanese the following summer.

Heihachiro, seventeen years of age, listened and reflected. In his deliberate, silent way he digested the facts, first, that in matériel (and necessarily its manipulation) the brave Samurai had much to learn and acquire, and second, that the protection of the land begins at sea.

The talk around him evidenced an insular sea-mindedness that for centuries had been instinct in Westminster. Even more clearly than his seniors did young Togo, whose adolescence was synchronous with the adolescence of his country's worldliness, realize the great significance of naval effectiveness in

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Japan's scheme of growth. He resolved to place himself in that first line of defence.

THE British punitive crusade to Shimazu's stronghold was followed, the next summer, by an allied one to the lair of that other troublesome alien-baiter, Mori, the Daimio of Choshu. Togo Heihachiro was not present at the engagement resulting from the latter expedition, but the affair so radically influenced the historical and tactical naval trend that his future career was affected directly by it.

Kagoshima's fortifications had been shell-sprayed for the moral impression such a display of Caucasian might would make upon the natives. Shimonoseki's array of batteries invited attention for a more practical reason. The straits increased in importance as a natural artery of navigation in direct proportion to the growth of shipping. The ambuscade at that contracted portal of the Inland Sea constituted a major obstruction to the development of commerce.

Admiral Kuper, limping back from his disciplinary venture in the South, with shot-scarred ships and gaping vacancies in their complements, had confirmed the distinction between gun-civilizing the other Asiatics encountered by the Royal Navy from Aden to Shanghai and administering like beneficence to the warriors of Japan's bellicose clans. The European naval officers at Yokohama realized that the forcible reopening of Shimonoseki would be no child's sport but they also knew that to knock politely on "the gates of Bakan" would be fatuous.

Sir Rutherford Alcock returned to his post in March 1864, pleased with the Kagoshima affair despite the many adverse criticisms in the London press and in Parliament, and resolved to handle the Shimonoseki problem in the same way, if necessary—but with other maritime nations sharing the opprobrium. Genial and capable, he assumed the diplomatic leadership, as fully aware of the realities and probabilities as were the naval commanders in the roads.

First came the parleying. Months passed. Mariners continued to regard Kyushu as a huge peninsula appended to Hondo and bent their courses around stormy Cape Sata at the entrance of Kagoshima Bay. This route, longer from the Hyogo-Osaka basin, also was more exposed to bad weather and more inconvenient. Despite the comment of Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, that the Inland Sea passage was

not commercially important enough to fight about, and despite the insistence of so eminent an authority as Professor William Elliot Griffis upon the fact that it really was not in miles the shortest route from Yedo Bay to Nagasaki, it is fair to guess that had there been an unbroken neck of land between Hondo and Kyushu, a project would have been initiated in those days to dig an isthmian canal.

The payment of the Satsuma indemnity (albeit out of borrowed and never returned Shogunal funds) constituted a conspicuous acknowledgment by Shimazu of his taming and left the Choshu bad man as the last of the irreconcilables.

It was particularly galling to Mori to be repudiated by the precariously-placed Bakufu when he knew that his acts were legally defensible. No treaty expressly declared that the Straits of Shimonoski were to be open to foreign shipping and they were within territorial waters. Today they are so heavily fortified on both sides that they are called the Gibraltar of the East, and modern Japan's right to regulate transit through them is questioned no more than is her right to build the projected tube underneath.

In that spring of 1864, the batteries of Lord Mori frowned intact and unchallenged across the forsaken waterway as the cargo carriers churned their circuitous tracks via the enforced detour.

When a Bakufu craft entered the channel, the sentinels on the hills blew her to bits, just to show the foreign-kow-towing Tokugawas that they too had lost their passport through the straits.

Summer presented the foreign diplomatic ultimatum: voluntary dismantling of the Shimonoseki forts or another Battle of Kagoshima.

At this critical juncture, Ito and Inouye returned to Yokohama from their eye-opening tour abroad. They realized that their Lord of Choshu was striving to stem the very tide of the times and they arranged to tell him the legend of Canute in terms of what they had seen first-hand during their travels, substituting for the disobedient surf the no less inexorable pressure of superior sea power. H.M.S. *Barrosa* surreptitiously dropped them on the beach near the headquarters of their Daimio.

Mori listened as the reverse Marco Polos described the mighty Western armadas of which Kagoshima had beheld but a detachment relatively so insignificant that it would not have been missed at a British fleet review. To the incredulous pro-

vincial these were mere yarns of romantic young wanderers susceptible to inimical propaganda. The perceptible reality was that nothing passed through the controversial gut except the countermarching tides. What the *Semiramis's* rifles and the payment of the Satsuman indemnity had failed to teach this monarch of all he surveyed, could not be learned from the cold unflattering warnings of two youthful subjects. The local potentate had assumed an attitude and thundered an injunction to the world. The ability to profit from vicarious experience was not among his talents; he had to have his own Kagoshima.

The two future statesmen of Meiji distinction, then but prophets in their own country, fell into disgrace because their sagacious counsel did not fit the frozen formulae of Choshu tradition. Inouye's courageous effort to avert a bombardment was rewarded by the cowardly blades of waylaying swords, but fortunately for Japan his life and his liberalism survived. Ito likewise was sought but, taking refuge in a tea-house, was hidden by one of the girls under the floor of her room. This friend in need became his wife. It was not long before both of these youths were very useful even to Mori. At the moment, they merely could report to the waiting British warship that the undaunted Mori, strutting upon his parapets, thumbed his nose at the ultimatum.

On a sunshiny warm and windless afternoon in early September, the straight linear horizon to the eastward was broken by a rising fence of masts, followed by bulky silhouettes that resolved themselves into hulls. The Choshu observers counted menacing numbers. There were flags of four nations. The chief danger they did not perceive, the main batteries of just four of all these vessels. These batteries were bringing to the land of Togo the future tools of Togo.

Rear Admiral Kuper led a British squadron stronger than the one with which he had invaded Kagoshima Bay. It included the *Euryalus*, the sloops *Perseus* and *Argus*, and the gunboat *Coquette*, all veterans of Kagoshima, the powerful two-decker line-of-battleship *Conqueror*, three corvettes and another gunboat.

The *Semiramis* and *Tancrède*, seeking a return engagement with Lord Mori, and a corvette comprised the French force under Rear Admiral Jaurès.

The Dutch detachment was headed by the *Medusa*, eager to wreak a Gorgon's vengeance for her first reception, and included two other corvettes and a paddle-sloop.

The United States Navy, overtaxed by the exigencies of the final summer of the great blockade, had no units to spare for overseas duty. To signify American representation, the steamer *Takiang* was chartered and sent along with the Stars and Stripes at the gaff and a Parrott rifle on deck. As a matter of fact, the American participation was worthily half-hearted as the Republic had no stomach for old world imperialism and its attitude towards other races.

The allied fleet timed its assault to meet the daylight eastward tidal flow, so that any disabled ship would drift back towards the Inland Sea and not onto the shoals in the narrows under the very muzzles of the coastal guns.

ALONG the northern shore, the Choshu side, there advanced the lighter craft with their short-range batteries. On the opposite edge of the straits, past the town of Tanoura and towards the Moji promontory at the narrows, steamed a column of heavier ships.

The *Euryalus*, *Conqueror*, *Semiramis* and *Takiang* held aloof, anchoring out of range of any shore batteries. They were the Big Four, the only ships carrying rifles. They could inflict injury without exposing themselves to any return fire. The hulking *Conqueror* took no chances with her draft, remaining in comfortably deep water. The others of this quartette were about twenty-five hundred yards off the two easterly gateway forts, which, together with the six main batteries strung along the narrows, were the first objectives of the fleet.

Never before had the garrisons beheld a naval display like this.

There was a flash and puff of smoke on the forecastle of the *Euryalus* as the British flagship opened with a roar. At this agreed signal, the heterogeneous floating guns emitted deafening salvos and hurled aloft projectiles that converged upon the outer forts. The Choshu artillery hardly knew where to direct its own fire as it surveyed the widespread and partly-moving targets. The straits resounded with a succession of overlapping detonations that were ear-splitting to those in the vicinity and terrifyingly audible to the mystified populace in the hinterland. The bombardment was of a magnitude that fully confirmed the statements of Ito and Inouye. Through din and smoke there dropped upon the fortifications straddling volleys of devastating effectiveness. The shells wrought direct havoc and also touched off at least three of the magazines, whose explosions wrecked everything nearby.

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Soon it became clear to the brave defenders that they were not in a battle but facing a firing squad. With the majority of the ships it was give and take, but the most deadly destruction came from two of the unreachable vessels. The Parrott rifle on the *Takiang* was of too small calibre to span the range and the *Conqueror's* remote position limited the effectiveness of her few shots, but the *Euryalus* and, when finally she got into action, the *Semiramis* gave the forts a merciless fusillade with their new-style artillery. The *Euryalus* was trying out some of the products built at Elswick by the future Baron Armstrong and completed just in time to be mounted before her departure for the Far East.

The British and French flagships thus were discharging upon the archaic contraptions of the early age of gunpowder, the art and science of modern European ordnance. As if to dramatize the contrast, there whizzed upon the deck of the *Tancrède*, as she came in close to the bank, a bow-shot arrow,¹¹ and after the battle there were found in the ruins of the forts some wooden guns designed to fire bags of pebbles and, like some ephemeral insects, perish after one sting.

These new European large calibre rifles were not mere improvements upon the kind possessed by the Japanese. They were revolutionary in design and performance. Indeed they embodied the basic features distinguishing all modern heavy weapons from mediæval cannon: they were built up of rings of metal shrunk upon an inner steel barrel, they were loaded at the breech, they were rifled, and they threw not spherical balls but elongated projectiles with ogival heads.

If a line of demarcation were to be drawn between the ancient and the modern in the development of heavy artillery, it would fall between the cannon used by the Japanese at Kagoshima and Shimonoseki, and the experimental rifles of the *Euryalus* and *Semiramis*, which latter in 1864 still had their merit to prove.

It is significant that in Togo's first battle he helped to serve a piece of the former variety and was under the fire of the superseding type. Shimonoski was of historic importance because, among other things, it made patent this disparity in matériel which in the battle wherein Togo fought had remained latent. At Kagoshima much of the advantage afforded by her Armstrong rifles had been relinquished by the *Euryalus* because

¹¹ A. C. Hansard, who was present as a Midshipman in the British squadron, said that a sailor aboard the *Tancrède* was killed by an arrow. *Early Days in Japan, supra*, p. 149.

of Admiral Kuper's aggressively delivering his bombardment at short range. At Shimonoseki the physiographical conditions, the absence of any time-pressing typhoon, and the nature of the naval mission all dictated tactics of a wholly different order. Instead of a running fusillade from a battle column underway, this later assault was fired from the floating platforms in almost the same manner as if the artillery had been approaching on land.

The *Euryalus* and *Semiramis* made the most of their superior reach. Securely beyond the seaward rim of Choshu shell-splashes, these newfangled rifles threw their projectiles over the masts of the intervening lighter craft and with pulverizing effectiveness demonstrated the futility of anachronistic resistance, which in fact amounted to non-resistance. Each of these cylindrical-bodied shells with its heavy bursting charge and lethal head rotated through the spirally-grooved bore and, upon leaving the muzzle, continued its spin, retaining like children's tops a stability of position without which gyroscopic property an unspherical missile would have yielded to angular motion and defeated its own purpose.

In other words, the rifles could fire oblong instead of spherical projectiles and the former had much greater penetrability. Except in the case of early and unsuccessful muzzle-loading rifles, the projectiles had to be inserted at the breech, however, on account of the grooves, and this involved dangers and difficulties in sealing the breech after loading, which it took years of hazardous improvisation to overcome. As a matter of fact, the *Euryalus* had trouble with her Armstrongs at Shimonoseki when twice a breech-plug jammed and upon each occasion was pried open only with alarming difficulty and serious danger to those stationed nearby.¹²

While the present-day breech-block with its ingenious contrivances and multiple component inventions was being evolved by the military and naval scientists of the world, there actually was a retrograde reversion to the old muzzle-loading cannon. Soon, however, it became possible to insert the projectile and firing-charge of a gun through an aperture at its rear, and then to lock the door with an assurance that it would stay shut despite the enormous pressure of the interior explosion. When that was achieved, the smooth-bore muzzle-loaders were relegated forever to the bases of monuments.

¹² The next winter, at the bombardment of Fort Fisher, the chief casualties afloat were self-inflicted by the accidental bursting of Parrott rifles, prototypes of the one temporarily on the *Takiang*.

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Two American ordnance experts, one from the Army and one from the Navy, had accompanied the first Imperial Embassy upon its return in 1860 and taught the natives a great deal about small rifles, but it was at Shimonoseki that the Japanese perceived the implications of modern naval artillery.

One after another the eight easterly batteries were blasted into submission until, as the day drew to a close and the tactically important tidal flow was reversing in the straits, Mori's row of erstwhile noisy fortifications smouldered in silence.

The next morning a landing party of a couple of thousand men drove back some native troops and then "mopped up" those easterly batteries. On the third day, a detachment of ships was sent through the narrows to reduce the only two forts still intact, at the western end. No serious resistance was offered, indicating that the Choshu defiance had been crushed at last.

Ito repaired aboard the *Euryalus* and paved the way for a formal surrender. Mori himself would not appear, even for a conference ashore, but his emissaries delivered a written pledge that the straits would be free to the traffic of foreign nations, that no new fortifications would be constructed, and that a financial payment would be made, not merely to defray the cost of the expedition but also to include a ransom because the fleet had not destroyed the town of Shimonoseki!

The wrecked cannon were plucked from their shattered emplacements and carried aboard the ships. The defensive works were stripped.

Its mission performed with no merciful margin of ambiguity by which the Lord of Choshu could conceal the outcome, the fleet returned in groups to Yokohama and presented its joint bill for the services rendered. In 1932 the Western world wondered how and where Japan conceived the notion of exacting from occupied Chinese towns the cost of their own capture.

CHAPTER IV

CIVIL WAR

OF THE important segments of the ring of Japanese authority, only one remained unconvinced by the visiting squadrons of Perry, Kuper and Jaurés that isolation could not be regained by force—or at all. The landlubber sovereign, within the confines of his mediæval Court and removed from reality by many layers of anthropoid courtiers, still cherished the illusion that the dripping arm of transoceanic powers could not coerce the will of Nippon. It was deemed advisable by the foreign legations to bring home to the Mikado the argument that had persuaded the Shogunate, the warriors of Shimazu and the militant bitter-enders of Choshu.

Under the guidance of Lord Russell's forceful new representative, Sir Harry Parkes of "gunboat policy" fame in China, who now was to play the leading part in uniting foreign influence behind the Imperialist faction in Japan, another allied fleet was assembled in 1865 and paraded off Hyogo,¹ the port of Kyoto. Seeing was believing and sufficient. The Councillors of the Imperial Court had no desire to hear the gunnery voices of these unwelcome guests. The foreign demand that the Mikado ratify all existing and any future treaties and thereby terminate the evasions of Yedo duly was complied with.

This measure carried the reopening of Japan to the acknowledgment of the supreme authority and literally put the crowning seal on Perry's accomplishment. Incidentally, it also constituted a step in the internal integration of Japan and the concentration of her political authority.

Besides this push from beyond the breakers, the centripetal political trend was given a pull from within the realm. In this same year Saigo Takamori and Okubo Toshimitsu, the two foremost leaders in the land of the Togos, sipped tea with Kido Takayoshi,² adviser-in-chief of the chastened and now

¹ Now part of modern Kobe.

² Later Marquis Kido Koin.

wiser Mori, and formerly the leader of that group of the martyred Yoshida's disciples to which Ito and Inouye also had belonged. The two Satsuman statesmen and Kido shared a determination that the augmented power and prestige then concentrating in the Central Government should not fall, by default of opposition, into the lap of the slipping Tokugawas. A secret agreement was entered into between Satsuma and Choshu with no less ambitious a design than to abolish the Shogunate and to restore the ancient system of a monarch ruling with undivided sovereignty, supported by provincial princes on a parity among themselves.

The death of the Shogun Iyemochi in the fall of 1866 enabled these schemers to bring their plot into the open. The overlordship of Yedo already had been displumed of much of its glamour by its precarious buffer position between Kyoto and the treaty powers and by the undignified equivocations to which it had been constrained to resort, coming after the long-slumbering internal dissatisfaction with the duarchy. Into the vacant and unenviable office was thrust Keiki, a strikingly handsome and accomplished young man of no great force of character and with nothing of the warrior about him.

Within a few weeks, death also caused a transfer of the Imperial sceptre. Komei,³ the uncompromising seclusionist, was succeeded by his son Mutsuhito, destined to become one of the most illustrious sovereigns of all time anywhere, canonized posthumously as Meiji Tenno, the Mikado of Enlightened Administration. His reign spanned the period from 1867 to 1912 and already has attained enshrinement as the golden age of Nippon.

Mori strode into Kyoto with a disconcertingly imposing escort of Choshu troops. Along the roads from the southwest and from the transport wharves at Hyogo there tramped into the capital regiments of soldiers from the influential clans of Kyushu and Shikoku, the island between Hondo and Kyushu that forms the southeastern coast of the Inland Sea.

Shimazu had intended personally to head his contingent, but, unable to make the journey when the time came, placed the Satsuman troops in charge of Saigo and another prominent lieutenant.⁴ Heihachiro was a member of the expedition.

This assembly of soldiers, ready for a parade or a pitched battle, menacingly camped all over the front lawn of the palace and constituted the background of the parleys that terminated

³ Posthumous name.

⁴ Komatsu.

the doddering Shogunate. It was the outcome of the project hatched at the Satsuma-Choshu tea party and long before that conceived by the eighteenth century historian-prince who was at once the sage and the second Daimio of Mito.

To the conspiracy there had been added the adroit Daimio of Tosa⁵ and also some of the most securely entrenched nobles of the Imperial Court. Saigo and Okubo continued to direct the machinations on behalf of Shimazu, the former thus combining the functions of military commander and diplomat. Mori still was represented by the shrewd, hard-boiled but liberal Kido. Ito and Inouye, restored to grace by the turn of events, were also in the conferences. Out of this anti-Bakufu junta there began to emerge the personages of the coming era. The faction that was aligning itself against Keiki and his institution was dominated by the whisperers and warriors of Satsuma, Choshu and Tosa, and became known as the Sa-cho-to.

To this intimidating array of self-appointed protectors, the crown found itself indebted for the reacquisition of the Shogun's powers. As the Sa-cho-to took the fifteen-year-old Emperor, a mere symbol of sovereignty, under its wing, he well may have winced at the sight of its talons.

So politely and so casually was the momentous recession of authority from Shogun to Mikado consummated in the first instance that it was too good to be true. The Civil War was not far off. In the meantime the Sa-cho-to prematurely congratulated itself upon the bloodless *coup*.

THE year before this and some three since the Battle of Kagoshima, Togo had crossed the threshold of his professional career. In 1866, with his brothers Sokuro and Shirozaemon, the youngest, he joined the Satsuman Navy.

Ever since the British bombardment Shimazu had been building his first line of defence afloat. As the war-chest permitted, he purchased foreign steamers and converted them, rather crudely, into men-of-war. The complements, recruited from the sailing-craft fisherfolk, had to be taught the handling of power-driven vessels, rudimentary ordnance and naval discipline. The officer material was drawn from those Samurai youths who, pioneer-minded, viewed the future of their profession of arms with eyes to waveward.

In 1865 the Daimio, emulating the example of the Yedo authorities, sent fifteen young men to Europe, under Machida

⁵ Yodo Yamanouchi.

Mimbu, Togo's battery commander in the Battle of Kagoshima, to master modern naval technology. It is more than a possibility that Heihachiro would have gone with this group had he been in service at the time, but he did not enter the navy until the following year.

In that spring of '66, not long before the Togo youths became sailors of Satsuma, the Daimio gave official recognition to the importance of his marine force by establishing a new governmental department to administer it as a military organization separate and distinct from the army, traditional guardian of the province.

Thus Shimazu Saburo, the real successor of his deceased brother during the youth of the former's son Shimazu Tadayoshi, was building on the naval keel laid by the previous Daimio, and was keeping pace with the naval developments of the central Government. The latter had been importing warships and experts to teach their use. As to the necessity of launching a national navy, there had been complete agreement between Kyoto and Yedo. With commendable objectivity, concerned only with the future and harbouring no stultifying grudges, the Japanese turned for naval counsel chiefly to that other island nation whose roving squadrons had delivered convincing illustrated lectures upon the subject of sea power. The Royal Navy loaned advisers. In addition, certain specialists were contributed by other countries. It will be seen that young Japanese officers were trained in England a little later on. The first impulse naturally was to send them to Perry's navy but, when the American Civil War interfered, even driving the Academy from Annapolis, Dutch influence still was sufficiently strong to have second call. The Shogun established a dockyard on the shores of Yedo Bay, at Yokosuka, where Will Adams, that pilot-master and shipwright of the Elizabethan Navy, was buried, and near the village of Uraga, where Perry first anchored.

As Togo, on temporary shore duty, and his comrades rested on their arms at Kyoto, and the Shogun was being divested of his authority, the feeling between the Ins (ex-Outs) and the Outs (ex-Ins) grew bitter. Keiki's abdication of the Shogunate was repudiated by many of his kinsmen and by most of the beneficiaries of the Bakufu régime. Conversely, the good faith of that surrender began to be questioned by the Sa-cho-to. The plums which for generations had fallen from the patronage tree of the Tokugawas now were being picked by

the hungry successors-in-influence. All officials ever connected with the Shogunate or suspected of Tokugawa sympathy were dismissed and the vacancies filled with deserving henchmen of the ascendant clans. At the top, the new Council of State was composed of two pliant Court nobles who knew a bandwagon when they saw one, and of Prince Shimazu Saburo, Saigo, Okubo, Kido, the future Prince Saionji Kiumochi, the future Marquis Okuma Shigenobu of Hizen, and the future Count Itagaki Taisuke of Tosa. The ex-Ins were very completely out and there was no effort to save their faces or feelings, let alone any intention of permitting their voices to be heard in the affairs of government. To the suddenly ostracized elements it seemed outrageous that Keiki's conciliatory restoration of administrative prerogatives in favour of his liege should be converted into a usurpation by the Bakufu's jealous and acquisitive rivals of the South. The deposed incumbent of the abrogated dictatorial office sincerely tried to restrain this rising indignation, but every mollifying measure he adopted was counteracted by some fresh political excess on the part of the arrogant new clique. With considerable justification the ousted coterie contended that the vassals now proclaiming a super-devotion to the Emperor were not crowding the palace as pilgrims absorbed in worship but as wardens securing the royal person as a sacred aegis for their own selfish ambitions. Through the central parts of Hondo, radiating from Yedo, there was spreading a determined antagonism to the Sa-cho-to and a resentment at its presumptuous avowal of exclusive fealty to the common crown. The opposition, too, was crystallizing.

Togo was seeing beautiful Kyoto in the hour of its greatest tension. The capital for over a thousand years, where the Emperors still are crowned, the location of hundreds of temples, the centre of the fine arts and their industries, this ancient city on the Kamogawa River, whose waters have the quality of fixing colours in dyed textiles and were believed to bestow beauty on any maiden who bathed in it, had much to offer the young Southerner. Festivals followed one another with the frequency of fiestas in Italy. Here the cherry blossoms seemed the loveliest in all Japan, the geisha girls the sprightliest, the traditional horse-races the most exciting.

This charming and almost celestial spot was the crater of the factional volcano nearing eruption. It was in these surroundings, at this critical time in the affairs of the nation, that there came to Togo the news that occasioned his first major personal grief. His father had died in Kagoshima at

the age of sixty-one. He had become a district magistrate and, at the time of his death in December 1866 was one of the most respected and influential elders of his community.

The passing of the head of the house was a heavy blow to the entire family. It left the wife and mother under the interminable penumbra of Japanese widowhood and imposed upon the young men the joint responsibility of family leadership.

The volcano of internal discord was belching premonitory smoke. Factional quarrels and acts of violence were becoming more frequent. There were many minor and several major political assassinations.

Keiki had withdrawn to the great granite castle at Osaka, Hideyoshi's colossal masterpiece, and passively accepted the new order. His dynasty's dependents were less complaisant. The more important of the disgeneraled captains thought and plotted measures of resistance. The rank and file acted. Some of the latter turned into mobs and their unruly demeanour burst into riots. Finally there was committed a deed of vandalism and enmity that brought Satsuma and the remnants of the Bakufu to the verge of hostility—and then beyond.

In December 1867 an anti-Sa-cho-to gang stormed the Yedo *yashiki*⁶ of Shimazu and burned the structure to the ground. The reason or pretext was that the Satsumans had kidnapped from the Yedo Castle one of their princesses, who had married into the Tokugawa nobility. The occupants of the burnt *yashiki* and other Satsumans in the city fled for their lives, taking refuge down the bay at Shinagawa.

They were picked up by a vessel of the Satuman Navy, the *Shoho*,⁷ an iron steamer purchased by Shimazu from her British owner and armed as a gunboat.

No sooner were the fugitives aboard and the *Shoho* standing out to sea, than along came the *Kwaiten*, a unit of the Imperial Navy developed by the Shogun. Her most important attribute at the moment was her young Commanding Officer, Captain Enomoto Kamajiro, of whom much was to be heard in the coming campaign. He had returned from his naval studies in the Netherlands and had acquired a standard of loyalty to his chief that transcended the latter's loyalty to himself. Long after Keiki ceased to be Shogun, Enomoto continued to serve the lost cause. His present vessel was the former *Eagle*,⁸ slower but harder-hitting than the *Shoho*.

⁶ Official residence at Court of the Shogun.

⁷ 461 tons.

⁸ A wooden ship, 1827 tons, built in Germany in 1855 and carrying twelve guns.

Enomoto dashed towards the Satsuma gunboat and blew some holes in her side before sustaining any damage from the return fire. The *Shoho* realized that she was outmatched and she took to her heels. Her black-gang shovelled furiously and the *Kwaiten's* shots began to splash astern, then further and further behind, until finally she abandoned the pursuit. With her fugitive passengers, the *Shoho* reached Hyogo. One of her shots, at least, must have hit the pursuing *Kwaiten* because, when she passed H.M.S. *Rodney* the following day, the British flagship noticed that the *Kwaiten* was conspicuously minus her forward yard-arm.

Enomoto, now commanding the entire Shogunal flotilla and compensating for his youthful appearance (he was but slightly over thirty) by an adornment of sideburns that he probably had cultivated while abroad in emulation of some septuagenarian Dutch burgomaster, was transferred to the larger and newer *Kaiyo*. She was a corvette built at Amsterdam in 1866 to the order of the Shogun and Enomoto had returned to Japan aboard her. Although only ten feet longer than the *Kwaiten*, she had double the displacement and carried twenty-six guns. He proceeded in the *Kaiyo* towards Osaka to look after what he conceived to be the ex-Shogun's interests and to see what was transpiring generally at the centre of activities. En route, somewhere in the Kii Channel (Linschoten Straits) between the heel of Hondo and the eastern coast of Shikoku, Enomoto sighted two Satsuma troop transports standing out of Hyogo bound for Kagoshima. He opened fire on them, much as Togo was to do a quarter of a century later when he precipitated the Sino-Japanese War by his world-resounding shot that sank the transport *Kowshing*.

The Satsuma vessels dashed back to port and escaped, but the attack intensified the inter-clan antipathies.

The Sa-cho-to took prompt retaliatory steps. The volcano was emitting sparks. On well-founded suspicion of partiality towards the old régime, the regular palace guards at Kyoto, members of the Aizu clan, were dismissed, a measure as friendly to the Emperor as the enforced dispersion of the Swiss Guards would be to the Pope. In a body, the discharged sentries repaired to Osaka and demanded that, with them as a strong nucleus, the elements of rebellion organize for action. The ex-Shogun virtually was drafted as the indispensable leader of a counter-revolution to recover for the ousted Tokugawas what its chief pacifically had relinquished in the Kyoto crisis.

THE Satsuma authorities at Kyoto could not despatch the transports to sea again without a naval escort. To have summoned a warship from Kagoshima would have involved a long delay. Lying idle and out of commission at Hyogo was the ex-Shogun's ex-yacht, the gunboat *Kasuga*. She was accepted as a providential find and reconditioned as speedily as energetic hands could perform the task under the pressure of impending hostilities. The next problem was to assemble a complement of a hundred and thirty men from among the Satsuma soldiers at Kyoto. The officers of the garrison were combed for those with maritime experience. Naturally, Togo Heihachiro, as a member of the Satsuma Navy, was chosen among the first and he assisted in organizing the personnel. He was appointed a Junior Lieutenant. Aside from assignments for temporary training duty, this appointment was Togo's first in the line of his chosen profession. The old *Kasuga*, ungainly and retrieved from the scrap-heap for the emergency, forever after had the claim to that unique affection of Togo's which a sailor bestows upon his first ship.

She was a small,⁹ two funnelled, three-masted, unarmoured, wooden side-paddler, launched in England in 1863 and originally named the *Kiang-tse*, when flying the flag of Admiral Sherard Osburn of the "Lay Flotilla" taken out by H. M. Lay to China. The *Kasuga* carried six guns, including a twenty-pound Armstrong rifle, and was fast for those days.¹⁰

Akatsuka Genroku was placed in command. An elder brother¹¹ of the future Admiral Ito was made Vice Captain (Executive Officer), and one of the watch and division officers appointed with Togo was Ichiji, many years later a fellow flag officer.

One morning at daybreak the *Kasuga* experienced the thrill of feeling her forsaken engines throb once more and of hearing orders snappily shouted from bridge and deck. Chains rattled, and her bow pushed aside the water that for so long had found her a passive hulk. Togo's first ship was underway.

She took the two transports in charge, one in tow, and with her convoy slipped out of the inner basin headed for the Pacific Ocean and Kagoshima. Enomoto's squadron was left in the harbour but Akatsuka expected it to pursue him.

The next morning found the *Kasuga* escorting the trans-

⁹ 1270 tons.

¹⁰ About 17 knots.

¹¹ Sukemaro.

ports through a light mist off the coast of Awa, below the southern end of Awaji Island. She was near the place in Kii Channel where the transports had encountered the *Kaiyo* previously.

All of a sudden there appeared a darkening mass in the fog astern and there was discerned the seemingly eternal haunting spirit of those waters, as the shape sharpened into the contour of Enomoto's warship.

Akatsuka sounded general quarters and wondered how his green complement would behave in this early test. Togo's second day in his first ship and there was a call to battle stations, and no drill either! The *Kaiyo* fired a blank shot, signalling "Halt!"

The Satsuma skipper dropped his tow-line and ordered the transports to make a break through the fog while he stood off the enemy. One of the troop ships plunged toward the Naruto Strait to the westward of Awaji and the other headed at full speed for the opposite side of that island. Soon both disappeared in the thickening vapour and left the two warships facing each other at close range. Only because the *Kasuga* had been obliged to tow one of the transports had the *Kaiyo* with her paltry twelve knots been able to overtake the much fleeter vessel. With that millstone off her neck, the *Kasuga* was free to force or avoid battle.

Akatsuka opened fire at twenty-eight hundred metres with his big 100-pound gun. Then the broadside secondaries chimed in. Ichiji and Togo each commanded one of these 40-pounders, Heihachiro's being on the port side. The *Kaiyo* blazed back and for a while the ships duelled on parallel courses. Enomoto's better-trained gunners loaded and fired with rapidity, but their aim was not good and none of their shots damaged the *Kasuga*. The latter, according to Captain Akatsuka's official report, fired a total of thirty-eight shots during the engagement and three of these hit the target, causing some damage. One of the hits was scored by Togo's gun.

Her great superiority of speed enabled the *Kasuga* to outmanoeuvre her opponent and the Tokugawa officers reported that she withdrew in the fog. The Satsuma version was emphatic in stating that it was Enomoto who decided to call it a day, sheering off towards Hyogo. Anyway, the *Kasuga* continued on her southerly course and reached Kagoshima two days later, where the account of the fight aroused great excitement.

KEIKI, unenthusiastically in the rear, followed the discharged palace guards and thousands of other adherents in the march towards Kyoto. The Sa-cho-to awaited him half-way behind barricades with a relatively small but well-trained army of Satsuma and Choshu troops under Saigo. The collision produced a three day battle,¹² towards the end of which there developed treachery in the hard-pressed Shogunal ranks, which were put to rout.

This was Keiki's cue to commit *seppuku*. His legs, however, reacted to instinct more readily than his hands to eviscerating discipline. He fled back to the Osaka castle and, when this was stormed by his pursuers, he scrambled aboard a United States warship at Hyogo, which transshipped him to the *Kaiyo* and the custody of his faithful Enomoto. The *Kaiyo* sailed for Yedo Bay and there put ashore the harried ex-Shogun, looking the antithesis of a Tycoon. Within a short time he passed out of the public picture and thrived upon the serenity of retirement until long after the end of the Meiji Era.

The rebellion continued to display vitality for many months after Keiki's second and final retirement. The Sa-cho-to troops marched to Yedo in three columns by as many routes, and on the way suppressed whatever remained of the insurgent movement southwest of the old Bakufu headquarters. The complete pacification of the northeastern part of Hondo took some time more. The hardest and most prolonged task was establishing mastery of the surrounding waters and of the Island of Yezo beyond them.

The tripartite Imperial Army that stamped out the dying embers of rebellion from Kyoto to Yedo and across the width of the land between, nominally was commanded by one of the royal princes, but its real leader was Saigo. Indeed, just as the Imperial Government was a Sa-cho-to Government, the Imperial Army was a Sa-cho-to Army.

Saigo was bent upon doing a thorough job of extirpation and planned to leave nothing on the site of Yedo excepting the ex-Shogun's head atop a bamboo pole.

Fortunately for Keiki, he had in Captain Katsu Awa, already referred to as the father of the Japanese Navy, a sagacious and loyal adviser, whose bravery was beyond question. When Katsu, offering to fight if his chief wanted to make the gesture of futile resistance, strongly urged surrender on the best obtainable terms, Keiki gave him carte blanche.

¹² Battle of Fushimi, January 28-30, 1868.

Katsu had the confidence of both sides and finally negotiated an arrangement whereby Yedo was spared and Keiki's worried head was allowed to remain on his shoulders. In return, the Shogunate was to liquidate and deliver all of its plants, structures and implements of peace and of war, ashore and afloat, to the crown.

The Shogunal fleet proved easier to give than to take. When, in October, the time came for its transfer to the Mikado, Enomoto was lying off Shinagawa with four warships and four other armed vessels.¹⁸

This naval force had been incubated and reared by devoted followers of the Bakufu, notably Katsu and Enomoto himself. It seemed ironic to the latter to have trained such a service for the ultimate benefit of the impudent Sa-cho-to. There was a pathetically appealing patriotism in the self-immolating leadership of the German High Seas Fleet, upon its funeral march to the Firth of Forth after the Armistice and its surrender there to Admiral Beatty, but Enomoto was no Reuther and scorned the tragic role.

The outraged Japanese commander looked over his eight ships and made a bold decision. From his flagship bridge there flashed the signal to get underway, and soon the condemned flotilla was escaping from Yedo Bay and the grasp of its new owner.

If a seagirt nation can exist for a while without a navy, so can a navy struggle along for a limited period without a country. The length of its survival depends upon its good fortune in securing a foster-base. Enomoto, reaching the open sea, headed north and towards a queer chapter of Japanese history in which, to a certain degree, the tail was to wag the dog.

Up on the bleak Island of Yezo there were some genealogically and geographically distant connections of the Tokugawas. The young squadron commander, acting as his own judgment dictated, steered for the Tsugaru Straits, which sever this northern island from Hondo. The run from Yedo Bay to Hakodate was from the latitude of Norfolk to that of New York, but under the prevailing circumstances it was a difficult journey.

The squadron's cruising speed was slow. A week after taking French-leave of Shinagawa, a late-season typhoon lashed the runaway ships. The transport *Mikaho*, battered by the

¹⁸ Total of 83 guns and 2000 men.

storm, was towed by the *Kaiyo* for a while and finally forced ashore.¹⁴ The storm was of long duration and, before the skies cleared, the historic *Kanrin*, in which a decade before Captain Katsu had conveyed that first Embassy to the United States, found herself unable to proceed. She put into the nearest port¹⁵ about a week after the loss of the *Mikaho*.

There was no semblance of formation after the typhoon. The surviving units were glad to be afloat and retain steerage-way. One after the other, the six of them straggled into the harbour of Tona in Mutsu. It took several weeks of overhaul to render them all fit to resume the journey. Another halt was made at Orinohama and a final call at Miyako.

In midwinter, about two months after leaving Shinagawa, Fukuyama, the tip of Yezo, came in sight. There was the imposing Castle of Matsumaye, on a high point near this end of the Oshima Peninsula, a small Gibraltar. Long before Perry's visit, the American whalers were familiar with this landmark, standing above the beating surf and more often than not shrouded in mist. The castle was about seventy miles from Hakodate, the Yezo terminus of the Tsugaru ferry and Enomoto's specific destination.

He landed his troops on the beach¹⁶ and, after several skirmishes with the local Imperialists, occupied Goryokaku, a strategic suburb of Hakodate, destined to be the Insurgents' last stronghold.

The naval commander ordered the *Kwaiten* and *Banryu* to proceed to Hakodate. They steamed in without encountering any opposition and took control of the city, occupying the forts and anchoring in the harbour.

Then came a lucky break for the Shogunal fleet. Unaware of what was going on, there calmly entered the harbour the *Takao*,¹⁷ a small ship belonging to a loyalist noble.¹⁸ This was manna from heaven. The *Banryu* captured her and now Enomoto's squadron, reduced en route from eight ships to six, was increased to seven.

Enomoto was not disappointed by the situation at Yezo. There were enthusiastic Bakufu allies who welcomed this strong naval contingent. The orphan fleet found a new home.

With Hakodate in their hands and headquarters established

¹⁴ At Cape Inuboye.

¹⁵ Shimizu in Shizuoka.

¹⁶ At Washi-no-ki.

¹⁷ Formerly the *Asheulot*.

¹⁸ Lord Satake of Akita Province.

at Goryokaku, the Insurgents defeated an Imperialist force at Esashi, a point on the western shore of the Oshima Peninsula about opposite Hakodate on the eastern shore.

The castle was a thorn in the side of the Insurgents, held as it was by a loyalist, Lord Matsumaye Norihiro, and it had to be plucked to safeguard the tenure of the peninsula. In the rough seaway that prevailed, Enomoto's fire control was not sufficiently accurate substantially to damage the fixed target without coming perilously close to the rock-bound shore. The troops, however, carried the stronghold in a landward assault.

Returning towards Hakodate in the *Kaiyo*, Enomoto was caught off Esashi in one of the heavy snow-storms that rage during Yezo winters. He took refuge in the lee of a small island. The wind shifted and the flagship found herself without shelter. She was tossed about helplessly and, despite the strenuous efforts of the crew, slid onto a reef which held her fast.

When the weather moderated, the complement got ashore. The *Kwaiten*, which Enomoto adopted as his flagship, and the *Shinsoku* came down from Hakodate to salvage the *Kaiyo*. Not only did this prove impossible but, in the attempt, the *Shinsoku*'s engine failed her and the vessel joined the *Kaiyo* on the shoals. Both were wrecks. Enomoto's squadron, including the captured *Takao*, now consisted of five ships, and of these the *Chogei* never returned from a special mission, which excluded her from the coming fighting against the Imperial forces.¹⁹

Somewhat confused in their programme, which originally was to resurrect the Shogunate, the rebels set up an independent Republic on what its James Madisons conceived to be the American pattern. (Political progressionism was rampant throughout Japan and, in certain subterranean channels, there were currents of liberal inclination to make a thorough renovation of the domestic upheaval, end the monarchy as well as the Shogunate, and establish a democratic form of government, a movement whose existence most Japanese historians ignore or whose importance they apologetically minimize.)

This Republic, as queer at Yezo as would be a kingdom in Ohio, devoted itself to two immediate measures: defences against invasion by an Imperial expeditionary force and agrarian colonization of the Tokugawa unemployed.

¹⁹ Enomoto sent her to Muroran, Gulf of Iburi (Volcano Bay) to guard that region and her delivery was one of the terms of the subsequent surrender.

THE Sa-cho-to leaders realized that the Civil War would not be over nor the Restoration effected unless and until the Insurgents in the North were disposed of. The Imperialists faced a problem comparable to what an uprising in Ireland, *supported by a fleet able to challenge the Royal Navy*, would mean to Great Britain.

The task ahead was not to be done in a day, and in its performance Togo was to have a share, to understand which it is necessary to revert to the year preceding Enomoto's sensational sortie.

There was great military activity all through that tempestuous winter and spring during which the victorious Sa-cho-to troops were advancing towards Yedo. For about a month, the *Kasuga* operated at and near the Hyogo-Osaka basin, protecting the coastwise transport and supply ships of the Imperial régime. Enomoto and his fleet-in-being still were in Yedo Bay, a constant threat which kept the Imperial naval forces on the alert. It was a period ideal for the training of a young officer, when responsibilities were thrust upon him far beyond his years as measured by peacetime advancement. Togo Heihachiro was learning a great deal.

There were a couple of visits to Kagoshima, rather sad homecomings for Togo, on account of his father's death.

It was decided by the authorities to give the *Kasuga* a badly-needed major overhaul. The nearest adequate facilities were at Shanghai and there the ship went. This was Togo's first departure from Japan and an adventure that at his birth no one could have imagined would befall him.

Shanghai was incomparably more important in the Occidental estimation than all of Japan's treaty ports combined. It is difficult to recapture the attitude of the Sixties which pigeonholed Nippon as a long-benighted archipelago that was at most a sort of detached and fragmentary counterpart of the mainland.

When Togo first entered the wide mouth of the Yangtse and then turned into the tributary Hwang-poo, past the old forts at the point of confluence (which the Japanese surprisingly found so hard to reduce in 1931-2), and up the narrow river to the waterfront of the city, he saw much more evidence of Western influence than he ever had beheld in his own country.

Shanghai already was a thriving cosmopolitan seaport with congested quays and busy Bund, crowded with faces of every shape and hue emitting sounds in many languages of both hemispheres. Togo was seeing and hearing, smelling and tasting

the world of mankind at one of its most travelled crossroads.

It took four months for the work on the *Kasuga* to be finished. After a stimulating acquaintance with the life on the beach, Togo obtained leave to proceed to Kagoshima ahead of his ship. His mother was now alone, all of the sons being absent on duty in the military campaigns, at one place or another.

There was much to relate to his family and friends. Not many of the folks in Satsuma had been abroad. There is, however, no reason to suppose that Heihachiro was more talkative than usual.

While staying at home with his mother and awaiting the *Kasuga*, he was placed in charge of the naval training activities at Kagoshima, which Shimazu maintained in full swing.

At last Togo's ship stood in the bay, bright and smart-looking from the Shanghai laundry, her paddles pushing along the scraped bottom at an admirable clip. The Junior Lieutenant rejoined her and resumed his former duties.

As that summer of 1868 cooled into fall, the *Kasuga* made a cruise to the North, leaving Kagoshima Bay in October and returning in November.

At about that time another blow struck the bereaved House of Togo. Shirozaemon, the youngest of the four brothers and one of the two who entered the Satsuman Navy with Heihachiro, succumbed to an illness contracted during the Civil War. Heihachiro spent with his mother whatever time he could until January, when the *Kasuga* stood out of Kagoshima Bay on what proved an extended campaign.

She was bound for Yedo, where she remained for several weeks. While she was there, the news came of the fighting precipitated at Hakodate by what were called the "Tokugawa pirates."

Yedo now had become Tokyo, "the Eastern Capital," and the real seat of government. Foreign intercourse had emphasized the fact that the location of the overthrown Shogunate was the logical administrative centre of the archipelago. The Mikado had made his formal entry, in the forenoon of November twenty-sixth. There was an elaborate procession, but the European spectators were not impressed favourably by what one of them described as "the horribly untidy soldiers with unkempt hair and clothing vilely imitated from the West."

Perhaps the "unkempt hair" had some relation to the fact that the royal entourage had passed the preceding night at Shinagawa, famous for the most voluptuously luxurious "enter-

tainment-houses" in Japan. It was at Shinagawa that the warships frequently were stationed, and that was not the only place in the world where such shore establishments and a naval anchorage found themselves in juxtaposition.

Togo and his shipmates had an opportunity to taste the joys of Shinagawa when the Imperial fleet—to use its grandiose title—assembled there preparatory to the quest for Enomoto's scalp—and his ships and his Yezo Republic. Previously the *Kasuga* had been refitted at the Yokosuka Yard, already the central naval base.

Five warships and three transports steamed forth in May, bound for Aomori Bay off the Gulf of Mutsu, the basin formed by the hook which Hondo makes as its northernmost tip opposite Hakodate.

The pride of the squadron was the *Azuma*, whose previous career affected the coming campaign. She had been coveted, wrangled over and almost fought for by Enomoto and the Sa-cho-to prior to the fall of the Shogunate. So frenzied had become both factions that one might have supposed that success in the Civil War automatically would be assured to the possessor of this particular vessel.

She was the former Confederate ironclad ram *Stonewall*, mistakenly called "Stonewall Jackson" by the authoritative Jane, Ogasawara and other careful writers, and must not be confused with the Confederate schooner *Stonewall Jackson* which figured prominently in the Mississippi campaign before the *Stonewall* was built. There could have been no contemporary mis-identification because the *Stonewall*'s celebrity was worldwide, out of all proportion to her actual war services for the South.

Designed as a sensational threat to the strangling blockade and a boost to the Lloyd's rates for Federal shipping, she and other warships were contracted for with Arman, a shipbuilder of Bordeaux. The discovery of this by the American Minister made it impossible for the French Government to ostrich on the matter, and Arman was ordered to stop the construction or sell the vessels elsewhere. The ram was snapped up by Denmark, named the *Sphinx*, and rushed to Copenhagen to help prevent Bismarck's seizure of Schleswig-Holstein, but before the naval acquisition reached the Cattegat the war was over.

The South still had her eye on the ship, and persuaded the Danish Government that money would be more useful than a navy *after* the event.

On January 30, 1865, a few days after the fall of Fort

Fisher, whose capture sealed tight the blockade and spelled the certain doom of the Confederacy, and before the news reached Europe, the Stars and Bars were hoisted in the English Channel, and under her new name *Stonewall* she started on a commerce-raiding cruise.

Soon, however, the new ship sprang a leak and had to put into Ferrol for repairs. Here she was spotted by two unarmoured Federal warships, which took a checkmating position at the nearby port of Coruna. When the *Stonewall* again was ready for sea, she steamed out of Ferrol, eager to show her mettle, but her antiquated adversaries allowed their bluff to be called and declined to offer themselves as practice targets, for which decision the American Commanding Officer subsequently was court-martialled.

Wild boasts emanated from the South as to the invincibility of this new sea fighter, but before she could be put to the test there came the meeting in the Appomattox Court House.

The end of the American Civil War, with its residuum of matériel, inspired the Shogun to send over a delegation of buyers.

Of warships offered in this second-hand market there was a large assortment and many could have been picked up at the bargain counter for an absurd fraction of their cost. Most, however, were monitors or other shallow-draft vessels designed for operations up the rivers and bayous of the South, altogether unsuited to Japan's needs and in many instances unable even to make the long transoceanic cruise to the Orient.

The canny shoppers employed traditional purchasing technique and with such stealth as to arouse curiosity and suspicion in Europe. They did not purchase much. The *Stonewall*, however, with her glamorous reputation and her huge ram projecting from the bow like the lower lip from the face of a Uganda savage, was too fascinating to be resisted, as she lay at the Washington Navy Yard, available to the highest bidder.

Delivery at the customer's doorstep was part of the seller's contract, and a special leave of absence from the Navy was arranged for Captain George Brown to enable him to sail the ship to Japan as an agent of the State Department. With fanfare and trumpets she entered Yedo Bay flying Japanese colours and flaunting her newest name *Azuma*, derived from a poetically renowned mountain, although soon she popularly was nick-named *Kotetsu*, meaning "Iron-covered" or "Iron-clad."

Then there arose an embarrassing dilemma. As the Amer-

icans tendered the vessel, two hands reached out to take her, the Shogun's and the Emperor's. The former based his demand upon the fact that it was he who had bought the *Stonewall*. The Mikado insisted that none but the supreme authority could give a valid receipt for an acquisition by the National Government, and that delivery to an insurgent would constitute an unfriendly act, analogous to what we had claimed France would have committed had the Bordeaux yard been permitted to fulfill its original undertaking to the Confederacy. This point struck home.

Rear Admiral Rowan, at Yedo Bay aboard the *Piscataqua*,²⁰ as American Senior Officer Present decided to hold the stakes while the natives settled their controversy among themselves. There were rumours that Enomoto, still in the harbour, of course, was plotting to corral the trophy some night in a surprise sally. To prevent any such interference with his custody, the American Admiral hauled down the Japanese ensign from the *Azuma*'s flagstaff, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and maintained extraordinary anchor watches, with the *Piscataqua* on guard.²¹

It was a source of exasperation to Enomoto that the American vigil was so unrelaxing. He watched for an opportunity to grab the prize but it never came. Finally, when those orders were received to surrender the squadron to the Emperor and Enomoto slipped away in the twilight of the morning, he had to leave behind the *Azuma* and all hope of abducting her for the present. With her Armstrong rifles²² Enomoto was sure that she would have been a valuable re-enforcement. He could not even destroy her to prevent the enemy from turning those guns and her menacing ram against him in the probable fighting ahead.

Enomoto's regret at this failure to attach the *Azuma* to his force would have been diminished had he known that less than twenty-four hours after the departure of the Imperial fleet from Yedo, this naval trump almost would prove to be a joker. Upon that occasion, she coughed and wheezed with internal organic disorders. When one considers the difficulty experienced in Soviet Russia in accustoming to the throttle the

²⁰ Later *Delaware*.

²¹ The Flag Captain was the distinguished Daniel Ammen and one of the watch officers was an absurdly young Lieutenant Commander, whose rank had been won by heroism at Fort Fisher and whom Togo was to meet in 1902 at a Japanese Admiralty luncheon tendered to the former, when famous as Fighting Bob Evans.

²² 1 300-pound and 2 70-pound.

hands reared for the plough, one appreciates the high degree of adaptability along these lines displayed by the Japanese during the period of their mechanization. Nevertheless, they were not and could not have been as expert in diagnosing and curing the ills of engines as they were to become a little later.

The sailor-mechanics tinkered with the *Azuma's* propulsion plant but it did not respond to the treatment. This unit's reduced speed retarded the whole fleet. As it advanced past the Gulf of Sendai and along the coast of Rikuchu Province²³ the bunkers required replenishment. A halt was ordered at Miyako. Coal being unobtainable, the men gathered kindling wood and stowed it aboard. After this strenuous exercise, large groups of them resorted to the beach to look around for something more than fuel.

Nothing was further from the thoughts of anyone in the squadron than that the danger-zone had been entered. The Straits of Tsugaru still were a good run to the northward.

Lord Fisher used to quote over and over again Napoleon's first three maxims for conducting a successful campaign: "L'audace! l'audace! et l'audace!" Learning of the approach of a large Imperial military force overland from Tokyo and of the naval squadron up the Pacific, Enomoto realized that to prevent the former from ferrying across the Tsugaru Straits he would have to maintain control of those waters against the latter. The Imperial fleet was stronger than his own, and Enomoto wisely sought to avoid a stand-up battle. Captain Koga Genroku²⁴ of the *Kwaiten* suggested a surprise attack upon the Government fleet on its way to the North and, if possible, the capture of the *Azuma*. Enomoto, unhesitatingly adopting this bold scheme, placed Captain Arai in command of a detachment that included Captain Koga's *Kwaiten* as Arai's flotilla leader, the *Banryu* and the *Takao*. Enomoto had to stay at Hakodate to continue incubating the Republic.

The *Banryu*²⁵ was the former yacht *Emperor*, which Queen Victoria had sent as a token of her esteem to the Mikado but which had been appropriated by the Tycoon, just as President Fillmore's gifts for the sovereign entrusted by Perry to the Lord of Yedo for proper delivery had been converted by the latter to his own use. Bayard Taylor quoted a comment to the effect that the seagoing yacht was donated to the non-

²³ Now the Prefecture of Iwate.

²⁴ His biography by his son covers this campaign.

²⁵ 139 feet long; complement of 57.

seagoing Komei "with as much propriety as if we should present a wife to the Pope."²⁶

As the Insurgent trio reconnoitred down the coast towards Miyako, a severe storm had blown up, complicated by fog, and the *Banryu* became separated from the others. Then the *Takao*'s engine broke down, leaving Arai with only the *Kwaiten* available for immediate action. Rather than suffer any further delay, he proceeded with this one-ship detachment, but it involved a change of tactics. Arai had intended having the *Banryu* and *Takao* sneak in the harbour at the first glimmer of light, range themselves one on each side of the *Azuma*, board her and take her, while the *Kwaiten* prevented any interference by the rest of the Imperial fleet. Now the *Kwaiten* was tackling the job single-handed.

The rebel leader, peeping into the dim harbour of Miyako, espied the war dogs of the opposition reclining off guard and leashed to the bottom, with booms out and boats lowered.

Like the Russian officers of the squadron at Port Arthur in February 1904, the Imperialists had left their ships undermanned. They were astonished to see, with the first break of the spring day, a strange-looking craft entering this out-of-the-way port, flying, of all things, the American flag. The Japanese aboard their vessels and awake on watch crowded the rails to observe the newcomer and particularly to study her manner of coming to anchor. She moved towards the *Azuma*, nearer and nearer. Suddenly the red, white and blue ensign dropped limp to the deck and there broke aloft the gilded trefoil crest of the Tokugawas! Simultaneously she opened fire and was recognized as none other than the *Kwaiten*. In the typhoon that had disabled the *Mikaho* and *Kanrin* soon after Enomoto's fleet had left Shinagawa, the *Kwaiten* had lost two of her three masts. This change in her appearance plus the flying under false colours had fooled the Imperialists, who were familiar with the ex-*Eagle*'s normal rig.

Togo, who was not one of those caught unawares on the beach, saw that the *Kwaiten* was making the most of her advantage of surprise. In subsequent conversations he remarked that the two aspects of that exciting morning which impressed him most were the great possibilities of a surprise attack and the heroism of the sailors who delivered this one. Straight towards the *Azuma* steamed the *Kwaiten*.

Arai attempted an old-fashioned buccaneer boarding raid,

²⁶ Japan, *In Our Day*, (Scribner, Armstrong 1872), p. 194.

hoping to have his men overpower the deck-hands of the *Azuma* and then turn her guns on the rest of the Imperial fleet as the prize crew steamed off with her in company with the *Kwaiten*.

Like the sword of an infuriated charging marlin, the *Kwaiten's* high bowsprit plunged above the deck of the *Azuma*, and down dropped a company of cutlass-carrying seamen. "Tokugawa pirates" indeed! Cold steel flashed and clanged. After all, this was the kind of a fight in which the Japanese of that generation still felt most at home.

The liberty parties heard shots, ran to the boats and scurried out to their ships. The latter were afraid to turn their big guns upon the *Kwaiten* for fear of hitting their comrade *Azuma*. The Imperial fleet broke out its small arms and peppered the *Kwaiten's* decks with rifle bullets.

Every man jack aboard the *Azuma* leaped knife-first into the hand-to-hand scuffle on the topside and began to give the out-numbered *Kwaiten's* raiders the worst of the malevolent surgery. The *Kwaiten's* shots bounced off the *Azuma's* armour and the former found herself on the defensive as the *Azuma* got her rapid-fire gun into action.

Captain Koga gallantly directed the *Kwaiten's* operations from the completely exposed bridge as many of his officers and men were dropping all around him. No respecters of rank, bullets pierced his left leg and right arm, but he hung on to a stanchion and continued in command of the ship until a shot through the head killed him instantly. Arai took over the skipper's duties as well as his own (a one-ship admiral is really a duplicate captain anyway) and a moment later, when the quartermaster toppled over dead, Arai himself grasped the wheel.

The *Kwaiten's* boarders now either were prone on the *Azuma's* bloody deck, *hors de combat*, or frantically striving to hoist themselves back onto the overhanging prow of their own ship. Arai had no sensible alternative to a withdrawal and he gave the order to back away. With horror he found that his bowsprit had become tightly enmeshed in the shrouds and ratlines of the *Azuma's* mainmast. The ships were interlocked like fighting stags. Finally the *Kwaiten* succeeded in breaking loose. She sheered off and headed for sea, with the Imperial fleet firing and following.

Outside of the bay the *Kwaiten* saw the *Takao*, puffing along with patched-up engine, striving to get in on the battle. Arai signalled her to reverse course and follow. The Imperial fleet

now had two Insurgents to chase. A few hours later, the missing *Banryu* was sighted.

The *Takao*'s machinery was collapsing again and, to avoid capture, she was run aground²⁷ and burned.

The low visibility aided the *Kwaiten* and *Banryu* to escape, although a brief rift in the fog the following day showed them to be relatively close to the *Kasuga* and *Azuma*. No battle occurred, and when the adversaries again became screened from each other by a curtain of mist, they went their respective ways.

Togo's ship, the *Kasuga*, was vigorous in the chase but did not bag any quarry. Some of his idolaters credit the *Kasuga*'s pressing pursuit as having been the direct cause of the *Takao*'s destruction, but that inference is not warranted by the facts.

The *Kwaiten* and *Banryu* returned to Hakodate and the Republic of Yezo dug itself in to resist the coming invasion from across the Tsugaru Straits. The only other ship left to Enomoto was the *Chiyoda*, the first steamer ever built in Japan (1864).²⁸ She was shorter than an American sub-chaser but it had taken four years to turn her out.

At Aomori, that northernmost springboard of Hondo, there was a grand assembly of the Imperial Expeditionary Force. The fleet found that the rendezvous had been kept faithfully by the army.²⁹ Footsore and weary from the long hike, the troops were awaiting the navy's escort to cross the straits. To transfer the soldiers to the island of rebellion, every available seaworthy craft was commandeered.

Enomoto's remnant squadron was a fleet-in-being and, at large in the Tsugaru Straits, constituted a menace to the troop movement. Naturally, with a predominant naval force, the Imperial fleet would have preferred to dispose of this threat before sending the transports to sea. The enemy, however, dismally failed to emerge.

The younger officers in the Imperial fleet were all for smashing Enomoto wherever he could be found, even inside the fortified harbour of Hakodate if that's where he was. Togo ventured to urge such an offensive upon Akatsuka. The young man, seemingly meek, was disclosing his tendency to strike hard when he struck at all, a characteristic with which his intimates

²⁷ At Same-Minato.

²⁸ At the Ishikawajima Shipyard.

²⁹ The army was led by the future Count Kuroda ; the fleet was under the direction of the future Viscount Shinagawa of Choshu ; and in supreme command of all was the ousted loyalist Governor of Hakodate, Shimizu Koku.

were thoroughly familiar. The older heads were satisfied to proceed more cautiously and more surely.

It was now summer and the climate at its annual best in that chill region untoasted by the Kuro Siwo. Akatsuka, in direct supervision of the army's inter-island passage, organized the convoy and chaperoned it across to the western side of the Oshima Peninsula. Seven miles from Esashi, where Enomoto had encountered his first enemies in Yezo, the seven thousand Government soldiers and their field equipment were landed.

Adopting much the same programme that the Insurgents had followed in the winter, the army and navy of reconquest gave first heed to Matsumaye Castle and devised a joint assault. Togo's ship covered the troops that advanced along the shore from Esashi, keeping off Insurgent forays by a barrage.

The fleet bombarded the Fukuyama forts and, so far as possible, the castle itself. Here was made manifest the fundamental and unavoidable strategic weakness of Enomoto's rebellion. After a short return fire, the garrisons stared helplessly into empty magazines. Yezo had had no naval base or depot of supplies. The Shogunal fleet had cut itself off from replenishment of all military necessities excepting food and such other simple articles as could be garnered in as undeveloped a country as that Northland, where the descendants of the ancient Ainos were satisfied to scratch and angle a bare existence out of the soil and the sea.

Enomoto had strengthened the Fukuyama defences, including the castle and flanking fortresses, but, even with his resourcefulness, ammunition could not be manufactured by hand.

The pivotal stronghold of Matsumaye was again under the Imperial banner.

The Government's Expeditionary Force next focussed its power upon the centre of the bastard Republic: Hakodate, with its citadels and warships and the environs, where the Insurgents marshalled their troops behind stout works.

The Imperial tactics were to combine a blockade and an assault. The army invested the hills behind Hakodate and the fleet shut in the city from the sea, somewhat in the way the American troops were to surround Santiago from the rear in 1898 while Admiral Sampson bottled up Admiral Cervera in the bay. The wider entrance to the harbour at Hakodate admitted of more active operations on the part of the attacking sea force than were to be practicable for Sampson, and so it was not necessary to await a sortie by Enomoto.

There was a series of aggressive naval measures by the Im-

perialists, all in co-operation with the army. The Insurgents put up a prolonged and magnificent resistance.

The first attack by the Imperial fleet accomplished nothing. The ships courageously steamed right into the harbour one morning and blazed away at Enomoto's three vessels and the forts, all of which counterblasted so hotly that the invaders were driven back to sea. They returned the same afternoon for a three-hour bombardment and again were expelled. The damage was not such on either side as to reflect any sensational proficiency of aim.

Two days later the Government squadron re-entered the harbour and this time both sets of gunners showed that they were improving with practice. Togo's ship and another of the attacking units were hit, and likewise the *Kwaiten*, flying Enomoto's flag.

The blockading flotilla then gave the other jaw of the pincers a squeeze, by bombarding some of the outlying landward fortifications that were checking the advance of the Imperial Army. Besides, the Government fleet disembarked every dispensable man to augment the infantry ranks for the final offensive. The Insurgents were falling back into an ever-smaller area around Hakodate and consolidating the positions they continued to hold.

One night the inhabitants of the beleaguered city beheld a magnificent pyrotechnic display accompanied by hideous noise. The Imperial fleet was paying a visit after dark. The accuracy of fire having been none too excellent in broad daylight, the nocturnal sally was "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The chief hazard was not the flying lead but the invisible shoals. The *Chiyoda*, groping around in the dark, felt herself slide upon one. Her Captain lost his presence of mind in the emergency. Forgetting that it was far from high tide, he gave the order to abandon ship. By morning, when the engagement was over and the inner basin once more free of the Imperial fleet, the rising water refloated the *Chiyoda*. Later, with the ebbing tide, the deserted craft drifted out to sea. Suspecting some sort of Trojan horse trick or the kind of ruse perpetrated by the British Q-boats during the World War, the blockading squadron warily watched with pointed guns. The rudderless vessel continuing to show no sign of life, a boat from the *Azuma* cautiously took possession of her.⁸⁰

Six days later, on what was May 7 under the old Japanese computation but really midsummer, there occurred the fiercest

⁸⁰ She did not figure in the subsequent engagements.

naval clash of the campaign, the one generally referred to as the Battle of Hakodate. At dawn the five Government ships, in column, entered the harbour. The *Azuma* was in the van, followed by the *Kasuga*. The fleet poured heavy broadsides into the forts and into the last two Shogunal men-of-war, the *Kwaiten* and the *Banryu*, all of which reciprocated in kind. The *Azuma*'s rifles concentrated upon the *Kwaiten*, which stood up against this fire as long as possible. Finally, the vessel hulled and her casualties numerous, a shot through the engine-room ended her mobility. The *Kwaiten* barely reached shallow water before settling on the bottom, with her decks still above high tide.

It was poetic justice that the *Eagle*'s wings were clipped by the *Azuma*, with which she had sought to swoop off in that surprise attack at Miyako. Enomoto moved the *Kwaiten*'s landward guns over between those on the seaward side, utilizing the heroic stranded ship as a castle.

The *Kasuga* was in the thick of the fighting, firing a hundred and seventy shots and being hit eighteen times. Togo's battery carried its full share of the gunnery burden.

Of Enomoto's original nine ships, the *Banryu* alone remained afloat.

During troop-supporting operations, which drew some of the Government vessels away from their blockading stations, the fourth night following the big battle, this last survivor of the Shogunal fleet had the pluck to stage a solo raid. She actually succeeded in blowing up the *Choyo*, a small enemy vessel, by a shot in her magazine, and then making a getaway. Back in the harbour, however, the *Banryu* found herself without any more ammunition and with her ever-troublesome engine in a condition of collapse.

She was beached under one of the forts and the crew, with that of the *Kwaiten*, joined the soldiers defending the city in the rear.

The *Kasuga* had been in this final naval brush of the campaign and suffered numerous casualties. Captain Akatsuka lay among the wounded.

That night the Imperial fleet closed in, burned the wrecks of the *Banryu* and *Kwaiten*, and once more the Mikado had undisputed control of his Northern Seaway.

Heihachiro had been through a strenuous and testing naval initiation. He had displayed coolness, competence, thorough dependability. He emerged the richer for the experiences of warfare and battle, his character fortified by the ordeal and,

luckily, his body intact. At twenty-one he was a naval veteran of more actual combat experience than many an officer acquires in a lifetime of service.

Reminiscing about the blockade and the engagements, Togo characterized the Japanese naval forces of those days as "weak and naïve." He remarked to Viscount Ogasawara that the aspiration of the Imperial officers "was not how to win but how to die." Perhaps the readiness to do the latter made it unnecessary and achieved the former. The willingness of its officers to treat their individual existences as of no importance, displayed when the Navy was "weak and naïve," was not outgrown when the Navy became strong and sophisticated.

THE Tokugawa forces withdrew from Hakodate and fell back on Goryokaku, the previously mentioned small village in the outskirts. Here they made a last brave but hopeless stand. Finally, after an appeal by the Imperial leaders to Enomoto that no more blood be shed for what now could be but a gesture, he hauled down the standard of the short-lived Republic. The dead Shogunate had completed its *rigor mortis*. The Empire was united under the Mikado, dominated by the Sa-cho-to and free from open revolt.

Enomoto handed over to his vanquishers two volumes in Dutch on naval tactics which he had studied in Holland. There were no duplicates in Japan and he wanted them available to the Government of the country he loved above everything else. Then he prepared to operate upon himself in the approved suicidal fashion, but was prevented from so doing. Instead, he was given five kegs of wine in reciprocity of his donation of the text-books and was treated with respect for the undoubted patriotism that had actuated his heroic conduct. After a short imprisonment, deemed unavoidable as an official discountenance of armed rebellion, he was welcomed back into the councils of the State and accorded opportunities for further public service in the diplomatic corps and the ministry. Very sensibly his familiarity with Yezo was utilized in efforts to develop that part of the realm. In 1880 he held the Navy portfolio, a restoration to grace comparable to the appointment, if one can imagine it, of Robert E. Lee as Secretary of War in a Reconstruction cabinet. The aftermath of Kagoshima and Shimonoseki showed that the Japanese could forget alien enmities. They proved by the treatment of Keiki and Enomoto that they also possessed the rarer quality of being able to forgive domestic feuds.

In the report of the Hakodate campaign, Captain Akatsuka stated that upon one occasion, in connection with the liaison between the Imperial land and sea forces, "Ichiji and Togo were sent to Military Headquarters for a consultation." The only significance of this is that the report is treasured in Japan as containing the first mention of Togo's name in an official document.

CHAPTER V

THE DECKS THAT NELSON TROD

THE Civil War thus having been terminated by the subjugation of the abortive Yezo Republic and of the seemingly irrepressible Enomoto, the vessels comprising the Imperial fleet returned to their respective home ports. The *Kasuga* accordingly went to Kagoshima, where the officers and men were hailed as having sustained the high martial traditions of Satsuma.

The feudal system was crumbling. In two years local autonomy was to be abolished by decree of the Emperor and the territorial daimios relieved of their administrative functions. Already in the early autumn of 1869, when the *Kasuga*, with Togo aboard, was being welcomed home, the radical modernization and centralization of the Government were in full swing. As a part of this reorganization, the provincial armed forces were abolished as such and regarded as instrumentalities of the all-inclusive national defence. All serviceable warships were listed as units of the Mikado's amorphous Navy; they made a nice list, on paper.

The authorities were men of sagacity, who did not deceive themselves into believing that the craft on hand were of any value against a foreign navy. To create a fighting fleet of nineteenth century standards it was necessary to start from scratch, and these statesmen knew it.

The very first step, anteceding even the acquisition of ships, was providing for competent personnel. In the summer of the Hakodate campaign, the Heigakuryo was established—the original Japanese naval training school. Needless to say, it was crude in its facilities and elementary in its scope, but its mere existence reflected the remarkably progressive spirit that animated the Japanese renascence; the Academy at Annapolis was only a couple of years older than Togo.

The outmoded *Kasuga* was decommissioned. Heihachiro was sent North to continue his education and particularly to study the prime maritime language of the Seven Seas. He proceeded to Tokyo, where the stirring ferment was centred,

but the opportunities for learning English were greater at Yokohama so he went there.

Edo had been the head of navigation in the days of seclusion and of junks, but the transoceanic vessels halted at Yokohama, which in the steam era became the real seaport for the capital.

In 1860 the future Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley of the Battle of Santiago was a young officer in the *Niagara*, when she brought back from the United States that first Japanese Embassy which Captain Katsu had taken over in the *Kanrin*. On this first visit to Yokohama, Schley found it "hardly more than a fishing village." Returning in 1870 after an absence of the intervening decade, he was amazed at the transformation.

"In the short lapse of a few years," he wrote in his memoirs,¹ "the city had grown from a small village into a populous centre of large proportion."

Heihachiro boarded with one Ishikawa Tokuyemon, whom he encountered again in later life under unusual circumstances.² This second encounter was in 1905 when the fleet reached Tokyo Bay after Tsushima and the sailors disembarked for the triumphant parade in the capital. The flag officers were in the roped-off waiting-room of the Yokohama railway station, looking very solemn and important, in all their collective grandeur. Somehow, just because such effrontery was unimaginable to the police mind, an elderly man slipped through the cordon and, before he could be intercepted, handed the Commander-in-Chief a small metallic plate. The latter looked puzzled and there burst upon his countenance the glow of happy recognition. He showed the object to Dewa, Kamimura, Kataoka and the other admirals who huddled about him. The tension of self-conscious dignity on display instantly was relaxed.

The wizened-up civilian mumbled "Ishikawa Tokuyemon" to Togo, who, plainly delighted, extended his hand in greeting and waved back the anxious and embarrassed guards.

The grim old warriors forgot their surroundings and the meticulously prescribed programme of the holiday. There was manifested the most lively interest in the little slab, which proved to be a very old and blurred daguerreotype. All that a stranger would have been able to discern in the picture would have been a number of young men in grotesquely old-fashioned attire. The faces were indistinguishable, but Togo and some of his brother admirals present knew that they themselves were

¹ *Forty-Five Years Under The Flag.* (Appleton, 1904) p. 75.

² Ogasawara, Jap. ed.

represented somewhere in that group. Forgotten days—and nights—in Yokohama came back out of the mists of memory.

The others ignored Togo's seniority in their excited zeal of trying to decide which of the quaintly-garbed figures was whose. Togo was amused at the tell-tale portrait, which bore the stamp of the kind of recreation resort not frequented by starched admirals, and he was even more amused at the intense interest of Kamimura, still the handsomest and tallest of the group, whose epaulettes scraped the Chief's head as the former peered over Togo's shoulder. There were smiles, chuckles and then outright guffaws more like the ebullience of youths such as those in the picture than the release from restraint of division and squadron commanders.

The crowd in the depot stared incredulously at the spectacle of the world-famous flag officers of Japan's victorious fleet behaving just like other human beings. This is said to have been the only instance of Togo's having been caught publicly in a horse-laugh since becoming a national personage.

Quartered in Ishikawa's house in 1870, Heihachiro obtained two teachers of English: one a government official,³ who had acquired fluency in that tongue of trade, and the other a Briton⁴ who possessed a smattering of Japanese.

Later on Togo moved back to Tokyo and attended a private school that was conducted there by Mizukuri Rinsho, a linguist of note. A fellow student was his future colleague Nomura. During this period of grinding away at English Togo showed himself to be a persevering plugger capable of intense and sustained mental effort. He acquired a sufficient proficiency in using the language of Nelson to get along during the subsequent and as yet unforeseen sojourn in England and service in British ships. Nevertheless, despite this and much more study of English and despite many years of the most intimate professional and social contact with Englishmen, Togo was more comfortable conversing through an interpreter when, after a long interval, revisiting Great Britain in 1911.

On December 11, 1870 (Japanese calendar), Togo received his first orders from the new Imperial Department of Defence. This routine document is now a precious item in the official Togiana. It directed him to attend the practical laboratory sessions of the naval training school previously mentioned, which were being conducted afloat aboard the composite steam

³ Shibata Taisuke.

⁴ Named Wagman.

corvette *Ryujo*.⁵ This vessel had not slid off the ways at Aberdeen in time to be of use to the Confederacy, at whose instigation she almost certainly had been built. Nor could she compensate the missing of the American Civil War in the manner of the *Stonewall*; sold to Japan, she was too late for that Civil War also.

Junior naval circles buzzed with exciting rumours, "straight from the skuttle-but" as usual, that a group of young officers was to be sent to England for further training, pursuant to the practice previously pursued by the Shogun and the Daimio of Satsuma. Togo and his friends in the service all wanted to go; yearned for this chance-in-a-lifetime above all other ambitions.

Each canvassed his own qualifications according to the prevailing standards. Togo's seemed adequate. Physically less robust than many of his comrades, he was in good health, he was a Samurai of well-known Satsuman stock, he had had an exceptional amount and kind of naval experience, his character was unimpeachable, his talents above average, and he believed that he understood and spoke English much better than he really did.

One list was announced and Togo Heihachiro was not in it. There is basis for inferring that the course of true hero-careering may have been steered at this point by a little unobtrusive wire-pulling by or on behalf of Heihachiro. Saigo and Okubo were men of influence in Tokyo, none more so, and they were close friends of their neighbours, the Togos. It has been said that Heihachiro took occasion to call upon Okubo shortly before the second lot of candidates was passed upon. Anyway, Heihachiro fared better this time. He was one of the dozen fortunate applicants ordered to England. The papers were dated February 22, 1871.

At the eleventh hour there was an unexpected and alarming hitch. Sir Harry Parkes, still chief spokesman of the West, paused in his effective exhortations for bigger and better railroads, telegraph lines, factories and other blessings of the Industrial Revolution, to inform the Tokyo authorities that the Foreign Office at London had cabled a polite refusal to admit Japanese subjects to the Royal Naval Training School. This caused the most poignant disappointment to Togo and

⁵ Single-screw, 218 feet, speed 9 knots, mounting a large pivot rifle on the forecastle. The name *Ryujo* was of Chinese derivation, meaning "Stronger than a Dragon" and has been kept extant by bestowal upon the aircraft carrier, launched in 1981.

his fellow designees, until a subsequent despatch arrived which permitted the Minister to transmit an invitation for the youths to serve in British training ships, the next best thing. Just what led the Foreign Office, presumably after consultation with the Admiralty, to draw that distinction is not clear.

To the young Japanese it was a distinction without a difference. They would sail under the flag of Drake and Nelson; they would be admitted within the Lion's organism and find out what made it growl. The sea, the Royal Navy, the West all lay ahead.

TWELVE thrilled young men leaned over the rail of a French merchantman and joyfully waved *au revoir* to Yokohama and good-bye forever to the fading feudal civilization under which their ancestors and they themselves had been born and bred.

It has been stated that Togo and his companions travelled in ill-fitting second-hand European suits but, fortunately for the dignity and charm of the group picture that may be evoked with fidelity to the best evidence, the students did not discard their becoming native apparel until they could be measured by London tailors.

Like any other crowd of fellows touring in their early twenties, these Japanese made merry on the long voyage, rendering songs in noisy chorus and playing every kind of game to which the decks could be adapted. The other passengers knew that these students were aboard.

At Hong-Kong they were transshipped to an English passenger liner. Hong-Kong had much of the East-West flavour of Shanghai which Togo had tasted. This more southerly city, however, developed upon the slope of the hill overlooking the lovely harbour, had a quality of its own that impressed the Japanese almost as much as the sensation of stepping upon the soil of a British colony. Togo previously had seen the Red Ensign of commerce as well as the White Ensign of commerce-protection, but his experience at Kagoshima in 1863 had acquainted him most intimately with the Mistress of the Seas aroused, her skirts raised for a lusty kick. Here at Hong-Kong he met her in another mood, the kindly old lady quietly but determinedly spinning away at her loom, without fuss and without pause, her pistol unobtrusively tucked in her stocking. The web she was fashioning had entwined this Chinese Island off the mouth of the Canton River some six years before Heihachiro was born. Now, in 1871, the place was an integral part of the design that soon, while he still was in England,

would be entitled the British Empire and would have all of its threads converging upon the crown at the top, worn by that feminine Meiji Tenno for whom the capital of Hong-Kong had been named.

Not only then but for the lifetime of many warships subsequently built, this British outpost significantly maintained the most complete dockyard facilities in the Orient. Even after Japan developed her own, the other European and American Asiatic squadrons and merchantmen in those waters were dependent upon Hong-Kong for cleaning hulls and making repairs. It was in that marine barbershop and surgical operating room that Commodore Dewey was putting his ships in final fighting trim when he received word of the declaration of war that sent him to the victory at Manila Bay.

The English steamer swept along the southern fringe of continental Asia, passing through the Straits of Malacca, where biennially at Singapore, the fragrant gateway of the Orient, the American flagships of the Far Eastern squadron were met at the end of their respective tours of duty by their reliefs. The course then led around the tip of India and up through the recently-opened ditch a hundred miles long that provided a short-cut for the strands of Britain's worldwide weave.

The party disembarked at Suez and travelled overland to Alexandria, just getting its shoes into the sands of Africa. Boarding another vessel of the ubiquitous Mistress of the Seas, the Japanese resumed their trip, traversing the Mediterranean and steaming up the great Other Ocean to the final destination of Southampton.

All along the route Togo saw the Union Jack blazing the trail of the British boulevard. Hong-Kong, Singapore, Ceylon, India, Aden, the Suez Canal, Malta, Gibraltar, and most of the ships passed on the way, flew the same colours.

On the last lap, from Egypt to the Channel, the young naval students were mindful above all else that they were at the scenes of Nelson's exploits, cruising Nelson's waters, sighting Nelson's landmarks.

Then, at last, there lay ahead the Isle of Wight. Spithead. The Solent off to the westward. Portsmouth, the chief base of the Royal Navy, the real hub of the Britannic spinning-wheel. Southampton with her merchant marine, not the peer of Liverpool in volume of shipping but well on the way to challenge her. Craft of sail and steam, an animated exhibition of the nautical mutation, smoke curling up among the spars of wind-

jammers. England. Europe. The Industrial Revolution. The beginning of Prussia's forty-three years of peace, a shining spiked helmet stifling the wails of Marianne, (and the observant, pragmatic Japanese modelling their new army upon the German system instead of upon the French as first was intended). Gladstone in a stretch that provided no colourful material for Morley's biography, with Disraeli on the side-lines winking at Bismarck about the Canal. And, among the supernumeraries in the background of the European pageant, troupes of Japanese acrobats and jugglers, followed by less conspicuous students. Machinery and training exchanged for silks and Satsuma ceramics. Chinese art was a pleasing spice to the Queen Anne interiors; why not Japanese to the Victorian? Incidental decorations and music-hall time-filers, mute and agile.

The students were disposed of by the Legation. Most of them were able to satisfy their curiosity about London. That they struck it as the Season was commencing in Mayfair did not matter, but that it was the time of year when the absent sun returned from its sojourn in the South meant that the weeks of first impression were atmospherically transparent and cheerful.

To these Orientals the entire aspect of the metropolis was literally outlandish. Here was a sprawling and also congested city, larger in area and population than Tokyo, built of solid masonry like the stoutest Japanese castles. To these sight-seers the Western commonplace was strange, the indigenous exotic. It must be remembered that the imaginations of that era in Japan had not been aided by perfected photography and cinematography, by radio and long daily press despatches. Reading and hearing about London when half an earthly revolution away was very different from finding oneself strolling along the Embankment, shopping in Regent Street, dining in Piccadilly, attending theatre on the Strand and seeing what Wordsworth had seen at dawn from Westminster Bridge.

The Government, however, had not transported these youths all that distance to compare St. Paul's with the Nikko Shrines or a glass of cold ale with a cup of warm saké. It was time to get down to business.

Heihachiro was sent back to the sea-gate through which he had entered England. He took lodgings in Portsmouth, the naval capital.

This was a man-of-warsman's town. Amphibious Jack was in his land habitat here on the fringe of his natural element.

The pubs overflowed with overflowing lime-juicers on liberty that was licence. Along the respectable avenues rolled stately carriages with officers in their boat-cloaks. This was the period that inspired the 1873 launching of "H.M.S. Pinafore" as a caricature within the tides, of the Victorian Outfit whose home port was Togo's new place of residence. And those who on that May evening rollicked in the stalls of the Opera Comique with the British genius for self-parody, laughed with the reassuring conviction that the subject of the satire was of sterling essence. There at Portsmouth, not far from Togo's abode in a middle-class household, was the symbolic *Victory* herself, proudly wearing a wreath of laurel at each masthead on every anniversary of Trafalgar, indifferent and impervious to the kindly shafts of Gilbert.

After six months of conversational opportunity and informal observation, of which he characteristically took full advantage in his quiet way, Heihachiro felt sufficiently at ease with the language to enter a school in Portsmouth. He took courses in European history, mathematics and mechanical drawing.

In 1872 the Japanese naval war veteran was ready for the British naval apprenticeship. The Legation took up the matter with the Foreign Office at London, which unwound some of the red-tape at the Admiralty, and orders came for Togo to report to the Thames Marine Officers' Training Ship (later called the Thames Nautical Training College) aboard H.M.S. *Worcester*, then moored by eight stout anchors at Greenhithe off Ingress Abbey.

In this historic old wooden windjammer, laid down in 1819 and now in 1872 devoted to indoctrinating the young British naval idea, he served for two years. They were years of hard work, hard tack and hard knocks, years during which an experienced officer of a steam campaign became an expert craftsman of the forecastle.

The curriculum consisted of two parts: regular school courses, specializing in mathematics leading up to navigation, and practical seamanship in all its branches. Togo learned to scrub down decks and to perform magic with rope, to make bright-work gleam and to handle canvas aloft, all with a proficiency unknown in the early Japanese warships of Civil War days.

The fact that the Japanese students received commissions as sub-lieutenants (corresponding to the American grade of ensign) from their own Navy *in absentia* meant nothing in the *Worcester*.

Initiation into this rigorous life was an ordeal even for an English boy. Togo was familiar with the sea but this advantage was offset by his strangeness with the country and by the fact that again he was older than his fellow students. While, therefore, he did not have to be warned against spitting to windward, his salt-water sophistication was eclipsed behind his alien countenance and self-contained demeanour, and by as much of an ignorance of the English sea-going vernacular as if he did not know the Japanese term for every gadget from truck to keel.

To his good-humoured indignation he was with equal good humour dubbed "Johnny Chinaman." In the Europe of the Seventies all members of the yellow race were Chinese, and protests were regarded as the mark of absurd provincialism based upon pettifogging distinctions. "Johnny Chinaman" Hei-hachiro remained.

The Captain-Superintendent was the celebrated Commander John Henderson Smith, who was a sort of English Stephen B. Luce, on the latter's pedagogical facet, and, large of stature and adorned with sideburns, even resembled that dean of the United States Navy. Just as the latter, who also gained distinction in many other phases of his versatile career, trained class after class of midshipmen in his own brand of Luce Seafanship, so Smith taught that subject to several generations of British sailors.

George Kennan, special correspondent of the *Outlook* in the Far East during the Russo-Japanese War, met Admiral Togo and wrote a sketch of him that appeared in that weekly.⁶ He called attention to remarks concerning the Japanese Commander-in-Chief as a sailor in the *Worcester* that were made by Captain Smith in 1904 in a talk to the then crew.

"Togo was an excellent fellow. He was not what you would call brilliant, but a great plodder, slow to learn, but very sure when he had learnt; and he wanted to learn everything! He was a quiet, good-tempered young fellow, and as brave as a lion. . . He was one of the best sailors the *Worcester* has ever turned out."

The student returned the compliment. In his maturity, Togo pronounced Smith the best teacher he ever had had in any subject anywhere. To the boys under his tutelage he seemed at the time to be a gruff old sea dog but, when Hei-hachiro was one of his crew, the Captain was not far advanced in years. Beneath the superficial frosting of salt spray there

⁶ August 12, 1905. Vol. 80, pp. 915 ff.

were qualities, imperceptible upon many tart occasions to the objects of his admonitions, that endeared him to his subordinates for the balance of their lives.

Captain W. A. Morgan, a contemporary of Togo's in the *Worcester*, has described the skipper as "a most magnificent figure in his Cocked Hat and Epaulettes, usually sported on prize day or on some other equally important occasion; a genial man when the wind was fair, but a fearsome person to go before if you had been guilty of some wicked but boyish prank. . . ."⁷

The group affiliation most cherished by these fellows in after years was membership in The *Worcester* Association, whose dinners became spontaneous ovations to their beloved Old Man, Captain Smith, and continued to be such after his death.

Togo attended one of them after he had been the Old Man of all the Old Men's Old Men in the Imperial Japanese Navy. The guest of honour was the funny little "Johnny Chinaman" of long ago. It was in London in 1911.⁸ The close-mouthed Admiral, whose silence was no easier to break than ever, found that, just as ordinarily loquacious persons at moments of emotional stress are rendered speechless, he was stirred to the almost incredible point of utterance.

What was the more amazing to Togo's Japanese aids about this oral outburst was the fact that the address at that gathering was the second in two days inspired by the memories of the old days in the *Worcester*. The day preceding that function, he climbed the gangway of the successor *Worcester*, boarding the floating school after an absence of nearly forty years. During that interval the entire Meiji Era had remade Japan. Steam and steel had relegated canvas and oak to limbo, but here, nevertheless, there stood another generation, some perhaps grandsons of his old shipmates, learning the care of wooden ships in order properly to take their places in the metal dreadnaughts of the Royal Navy which three years later would frustrate Germany's ambitions.

The Japanese Admiral, the personification of Britain's ally in the Pacific, spoke to those lads who were following in his footsteps. Being with them in a *Worcester*, even if not the *Worcester*, was being at home.

"Dear boys," began the distinguished graduate, "I am one of the old boys of the *Worcester*, who learned to be sailors

⁷ Captain W. A. Morgan. *The Thames Nautical Training College, H.M.S. Worcester, 1862-1919.* (London 1929, Chas. Griffin.)

⁸ June 28.

more than thirty years ago on this very ship as you are doing now. Today I am so much pleased to meet you on board our beloved ship. Your cheerful and vigorous appearances make me firmly believe in your bright future. Indeed I am doubly pleased for that, I wish you all the possible successes."

This visit was fresh in his heart the next night as he arose at the festive board. While his words were the usual ones that would be expected under the circumstances from a usual guest of honour, they were unusual coming from Togo Heihachiro. He let himself go. Verbally he opened his arms to his fellow alumni of the *Worcester* and embraced them all, especially those with whom he had tied knots and scaled ratlines in the long ago. He told his listeners how, during the Russo-Japanese War, Captain Smith had written to him regularly, offering encouragement and counsel, and there is no doubt of Togo's sincerity in acknowledging that those letters from his former preceptor, coming under an English postmark, gave him great inspiration in the loneliness of indivisible responsibility on the seas of conflict.

"A portrait of Captain and Mrs. Smith," he continued, "is in my study in Tokyo. I count it one of my sacred treasures. Here tonight I fortunately meet Mrs. Smith once more. My only regret is that Captain Smith passed away before I returned to England and could thank him for all I owe him."

For additional practical training and for experience Togo was detailed to the cargo ship *Hampshire*. She was another wind-driven vessel but, in contrast to the *Worcester*, one that still sailed.

During Togo's service aboard the *Hampshire*, she made a round-trip to Australia. Departing from England early in 1875, she rounded Africa and reached far-away Melbourne in the middle of May, remained there two months and then sailed back via Cape Horn. This voyage compared to the *Worcester's* immobile duty as the opening night of a play compares to an undress rehearsal. The *Hampshire* strained towards a real destination, beyond several seas and across the distant meridian of Heihachiro's native Satsuma.

The subject of seamanship is as inexhaustible as the oceans themselves, and Togo benefited from this post-graduate course, but the chief progress he made was in navigation, as difficult an art to practise against a dancing horizon as it is a science to master in the quiet of a library.

Down under the Southern Cross and the other constellations that the neophyte pathfinder was shooting with his sextant for

the first time, he beheld further extensions of the globe-circling British woof. The blunt end of Africa looked mighty solidly English. He cruised along the interminable coast of the Australian continent-colony that had been swallowed whole and digested by Great Britain as a slim snake does a portly bull-frog. How after that could it ever seem fantastic to Togo for Japan to contemplate devouring Korea, Manchuria, perhaps all of Asia?

Carefully avoiding the violent rip of the ebb tides' rush through the narrow portal from the sea, the *Hampshire* entered the large circular, almost landlocked basin of Port Phillip at whose inner end, along Hobson's Bay, stretched the crude and sprawlily unformed city of Melbourne.

Togo was familiar with an old civilization having its face lifted, but here he beheld for the first time an old barbarism having its countenance changed for a brand new one. It was too early, of course, to foresee the significance that the Anglicization of this southern continent would have in the sea-power balance of the twentieth century Pacific. The mammoth Singapore base of post-World-War days was as undreamt of as the situation that would dictate it.

When, after returning from Australia, Togo resumed life on the beach it was at Cambridge in the home of the Reverend A. D. Capel, A.M., his wife and their several youngsters.

Shortly after moving to Cambridge he consulted physicians about some increasing eye trouble. The prognosis was discouraging and Heihachiro realized the dread implications. He would return to a desk in the Navy Department at Tokyo and file the reports of the sailors who were out on blue water making history. Landridden, caged, moored to a waste-basket! Were all the years of preparation, in grinding study, physical toil, combat experience in Japan, hazing as "Johnny Chinaman" to fit him for pen-pushing where the weather was only a topic of conversation?

Togo not only submitted to experimental treatment but implored the physicians to try every trick in their bags. He was given a series of putative remedies, often painful, in the hope that some benefit might result, and he never winced.

Heihachiro still was striving for the fluency in English that he never attained and a better knowledge of the mathematics upon which celestial navigation was based. He studied both subjects with Mr. Capel, who must have known enough plane trigonometry to guide the way through logarithms and their use. Sumner lines were familiar to mariners of the time

but the method of Marque Sainte Hilaire had not yet been devised.

The representative of the Legation, who had arranged for Togo's residence with Mr. Capel, had enjoined the latter against any proselytizing. The house guest, of his own initiative, however, attended the church at which his host officiated, partly as a tactful courtesy, partly for the opportunity of following spoken English in the prayer book, and partly because he enjoyed the choir.

When Togo was a daily front-page personality during the Russo-Japanese War, the editors searched their morgues for feature-story material. About all they found were Togo's sinking of the *Kowshing* and other naval activities in connection with the war against China. Little was known of his early life excepting the semi-officially inspired statements issued from Tokyo, through Japanese writers abroad or otherwise. The *Strand Magazine* of London was fortunate enough to score a noteworthy scoop. It procured a contribution for the April 1905 number (between the fall of Port Arthur and the victory at Tsushima) by the then venerable Reverend Mr. Capel.⁹ The latter was the only available man who intimately "knew Togo when"—at Cambridge.

The article is brief but very interesting. It presents an unquestionably accurate portrait of the quiet, well-mannered young man who never spoke of his own adventures. That the thirty years' interval had jumbled up, in the senescent recollection of Mr. Capel, a few of the minor details extraneous to the personality of Togo did not mar the verisimilitude of the picture.

Dr. Arthur Lloyd, the noted scholar and writer on Japanese subjects whose excellent short English biography of Admiral Togo was published in Tokyo during the Russo-Japanese War, said that he himself "knew Mr. Capel very well by sight in Cambridge and must have been in residence as an undergraduate of Peterhouse just about the same time, though he never saw Togo, nor even heard of his existence."¹⁰

Togo's habitual taciturnity was accentuated at this period by the constant worry and despondency caused by the threat to his vision. It is no wonder that he had even less inclination than usual to relate his naval adventures or speak of his plans for the future.

After the passage of three decades, Mr. Capel's deepest im-

⁹ Vol. 29, pp. 474 ff.

¹⁰ Arthur Lloyd, *Admiral Togo* (Kinkodo, Tokyo, 1905) p. 44.

pression was of a kindly student whose "patience and quiet endurance" of the suffering occasioned by the eye treatment he underwent was "quite a revelation" to those around him.

"Had I not had this personal acquaintance," wrote the minister in retrospect, "with the way in which Japanese can endure and bear, I should almost have doubted the truth of many of the stories told of them during this present war, whereas with the remembrance of Togo so indelibly printed on my memory I could believe them all."¹¹

Mr. Capel wisely felt that at this juncture his student's eyes were more imperatively in need of expert attention than his mind. He wrote to the Legation, suggesting that the very best specialists be consulted. This involved removal of Togo from Cambridge but it was a sensible step to take and it happened to fit in with the Legation's general plans anyway.

During the following months, while Togo was in and near London, the ophthalmologists of Hadley Street effected a cure. The emotional consequences for the patient were indescribable. The sea was again within his reach. His past seemed to be reshaped into a rational pattern and his future restored to what it had been before the attack.

IN 1872 the Japanese Government established the Navy Department and it was then that the students in England received their commissions. The roster of warships included seventeen of a total tonnage under fourteen thousand and of very little joint or several fighting value.

It was not long before the expanding Empire had need of a fleet. Just as one of the earliest activities of the infant American Navy had been the subjugation of the Barbary Pirates, so the newly organized Japanese Navy was called upon to deal first with the blood-brothers of pirates in Formosa. Already there had been friction with China over this Island and over Korea, and there had been minor insurrections to suppress in some of the outlying possessions.

Plans were laid for a really serviceable sea force. The Japanese were Westernizing their nation in every respect and they had no intention of making any exception in naval defence.

The *Seiki*, the first warship built in Japan along modern European lines, was constructed in 1875. That was the year of the settlement of the old Sakhalin dispute, ironically accom-

¹¹ Capel, *supra*, p. 475.

plished by Japan's recognition of Russia's claim to the entire Island in return for Russia's acknowledgment of Japan's unquestionable ownership of the Kuriles. Japan was not yet in a position to resort to the arbitrament of arms, but thirty years later she was ceded the portion of Sakhalin south of the fiftieth parallel of latitude. In these Soviet days, the Island still is a source of friction.

In this same year of 1875, Tokyo decided to construct three other modern warships, of the most advanced design, at the leading yards of the foremost maritime power.

These vessels were the second-class (or what they used to call coast-defence) battleship *Fuso* and the composite steam corvettes *Hiei* and *Kongo*, the last two, sisterships. Togo was to serve at length in the first two of these ships and the next part of his career was intimately bound up with them all. They were the first foreign-built men-of-war that Japan had constructed to her own order.

In April 1876, when China and Japan were snapping at each other over the sovereignty of the Ryukyu Islands, the three vessels just mentioned were on their British ways, progressing rapidly. The Japanese Government hit upon the logical idea of detailing their naval students in England to the yards in question, so that the ships and some of their future officers could take shape together.

Togo was ordered to Greenwich where the *Fuso*¹² was being completed from the most up-to-date blueprints. In the compromise fashion of that sail-to-steam transition period, the iron steamer was bark-rigged.

At Greenwich, Togo was near the old Naval Hospital on the Thames, one of Sir Christopher Wren's creations, used since 1873 as a naval training school. In the upper quadrangle Togo must have seen the massive busts by Chantrey of Duncan, Howe, St. Vincent and—Nelson. Also near the yard was the celebrated naval observatory which set the clock for the world and made Greenwich a place mentioned in the North Pacific Ocean more frequently than was London.

Early in 1878 the three ships were launched. It was a momentous trio of events in Japanese naval history.

¹² At Samuda's Yard, Poplar. 220 feet long, 48 feet beam, 8718 tons, 3500 h.p., twin screws, 18 knots, a cruising radius of 3500 miles at 10 knots. Strangely enough, considering her British nativity, her original armament consisted of Krupp rifles, four 9.4 inch and two 6.6 inch. Her iron belt varied from 4 to 9 inches in thickness and the main battery had armour protection.

The nine officers on training duty in the country, who had been observing the fabrication, now formally were attached, three apiece, to the newly-commissioned units.

Togo Heihachiro drew the *Hiei*. She was built at Milford Haven in South Wales. He found a craft somewhat more conservative in design than the *Fuso*.¹⁸ In Jane's opinion, the plans of the *Hiei* and *Kongo* were inspired by the Russian Navy's *General Admiral*, the original armoured cruiser, launched in 1873.

Togo was one of the midwives of the *Fuso* and the *Hiei*, knew every bolt in each of them and hence in the *Kongo* also, and this intimacy stood him in good stead later on.

DURING the last year or so of Togo's sojourn in England, he suffered an internal conflict of loyalties that proved to be the most distressing emotional tempest of his entire life. It was not a crisis because no climactic decision was in the balance; he never hesitated in determining where his duty lay.

From the time of Togo's consecration on the altar, his paramount fealty had been to Emperor, Daimio and father—or, expressed in terms of greater continuity, to nation, province and family—a mutually complementary triad of allegiances, the increase of strength of any one of which re-enforced the other two. Now the heart-rending news of the Satsuma Rebellion ended this harmony by disclosing an irreconcilable conflict of interest among the objects of the shared devotion.

The details of the new civil strife were not ascertainable in Europe. What Heihachiro heard in those days when he was attending the construction of the *Fuso* and the completion of the *Hiei*, gave him many a sleepless night. The essential facts were only too clear. Satsuma was in armed revolt against the Central Government; Saigo and Okubo, the renowned home-town boys of Togo's Kajima-machi, were on opposite sides of the struggle; and Togo's brothers, neighbours and friends in the vicinity of Kagoshima were fighting against the Emperor they had been reared to serve to the death.

From the distance of England, it was all very confusing, and Togo wisely over-simplified the situation in his own mind.

¹⁸ Although 11 feet longer (231), the *Hiei* had only two-thirds the displacement (2248 tons) and horsepower, a single screw and about the same speed under power. She also carried Krupp batteries, three 6.6 inch and six 6 inch two-and-a-half ton, and four Nordenfelts. The *Hiei* boasted a pair of torpedo tubes for firing the weapon then in its experimental stage. Her composite hull (steel frame and wooden otherwise) had a much thinner armour belt than the *Fuso's*, attaining a maximum thickness of four-and-a-half inches.

He knew that his kinsmen no more could fail to follow their adored Saigo than could the Virginians of 1861 have failed to follow Lee. He realized that, had he happened to have been at home, he too would have been in the insurgent provincial ranks. But he was not at home; he was abroad on the service of the Mikado, holding a commission in the Imperial Navy. There was no compunction upon him to commit the understandable but none-the-less heinous sin of which his brothers were guilty and of which under other circumstances he would have been guilty. On the contrary, Fate having spared Heihachiro from such a soul-torturing dilemma, not only would he accept the immunity with grace but he would atone for the treason of his family by redoubling his efforts valuably to serve the sacred Majesty that sat upon the throne of Japan. Some of his friends suggested that it was his duty to return to the defence of his home, but he himself saw his duty differently.

Like other domestic schisms, the Satsuman Rebellion was traceable to a multiplicity of causes. Ever since the centripetal pressure of joint co-operation against the Shogunate had been relieved by the latter's defeat, the Sa-cho-to had been able to indulge in differences among themselves. As always, Satsuma was the reactionary element, no longer, it is true, opposing foreign intercourse, but bitterly resisting many of its concomitants, tangible and intangible, blocking telegraph poles and clinging to feudalism.

The Samurai class, an adornment of the ancient régime, was now, in an industrialescent society, a mere vestigial appendix, as picturesque perhaps but also as superfluous as a cock's comb on a man's pate, the headgear of a court jester. The traditions of this caste flourished the most vigorously in Satsuma and the drastic and destructive inroads upon its time-honoured prerogatives met with the determined resistance of an influential minority strongly Satsuman in composition, headed and given vitality by Saigo.

The consequences of this struggle of the Samurai class for survival were to be far-reaching. They coloured all of the national affairs of the time, ending with the unsuccessful revolt of 1877. Those anti-Samurai measures and the insurrection in the South had their seeds in the expedition of 1874 to Formosa.

This mission was delegated to the Satsumans for two reasons. First, the victims of the barbarous attacks against shipwrecked sailors had been inhabitants of the Ryukyu Islands, whose vague status has been mentioned before in con-

nexion with the Chinese relations and which always had been regarded in Japan as protectorates of Satsuma. Secondly, it was hoped that this campaign would consume enough of the martial energy of Saigo and his followers to divert their attention from domestic issues — not the only time in history that such tactics have been adopted to dispose of a potentially dangerous subordinate. But Saigo was no Essex and he provided no occasion for removing his head.

His triumphal return coincided with another crisis regarding Korea. This backward nation, having little of the glorious civilization that justified Japan and China in cherishing cultural integrity, if they were so minded, turned her back upon Japan because of the latter's traffic with non-Asiatics. The King of Korea refused even to receive a Japanese Embassy. In 1875, one of his forts on the Island of Kung-Hwa fired upon a Japanese warship engaged in making a coastal survey off the mouth of the Han River, much the same kind that the British had attempted to chart in Yedo Bay less than a quarter of a century before.

In a reversal of her own history, Japan pried open Korea to foreign intercourse. The very element in Japan that disliked contact with white races was all for an aggressive policy towards the inoffensive but temptingly helpless yellow neighbour across the Straits of Tsushima. The unsatisfied territorial appetite of Hideyoshi was reawakened in his descendants.

The controversial new conscript army gave signs of weakness even before it was put to any test of warfare. If it could be demonstrated to be inadequate to meet the demands of a national emergency, the discarded Samurai system might be retrieved to save the country. In that contingency the knightly class would be entrenched more firmly than ever. So reasoned Saigo. The Korean situation presented the opportunity. He agitated for a campaign of conquest.

Several of Saigo's colleagues in the Ministry, acting from divers motives, supported this jingoist advocacy of a militant Korean policy. The sober majority, however, recognized the dangerous folly of complicating the problems of the transition era by embarking upon a postponable war of aggression. The liberals wanted first to digest what they had swallowed at home before they bit off anything abroad. While no one would accuse Stalin of being a liberal, that split in the Japanese Cabinet over the Korean question reminds one of the readily distinguishable rift between the Soviet dictator and Trotzky, the former insisting upon consolidating the revolution within

Russia before attempting to carry the economic gospel beyond the borders.

Besides the difference of opinion on the subject of Korea, there was personal dissension at Tokyo. Saigo aspired to run the whole show. Like so many other natural leaders, he could not co-operate with fellow statesmen. He dominated Satsuma and he had expected to dominate the councils of the Restoration Government by virtue of Satsuma's prestige, which he hoped to see enhanced. It might not be too much of an exaggeration to credit him with ambitions to set Satsuma influentially in the position of the overthrown Bakufu, without any open acknowledgement of hegemony but with the practical fruits thereof just the same.

Okubo, on the other hand, was less the popular leader than the statesman and manipulator. His diplomatic missions to America, Europe and more recently to Peking, where he had settled the Ryukyu affair in which Saigo had been the military commander, gave the former a breadth of view impossible for the latter to have shared. In the development of the new Japan among the other nations of the world, Okubo lost some of the narrow provincialism which Saigo had retained. The former also could perceive behind Korea the lurking bulk of the Baltic Bear. He realized that when the eventual control of the peninsula was to be determined, Korea herself would not be a candidate but the prize. Okubo's sane policy was to avoid a premature, indecisive conflict that would only weaken Japan for the real war later on and thwart her progress. He also wanted to be sure that when Korea was seized it would be under his leadership and not his rival's.

Saigo was inspiringly and ambitiously stirring up the memories of old Satsuma. Okubo was sagaciously and ambitiously appealing to the neo-nationalism of the Restoration. He had become one of the Mikado's most trusted advisers. It was inconceivable that he could subordinate that personal and Imperial loyalty to any other. Besides, he had nothing to gain personally from a Satsuman ascendancy under Saigo's dominance.

Saigo had maintained at his own expense a military academy for the young Samurai of Kagoshima, where they were trained in the use both of firearms and swords. He resigned from his ministerial post at Tokyo and rallied about him his unquestioning public in Satsuma. Fifty-seven years old but splendidly preserved, he still was a fine figure of a soldier, handsome and over six feet in height. His clansmen were ready to follow

him to the ends of the earth and to defy all of the world arrayed against him.

The Daimio of Satsuma jumped from the opening crevasse—quietly towards the Imperial side—but could do nothing. The province was aflame. The members of Togo's family were caught in the conflagration like one of the fragile houses swept by the fire of 1863.

Saigo lined up his Samurai and his trained militia and set forth upon what was proclaimed to be a march to Kyoto to lay Satsuma's grievances before the All Highest. The Central Government acted promptly. It controlled the sea between Hondo and Kyushu, which was a guaranty against rebellious invasion and also an assurance of ability to transport an army of subjugation. A large force was shipped to Hakata, on the northern coast of Kyushu, where the expedition's headquarters were established. One of the commanding generals was the future Field Marshal Prince Yamagata Aritomo of Choshu. This rebellion gave to Choshu the same dominance over the Imperial Army for many decades which Satsuma was to exert over the Navy.

Saigo's regiments tramped up towards the Inland Sea but suffered a delay at Kumamoto which in itself made the campaign hopeless. The Insurgents found the garrison of the Kumamoto Castle loyal to the Emperor, and they hesitated to leave that stronghold behind them, in hostile hands. A siege was laid and the citadel's resistance proved very tough. While the parade to the throne halted on this operation, more and more soldiers and supplies were ferried across to Hakata from the Main Island until a strong enough contingent was accumulated to warrant an offensive.

Then Kumamoto was relieved and the Insurgents forced to retreat towards Kagoshima. The latter put up a splendid rear-guard fight over every inch of the intervening mountainous terrain with which they were thoroughly familiar. Often Saigo's men would drop their firearms and charge the enemy with their dexterously wielded swords. It was a bloody combat from beginning to end. The democratic army of conscripts, constantly re-enforced and greatly outnumbering their opponents, who had no reserves with which to fill vacancies in the ranks, drove the rebels down to Kagoshima, throwing them as it were behind their own goal line. The moat of the castle near Togo's boyhood home was Saigo's last ditch. The princely abode had been vacated by Shimazu, whose omission to cast his lot with the Insurgents now proved very prudent.

Here Saigo made his celebrated gallant stand.

The campaign already had cost thousands of lives, almost a third of the total number engaged. Now, in the death-struggle of the strangled revolt, hundreds of the most trusted of Saigo's stalwarts were being slain by the impact of the triumphant Imperial avalanche. The peerless leader, the life of the whole movement, was felled with a severe wound. He knew that the march upon Kyoto was thwarted, that his ideals and ambitions were not to be realized, and that the central vulgarians had worked their will. As the only fitting epilogue, he delivered himself to the shorter of his two precious swords, carried, like the silver bullet of the Emperor Jones, for that contingent rite.

The Mikado, whose ability to forgive patriotically inspired disloyalty had been manifested in his treatment of the "Tokugawa pirates" of Hakodate, eventually bestowed upon Saigo those posthumous honours which to many Westerners seem ironically irrelevant but are highly valued in a land where lineal continuity is a living concept.

AFTER that last scene of the bloody suppression outside of Shimazu's castle, Kagoshima and the vicinity had lost the flower of their manhood. There were wholesale burials by a decimated populace. The entire countryside was in mourning. Its outstanding, adored guiding star was extinguished, its other leaders killed or self-stabbed on the same field of disaster, and almost every home had its individual bereavement.

The house of Togo was no exception. Without Heihachiro's apology for that dose of red pepper, Sokuro lay among the corpses. To his mother's horror, he had been tossed into a large common grave along with many fallen comrades of all ranks. Silently and alone Masu-ko sought out this group-burial spot.¹⁴ Disdaining to use any defiling implements in such sacred ground, the mother of Togo Heihachiro got down on her knees and with her bare hands dug up the soil. Her fervour gave success to the quest and Sokuro's body was borne to the family cemetery.

Far away, when this news reached him, Heihachiro was torn by his sense of family loss and family guilt. He knew that "but for the grace of God" he too would have sinned and lost. There was no shame for the conduct of brothers who so bravely had done their duty as it had appeared to them in the southern light of Satsuma, but there was an awareness of a stain upon

¹⁴ Ogasawara.

the name of Togo that had to be eradicated by the excellence of compensating acts of patriotism performed by a kinsman. Anew and with a deeper meaning he dedicated the balance of his own life to this task of expiation and to the service of the sovereign his brothers' conduct had profaned. Perhaps those meditations in England in '77 and '78 account for Togo's abiding conviction, often expressed by deed and implied by word but never explained, that his whole being belonged to the Emperor Mutsuhito in a peculiarly literal sense.

THE beginning of 1873 saw the three Japanese warships nearing completion.

On March twenty-third, the *Hiei* sailed from Milford Haven for her combined shakedown and delivery cruise. Togo was going home at last. He and the other two student officers assigned to the *Hiei* were the only Japanese aboard, the rest of the complement being English.

Togo left Europe not to return for thirty-three years. The route to the Far East lay via the Suez Canal. Stops were made for coaling or other purposes at Malta, Port Said, Aden, Singapore and probably at one or two additional ports along the Victorian Stream.

Perhaps no other landfall in all of Togo's cruising was more thrilling than the first sight of his native land after the long absence abroad. There were lighthouses, buoys and the other conventional aids to piloting that in 1871 had just begun to be placed along the coast and in the harbour channels.

After an exciting sail up Tokyo Bay, the *Hiei* entered the harbour of Yokohama—busier, smokier, noisier than ever—amid a boisterous welcome to the tangible evidence of the nation's new sea power.

CHAPTER VI

RISE AND COMMAND

FROM the *Hiei's* gangway Togo stepped as it were upon a moving train that had kept pace in Westernization with the advancing individual modernization of the absent young man. However much the interior of the country lagged in overcoming the inertia of the past, Togo, upon his return, found the seaport at Tokyo Bay as far ahead of the Yokohama he had left in 1871 as at about that time Schley had observed it to be beyond the village of 1860.

Like a railroad being rebuilt without interruption of traffic, the entire nation was transforming itself as it rolled along. The progress during the Meiji Era was not achieved by sporadic jumps but by a steady march, and every decade registered a fundamental change readily perceptible and indeed astonishing.

The sixteen years between Togo's return and his firing upon the *Kowshing* constituted the period of his life between preparation and celebrity, the years when the gilt of his uniform was not reflected in any halo, when he did the day's work merely as one of many valued officers in a growing navy. Historic achievement is often the coincidence of public affairs with the ripening of the individual. That span from the Sub-Lieutenant's homecoming in 1878 to the Captain's audacious act in 1894 bridged the interval between suppression of the Satsuma Rebellion and the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War, in other words the period of deliberate internal development before the inevitable joinder of issue over Korea. Only in the case of Soviet Russia, where the result of the project long must remain in doubt, has there been another instance of a State consciously laying down and following a programme of industrialization, and in the case of Japan the start was from deeply-ingrained feudalism.

In that spring of 1878 Togo was thirty-two. The Hakodate campaign by no means may be dismissed as a mere training expedition or mishipman's cruise. It is doubtful that in all

of Togo's experience he ever was pitted against a more determined or resourceful sea-fighter than his fellow-countryman, Enomoto.

Yet in its practical essentials the graduation from the long course of explicit self-preparation at home and abroad really was a commencement. Modern Japan was new, the Imperial Navy was new, the threads of a career broken prior to the regenesis of the maritime defence organization were better left unsought. Togo was well equipped to start afresh, despite his relative maturity.

The Navy needed Togo as much as he needed it. The Department enabled the young officers of training to catch up with the grades befitting their ages and capabilities. In the first summer of his return, Togo Heihachiro received the Emperor's commission as Lieutenant (junior grade).¹ By another promotion, in December² of the same year, the j. g. was snipped off his rank and he wore the two stripes of a full Lieutenant.

From the time of the *Hiei*'s acclaimed entry into home waters, Togo continued to serve in her until August,³ when he was transferred to his friend from Greenwich, the *Fuso*.

The latter was enlivened by an especially gay and mischievous "Fourth Ward," the young officers junior in rank to Togo. The leading spirit in this jovial group was the future Minister of Marine Admiral Count Yamamoto Gombei of Satsuma, who, on the eve of the Russian War, was to appoint his old shipmate to the supreme command of all Japanese forces afloat.

Togo's acquired Anglicisms impressed his shipmates as affectations, but characteristically he clung to them all the more persistently because of the ridicule. What was "stubborn" in the childish Togo Nakagoro, in Lieutenant Togo Heihachiro was "determined," and in the Admiral was to become "resolute."

Togo was transferred back to the *Hiei*⁴ and, on the anniversary of his promotion to the grade of Lieutenant, he received another half stripe, as Lieutenant Commander.⁵ This would have been an important rank in any navy, calling for a senior assignment. For example, even on super dreadnoughts of the large powers today, only the commanding and executive officers are of higher rank than lieutenant commander.

¹ July 8, 1878.

² 27.

³ 16.

⁴ September 5, 1879.

⁵ December 27, 1879.

Less than two years after his return from abroad, the unusually old Sub-Lieutenant had become an unusually young Lieutenant Commander. The first orders addressed to him as such sent him to the *Jingei* as Vice Captain (Executive Officer).

These relatively frequent changes in duty were caused in part by the paucity of experienced officers competent to handle the complicated new warships with all of their intricate mechanical equipment, not only in the propulsion plants but also in every other department. Those in charge had to be adept at navigation, steam and sail seamanship, engineering, military organization, ordnance and gunnery, and naval regulations and customs generally.

KOREA (with Russia and China as the rivals) loomed up as an ever-sharper issue. It was too early to think seriously of checking Russia's Asiatic advance, but China soon would have to be shown where future hegemony of the Far East would repose. China realized this and saw ahead the inevitable conflict, just as clearly as did Japan. Moreover, there then was a political China as well as a geographical one, a central authority which, whatever its shortcomings, could and did act—under the dominance of the mighty Li Hung-chang—for the nation as a whole and prepared for the war against Japan, although less effectively than did the prospective enemy.

China, too, understood that sea power was essential to success, but she fell into the error of regarding sea power as a mere matter of naval tonnage. China's Westernization was only skin-deep, evidencing either a native culture much more profound than Japan's or a lesser adaptability to modern conditions, as one chooses to appraise it. While Japan slowly but steadily was organizing a navy, China was buying warships. As Jane has expressed it ". . . Japan's energies were concentrated on training personnel, China's on acquiring matériel."⁶

While Togo was in the *Worcester*, the Japanese naval college was supplemented by a naval college at Tsukiji. The first faculty consisted of thirty British officers and warrant officers under Commander (later Vice Admiral Sir) Archibald Douglas.

It must not be supposed, however, that Japan's personnel was to be trained indoors like college oarsmen during the rowing-machine season. The Navy constantly was building ships and experimenting with types and designs. The post-Jutland period, with its air-force development and treaty limi-

⁶ *The Imperial Japanese Navy* (Thacker 1904) p. 49.

tations, is considered a revolutionary one in naval tactics and hence also in forms of naval construction. In a state of even greater uncertainty were those responsible for the expenditure of warship appropriations during the Eighties. The rifle, the torpedo, armour, steel, all were shouting their respective extravagant boasts and displaying their unquestionable value. The most fantastic assortment of fighting craft slid off the ways of the leading European yards. As in all other fields of endeavour, Japan observed what was going on and kept her own hand in the game to the extent that was appropriate in relation to her immediate and remote foreign policies.

The *Jingei*, to which Togo reported that first week in 1880 as Executive Officer, was the Imperial yacht, "a paddler with swan bow, two funnels, and two high pole masts — a pretty looking vessel."⁷

When the Chief Engineer of a cruiser during the Russian War, who had been a shipmate of Togo's in the *Jingei*, was asked by a foreigner about the Commander-in-Chief's early manhood, he said: "He has not changed. In the *Jingei* too he was always quiet and never talked very much."

The Kagoshima lad, who learned by plugging, and the "Johnny Chinaman," who Captain Smith said was "not . . . brilliant but a great plodder," in his maturity continued to establish himself as one not apt to flash a stroke of genius and thus too quietly dependable to essay one. When he had the deck, the skipper felt safe. As his superiors increased in number and, during shop-talk as well as in fitness reports, exchanged expressions of such reliance upon the younger officer, his professional reputation took solid form. In Togo there then was perceived no glint of that divine spark of Nelsonian leadership but there was recognized the inextinguishable glow of steadfastness to the job at hand. No superior asks or desires more; no subordinate lags behind such a leader.

Togo remained in the *Jingei* for practically two years.⁸ The combined naval and attaché duty, which always characterizes high service in a royal or presidential yacht, was a valuable experience in more ways than one. In the most exalted quar-

⁷ Her entire hull was made of wood. She was about 250 feet in length, just under 1500 tons, two 4½ inch Krupps. Her 1430 h.p. developed a speed of 12 knots, which may or may not be accepted as a satisfactory explanation of her name, which meant "Fast Whale," the adjective, of course, denoting speed and not a reduction to possession as expressed by the term "Fast-Fish" referred to later in this chapter.

⁸ Detachment orders effective December 27, 1881.

ter, Togo Heihachiro was now more than a name on the naval list.

It was during this tour of duty in the Imperial yacht that Togo married. His bride was Kaieda Tetsu, daughter of a prominent Satsuman gentleman and elder sister of the future Viscount Kaieda Kokichi. Although she was a Kagoshima girl, this marriage was not the fruition of any childhood attachment. Tetsu was only nineteen when she married and, having been born in 1861,⁹ had been a mere child when Heihachiro left home. Furthermore, these nuptials did not consummate a love affair, because the serious matter of matrimony was not left to any such frivolous and emotional lottery. Indeed, the couple never saw each other before the ceremony at Kagoshima in February 1881 at which, without priest or official or spoken vows, the Lieutenant Commander and the daughter of his neighbour solemnly took each other in calmly-calculated wedlock.

This Satsuman Samurai with aspirations towards a career in His Majesty's naval service was expected to be above all a paragon of public respectability. Togo's marriage was unremarkably conventional. For him there was no tea-house romance, like Ito Hirobumi's, nor any sensational abduction of a fisherman's daughter sold into servitude, the Lochinvar method employed by Togo's otherwise conformist professional colleague and fellow-clansman, Yamamoto. Nor was there any other deviation, however slight, from the smooth course of true love as prescribed in the code of his class. When the time came to "settle down," Togo neither cast covetous eyes over palace walls nor allowed any stooping fascination seriously to lure him beneath his station.

In the case of Heihachiro and Tetsu, reason triumphed. Prevented from making a premature pre-marital entry into the relationship, mutual affection crept in after the ceremony, slowly and cautiously, obtained lodgment and, so far as any outsiders could judge, never departed during the more than half-century of married life.

While obedience was the watchword of a Japanese wife, it should be remembered that among Asiatic women the Japanese were the radicals. This does not classify their standards in the Eighties with those in the twentieth century or even with those in the Victorian West, but it does remove them from the category of their subservient sisters on the mainland.

⁹ September 28.

Tetsu never doubted that a wife had a solemn duty to make the marriage a success, and her husband was aware of a reciprocal obligation on his part. For Togo it was natural to be tender and kind to the young girl, and the latter made it her private career to adapt herself unobtrusively to his public one. There were long absences of the family Captain, during which the naval officer's wife quietly had to assume domestic command. She quickly saw that Togo, even when on leave, had no interest in household budgets and similar prosaic matters, so she took them all into her own capable hands and became a thoroughly competent Executive Officer, on duty whether the head of the house was at home or at sea.

When he was ill, which, as will be seen, was very often, Tetsu fostered an atmosphere in the household that tended to restore her patient's health and keep up his confidence of eventual recovery. When he was on leave, she encouraged him in his almost eccentric spells of protracted silence, his solitary walks and hunting, his puttering around the garden. He even was permitted to hang naval pictures that his wife told her friends in confidence were to her painful reminders of sanguinary campaigns and months of heartbreaking anxiety.¹⁰

After the wedding, Togo brought his bride to the Togo family home, still presided over by Masu-ko, and all too soon he had to return to his ship. This was hardly an ideal initiation into married life for any girl of nineteen. The prime objective of this normal young couple was a home of their own. Tetsu's training in thrift and her earnings from cleverly hand-made match-boxes enabled her to save enough during the first year to acquire a modest residence in Tokyo, the naval centre.

It was the house, Number 37 Kamirokubancho (Upper Number 6 Street) in the Koji-machi (Ward), in which the Togo Heihachiros resided the balance of their lives. In 1905 it was enlarged, but even today it stands, in its mixed native and foreign style, and brown colour, as commonplace as President Coolidge's former half of the double house on Massasoit Street in Northampton; and for the Admiral, whose Court rank became so exalted that at the annual Imperial birthday banquet of late years he impressively was seated at a table all by himself, there was no expansive domestic relapse into anything like The Beeches. Year after year, during active service and distinguished retirement, during the period of raising

¹⁰ Mary Crawford Fraser, *Admiral Togo* (*World's Work*, Vol. XII, No. 4, August 1906), p. 7885.

his family and the later times of surreptitiously handing sweets to his visiting grandchildren, the sailor docked in the same slip.

After the crowning victory, when the people were vying with one another in expressions of hero-worship of the Commander-in-Chief, his neighbours honoured their section of the city by calling it Togo Hill.

At about the time of the establishment of the Tokyo home and shortly before the end of 1881¹¹ the Vice Captain of the *Jingei* was transferred to the corresponding post in the small wooden *Amagi*. This shift brought back the Lieutenant Commander to the fighting line of the Navy even though his ship was among the weaker units.

The *Amagi* was a specimen of the early native crop and she must have reminded her new Second-in-Command of the lesser Civil War vessels.¹² It still was to be a long while before Togo would have a ship which, alongside of any contemporaneously up-to-date squadron, would not have looked like a museum piece.

In midsummer the *Amagi* was at Shimonoseki, eighteen years after the allied bombardment. There was tension over the amicably-insoluble Korean situation and the Navy was crouching at this strategic point of departure, ready to spring from the one great straits across the other.

H.M.S. *Flying Fish* had brought to Nagasaki, Hanabusa, the Japanese Minister to Korea, who had interrupted the British warship's dull surveying operations off the coast not far from Chemulpo by coming alongside in a junk. With his suite, all fatigued and storm-drenched, he had fled from an uprising of Korean troops and civilians, who first had attacked their own rulers and then the Japanese diplomats. The Legation had been burned down.

This ignominious return to Nagasaki incited war passions. The Japanese attributed the difficulties in Korea to Chinese agitation. Since Li Hung-chang had been developing contact with the peninsula across the natural barrier of dangerous wilderness and the Japanese had Perryized the old Hermit Kingdom by the naval-imposed treaty of 1876, there had been this constant clash between persistent Japanese ambitions and scheming Chinese ineptitude.

In the Japanese treaty, Korea had been forced to proclaim

¹¹ December 27th.

¹² 11 knots single screw; 526 tons.

complete independence. This recital was contrary to the fact as known to both of the signatory parties and contrary to the Chinese pretensions at which it was aimed. A correct statement would have acknowledged Korea's docile submission to Peking's sovereignty (during long periods of inconsistent tribute to the Mikado) and would have added the comment that this submission to Peking's sovereignty was accompanied by Peking's extraction of the benefits of ownership without a discharge of any of its responsibilities.

Korea was the opposite end of the Tsushima bridge, she was a vast territory whose area was eighty-five per cent that of Hondo, and she was the vestibule of Manchuria. Early in the Meiji Era Japan intended to have Manchuria, at least economically, and in those days of nineteenth century imperialism the flag still was regarded as an indispensable symbol of economic proprietorship. Mandates and puppet-states had not yet been perfected as antidotes for the well-meant sentimentalities of Self-Determination and Outlawry-of-War.

The orthodox technique of the period, in appropriating the dependency of a rival power, was followed by Japan in the case of Korea, perhaps by calculation but more likely by instinctive adaptation and imitation.

The usage of the imperialist jungle of those days was as simple as the whaling code succinctly set forth in *Moby Dick*:

- “1. A Fast-Fish belongs to the party fast to it.
2. A Loose-Fish is fair game for anybody who can soonest catch it.”

And helpless backward countries were, of course, the fish.

Thus the first step in the programme of Japan's acquisition of the peninsula was the establishment, before the world of hunters, of Korea's independence of China.

China characteristically did nothing effective to demonstrate that she had the “ability at any time to take” the alleged Fast-Fish of Korea “alongside, as well as (her) intention so to do.” The Peking harpoon stuck out of the Diamond Mountain dorsal fin but the cable was slack. Also protruding from the quarry's back was a rusty iron without any attached line and bearing the almost obliterated emblem of the Imperial House of Japan. The islanders were at hand to throw a new dart, but first the victim had to be freed of its dragging indicia of adverse title and be restored to the status of a Loose-Fish.

Characteristically, China did nothing openly to thwart Japan's patent designs upon the Land of Morning Calm, but,

equally characteristically, conducted underhand machinations with respect to this principal buffer State.

After gaining access to Korea, Japan performed the same transfusion of modern culture that had been forced upon her a generation earlier and provoked the same anti-foreign reaction fostered by the Chinese Min faction in Seoul that boasted the Korean Queen as a member and was covertly led by the sly old Tai-won-Kun, former Regent and the father of the King.

1882 was the year in which the walls of seclusion, penetrated by Japan, were knocked over completely by the commercial nations of the West. Again the United States led the way. With the knowledge and approval of Li Hung-chang and the Japanese, Commodore R. W. Shufeldt, who was thoroughly familiar with the Orient, appeared at Korea and obtained a trade treaty in May of that year. Needless to say, Sir Harry Parkes was allowing no grass to grow on the American's footsteps. He despatched Admiral Willes in the *Vigilant*, who brought back a similar protocol. The Germans and French followed. . .

The anti-foreigners fumed.

A burning drought ruined the rice crop. The famine was attributed to the evil white spirits admitted within the immaculate boundaries of the nation in the wake of the perfidious yellow neighbours from across Tsushima. The troops were allowed to feel the shortage of food and the rest followed automatically.

The King¹⁸ was kneeling before an altar outside of the palace, praying for rain, when along came an angry company of hungry soldiers, shouting curses at the ruler and Government that had suffered the entrance of Japanese and Westernization to incur the wrath of the gods. The King was lucky to escape alive. A brave maid-in-waiting, pretending to be her royal mistress, offered her own body to the regicidal fanatics while the Queen slipped off to terrified safety.

The entire military force of Seoul ran amuck, wildly joined by the civilian proletariat. The turmoil got out of all control. Inevitably the mob soon turned its lynching venom upon the detested Japanese and roaringly rushed headlong for the Legation. Hanabusa and his staff found their firearms overwhelmed by thousands of frenzied bare hands. The Japanese had an almost miraculous escape. Perhaps, as they trudged to the coast through the downpour of that night, they remem-

¹⁸ I-Hyöng.

bered the European envoys whose legations, violated in the first period of Japanese foreign intercourse, had been driven from Yedo to Yokohama.

Sailing orders came to Shimonoseki. Vice Admiral Nire led forth a squadron of eight warships, including Togo's *Amagi*.¹⁴ Two days later they arrived off Chemulpo, with Hanabusa, accoutred in a dry new outfit, ready to return to his post.

Here was met the perplexing problem of how to enter the hazardous unmarked harbour for which there were no charts. It was decided by Admiral Nire that, rather than impale any of his vessels on jagged reefs or ground them on shoals, he would play the safer game of follow-the-leader when a qualified leader showed the way. It was not necessary to wait very long. Soon a Chinese craft of considerable size was sighted casually standing out of the port. The Japanese navigators noted her every turn and run until the unwitting demonstrator reached deep water. Then the squadron formed single column and filed in through the channel just delineated.

The Japanese had been none too prompt. Li's ships were soon at Chemulpo to perform their own mission of re-establishing law and order—and garnering the credit.

A formidable Japanese force was put ashore¹⁵ at Chemulpo and proceeded to Seoul.¹⁶ Hanabusa's re-entry was as imposing as his departure had been the reverse. Four days later he was received in audience by the King, a fellow-sufferer of the uprising, who likewise had been reinstated to his former job.

Negotiations for an adjustment did not move as swiftly as Hanabusa considered desirable. Like President Wilson summoning the *George Washington* at a critical stage of the Paris Peace Conference, the Japanese Minister withdrew to Chemulpo and repaired aboard his ship. The Koreans and the Chinese alike were frightened. Hanabusa, coaxed by apologies from the hypocritical but transparent Tai-won-Kun himself, returned to the capital. He got what he demanded: the right to maintain a legation guard and an indemnity, the punitive portion of which later was remitted, all in faithful accordance with the teachings of the Western powers at Kagoshima and Shimonoseki.

¹⁴ August 10.

¹⁵ August 16.

¹⁶ Under command of General Takashima.

Li Hung-chang felt it wise to simulate indignation at the simulated indignation of Tai-won-Kun. The former caused the latter to be entertained by Togo's future adversary, Admiral Ting Ju-chang, aboard the Chinese flagship at Chemulpo and awaken the morning after to find himself involuntarily consigned to China for safekeeping.

Japan was in Korea to stay. The other sea powers were there to stay, as traders, at least for the next epoch. China's tenuous grip was weakening. The War of 1894 would be fought by Japan for Korea's independence, preparatory to fighting Russia for Korea's independence and—Korea being at last a "Loose-Whale"—harpooning her for the Mikado. Then those other sea powers would see who was sentry of the Open Door.

On the march from Chemulpo to Seoul, one of the senior naval officers was Lieutenant Commander Togo, leading the landing party of the *Amagi*.

It was then that he obtained his first impressions of the land whose affairs were to involve his own. The Korea that Togo beheld was poor and miserable, a helpless and hopeless Asiatic slum, in the despair of a depression that had had no prosperity within living memory. The embers of ancient culture that had been stamped out by Hideyoshi's invading army at the end of the sixteenth century never had been rekindled.

Togo studied the condition of the country as focussed in the capital. He met the personages of the time and place, and did his customary listening. There were no evidences in Korea of a virile will, much less a capacity, for self-organization under the new conditions bound to accompany the invasion of the Industrial Revolution. Togo had seen the great mutation in all its stages: effected in its native Britain, transplanted to virgin Australia, more analogously, established in adaptable Japan. He could perceive Korea's passivity and the consequences of possessing such pervading infirmity along with her minerals beneath the sandy soil and her geographical significance.

Wherever Togo went in Seoul the conversation sooner or later embraced the Chinese diplomat, unanimously recognized, whether with approval or disapproval, as the most effective individual influence behind the reactionary faction and as the confidential agent of the mighty Li Hung-chang. Tai-won-Kun was of the past; Li's trusted and adroit twenty-three

year old lieutenant was of the future. For the latter there was predicted an early death by violence or a long distinguished career, but no one dreamt that the second and last President of the unimagined Chinese Republic, succeeding the idealistic Sun Yat-sen, would be this ruthless Yuan Shih-kai.

Togo had a lengthy interview with Yuan and found him pompous and volubly dogmatic. Through the flattening monotone of an interpreter, the Chinese took occasion to read his visitor the riot act upon the evils of Japanese and other modernizing influences that were corrupting Korea, to all of which Togo made no response whatsoever.

The squadron's sojourn at Chemulpo dragged along into the following winter. Finally it left and, on a February day in 1883, picked up the fondly familiar landmarks denoting Shimonoseki.

It was while the *Amagi* lay there in the straits that Togo tumbled into one of the ceremonial controversies that were not infrequent during the early period of foreign naval intercourse and look so ridiculous to the uninitiated who, in fancied hypersophistication, are unaware of the substantial function of form. This particular dispute involved the salute to a British man-of-war which stood in the straits when the *Amagi's* skipper was ashore.

When the visiting ship called attention to an alleged deficiency in the number of guns fired by the *Amagi*, the latter's Vice Captain ordered another series of shots—but fewer than the first. The foreigner complained again, less politely than before, and Togo replied: "If you will add both salutes together, you will find the total correct." This infuriated the punctilious English officer in command, who through proper channels caused a protest to be filed with the Japanese Navy Department. There the sea-lawyers deliberated upon the divisibility of a salute. How long a pause between the words "good" and "morning" in a greeting are consistent with courtesy? The British were the mentors of the Japanese in naval subjects and were assumed to know the proprieties. Their view was accepted that a salute may not be given in instalments. The Department ordered the *Amagi* to fire a new salute of exactly the correct number of shots and at the precise intervals specified in the regulations and by international usage.

Togo presumed to argue the merits of the question with his superiors, respectfully but firmly, in his unyielding fashion. The soundness of the Department's ruling is of interest only

in emphasizing the stubbornness of Togo's refusal gracefully to accept it.

In February¹⁷ Togo received orders detaching him from the *Amagi* and directing him to proceed to Tokyo. He was assigned passage in the *Nisshin*, a bark-rigged corvette built at Amsterdam prior to the Civil War.¹⁸

He found that his recall to headquarters was not for the purpose of receiving any rebuke for the salute incident. On the contrary, he had been summoned to be honoured. His services in the *Amagi* and with the Korean landing party were rewarded by the thanks of his sovereign, who bestowed a gift upon the officer at the same time.

In this season of good fortune, Togo was assigned to his first command.¹⁹ The craft was the small *Daini Teihu* but, for better or for worse, she was *his* ship, to love, honour and command.

No monarch ascending the throne can sense his responsibility more keenly or be imbued with a greater realization of absolute authority than an officer taking to sea the first vessel on whose bridge he is supreme. Perhaps Togo would have subscribed to the declaration by that sailor-King, Oscar II of Sweden, while visiting the U.S.S. *Kearsarge* at Stockholm: "This is the kind of kingdom for a man to have. I would rather command a man-of-war than be king of any country in the world."²⁰

Togo's service in the *Daini Teihu* lasted a little over a year and, aside from the regular training of the crew, consisted chiefly of surveys of Kure and Sasebo harbours, where the Navy planned to establish important bases. There was gaining recognition the concept that although Tokyo and Tokyo Bay were the logical and natural centres of political administration and of commerce, the pivotal strategic points were those oft-mentioned navigable waterways, the Straits of Tsushima and the Inland Sea.

Kure is on the Hondo shore of the latter, east of Shimonoseki, where the coast of Shikoku bends up to form the Ondo Strait. In the very heart of the Inland Sea, Kure is perhaps the most impregnable port in the Empire. Access to her is possible only via one or another of the entrances to the Inland Sea, that is, through the Straits of Shimonoseki, the Kii Chan-

¹⁷ 24.

¹⁸ Her name meant "Progressing Daily."

¹⁹ March 12, 1883.

²⁰ *Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy*, (Scribner's 1918), p. 159.

nel or the Bungo Strait, all narrow, heavily fortified passages. Kure is within easy overland reach of Osaka and the other great industrial centres of the Main Island.

Sasebo is on the northwestern peninsula of Kyushu, right around the corner from the bay on the Straits of Tsushima where Kublai Khan's armada made its ill-fated landfall in the thirteenth century, and not far north of Nagasaki. It possesses a deep basin protected from seaward by shoals baffling and hazardous to any stranger and sheltered from the rear by high background. Sasebo became the great offensive base of naval operations just as Kure inevitably became the great defensive base.

The naval authorities were keenly alive to the developments in foreign construction and still confined this interest to design rather than to volume.

Since the American Civil War and the Battle of Lissa, the attention of constructors had been deflected in the main to an unaccustomed theatre, South America, where a series of infectious convulsions had been throwing the continent into one of its periodic spasms. In defeating Peru, Chile displayed an appreciation of the dominant function of sea power on that narrow littoral along the West Coast between the Pacific and the Andes. For a time thereafter her naval intelligentsia took a leading part in world naval thought. Among the tangible results were many minor devices and appurtenances and some novel warships.

The small cruiser *Arturo Prat* was launched in 1881 at the Elswick Works in England.²¹ By that time, however, Lima had fallen and the Peruvian War was in the bag, so Japan found it possible to purchase the vessel, which was renamed the *Tsukushi*. Although devoid of any armour protection, she was built entirely of steel. This was at the time when the iron versus steel controversy still was raging in American naval circles and several years before the steel advocates overcame the obstructive insistence by the reactionaries that steel could not be forged well enough to meet warship requirements.

The next two years, 1882 and 1883, witnessed the launching at Yokosuka of a couple of home-made wooden craft of far less advanced design.²² They were about the same length and displacement as the *Tsukushi* (*Arturo Prat*) but had relatively weak engines driving single screws, far inferior hitting

²¹ 1850 tons, 210 feet, 2 torpedo tubes, twin screw, over 16 knots.

²² *Kaimon* and *Tenriu*.

power, and were altogether incomparable to the Elswick cruiser.

In 1884 the long-sided triangle of Chile, Great Britain and Japan again figured in a single warship and this one marked a definite step in naval design. She was the famous *Esmeralda*, which was to fight through the Chilean Civil War of 1891 and then be bought by Japan, too late for service in the pending Chinese War and too early to avoid obsolescence before the Russian War, in which, nevertheless, she was to fly a commission pennant and under her adopted name *Izumi*²³ perform important duty the morning of the Battle of Tsushima.

The *Esmeralda* was a protected steel cruiser²⁴ with engines that drove her at the impressive rate of eighteen and a half knots, making her one of the fastest warships afloat.

The features which arrested the attention of naval ship-builders the world over were the layer of steel varying from half an inch to an inch in thickness under her deck planking and the steel protection afforded to the crews of the main batteries.

It was the *Esmeralda* that led to Japan's contracting with Elswick for the *Naniwa*, in which Togo first became an international figure, and the *Takachiho*, sisterships, characterized by Jane as "glorified editions" of the Chilean sensation.

IN May²⁵ 1884 Lieutenant Commander Togo was detached from the *Teihu* and sent back to the *Amagi* as Commanding Officer to succeed Ichiji, his old shipmate of Civil War days in the *Kasuga*.

This tour of duty lasted one month more than a year and was notable for the extended cruise in Chinese waters during the "trouble" between that country and France, which, like the Sino-Japanese hostilities beginning in 1931, was denied the status of warfare.

A fortnight after relieving Ichiji, the new skipper took his ship to Shanghai, where he reported to the *Fuso*, flagship of the detachment whose mission was to protect Japanese lives and property during the turmoil and, by observation of naval operations, learn whatever they could that might benefit their own service.

²³ Not to be confused with the much younger but partly contemporaneous armoured cruiser *Izumo*, another Elswick product (1899).

²⁴ Nearly 3000 tons, 270 feet long, big guns at the outset two 10-inch 82-calibre and six 6-inch 82-calibre rifles, 8 torpedo tubes.

²⁵ 15.

France's unrecognized ineptitude in the operations made her opponent appear proportionately stronger than the latter really was, and that accounts in part for the thoroughness of Japan's preparations for her own campaign against China and for the resultant ease with which her 1894 victory was attained.

The underlying causes of this particular Sino-French conflict must be sought in the distant European political manœuvres following the Franco-Prussian War. The Third Republic was trying desperately to regain, beyond the restricted confines of Europe proper, some of the prestige lost by the Second Empire. Jules Ferry, upon assuming the premiership in February 1883, embarked upon imperialistic campaigns in Tunis and the Orient, safely remote from any German sphere of influence.

He sincerely believed that Annam was a necessary support for Cochin-China, where France had been entrenched for many years. Tongking in turn seemed an essential bulwark for the protection of Annam. The French plan was to tap the markets of Yunnan and Szechuen via the Song-Koi (Red River) and its tributaries. By the treaty of 1874 between France and Annam, this river and the cities of Haiphong and Hanoi in its delta were opened to trade. The lower part of that waterway lay within Tongking, over which China, just as in the case of Korea, claimed but failed effectively to assert suzerainty. When Song-Koi traffic of the French suffered violent attacks at the hands of "Black Flag" outlaw brigands, mostly the refugee soldiers of suppressed Chinese rebellions, and Annam proved unable to restore order, France sent troops into Tongking to insure the safety of her commerce. China suddenly remembered that she was the overlord of Annam and pompously protested against a violation of her sovereignty. Again, as in Korea, proceeding with duplicity, China gave the "Black Flag" Tongking bandits secret support. She was in a dilemma, however, because of her impotency to clean up the region and provide adequate police protection for the foreigners and their trade. The only way out was taken by Li Hung-chang in agreeing to withdraw the Chinese irregulars from the troubled district in consideration of French acknowledgment of the fiction of Chinese suzerainty. The Commandant of Lang-Son misunderstood Li's order to evacuate and defied the French.

A clash there followed and France proceeded to turn on a

demonstration of larcenous terrorism. Rear Admiral Courbet, commanding on the Asiatic Station, with an eye to immediate practical benefits and knowing where a blow at China would hurt the most, advocated the seizure of Port Arthur or Wei-hai-wei. The Quai d'Orsay had no desire to run afoul of Russia's ambitions in those days when every move was directed towards the eventual entente, and was equally loath to undertake any operations in the Far East that might antagonize the British sufficiently for them to withhold the facilities of Hong-Kong's yards and docks, whose indispensability had much to do with the French omission of a declaration of war that would have imposed upon England the obligations of neutrality.

Weighing all of the factors upon the delicate diplomatic scales, the Government at Paris designated Formosa and the mainland directly opposite that Island as the theatre of Admiral Courbet's "reprisal" operations.

Commencing to perform his mission, that officer perpetrated a trick of which his country had no occasion to be proud, however many similar misdeeds committed by other imperialist states might be cited.

His ships casually steamed seriatim into the Min River, passing the entrance forts, which regarded the French colours as friendly and had no suspicion of any foul play. Four ships remained just behind the forts while the flagship with the rest of the force moved up the river to Fuchow, the location of one of China's major arsenals. Off the waterfront there swung peacefully at anchor a Chinese squadron consisting of a composite cruiser, six wooden sloops, two armed transports, two gunboats, seven spar-torpedo launches and some war junks. It was an imposing array of craft upon which to hang lanterns for a nocturnal display—but the naval illumination was to be provided by macabre fireworks in the daytime. The native ships would have been formidable additions to the armada of Kublai Khan but in 1884 were helpless targets against any European navy.

Safely past the sentries whose guns were irreversible, Courbet informed the astonished authorities that he was on a punitive expedition—that the guests for whom the drawbridge had been lowered were enemies whose walking-sticks were sword-canes. Two days after his unhindered passage of the delta forts he surveyed the archaic native flotilla as calmly as a golfer does the green before a critical putt, drew his bead, and

in seven minutes of Gallic detonations cleared the harbour of the entire Chinese squadron. The Chinese flagship was torpedoed, the other vessels were riddled by point-blank fire, and it was all as one-sided and businesslike as the execution of a spy. The arsenal ashore was destroyed, and, to complete the job, the entrance forts, helpless at their rear, were attacked from that angle by the ships descending the river.

This French boating party up the Song-koi took place late in August, while Togo still was in the Yangtse region, at Shanghai to be exact.

In the spring he had been told to take the *Amagi* up the river to see what he could see, with an eye to the protection of the rights of Japanese nationals. The French situation did not, of course, affect this central valley, but conditions generally were as unsettled as usual.

This ascent of the Yangtse was a noteworthy side-trip because the Lieutenant Commander proceeded all the way up to Hankow, six hundred miles from the mouth of the river, further from the coast than any other comparable seaport excepting Montreal. It was the first time that a Japanese man-of-war ever had been seen so far up the king of Chinese rivers.

Togo thus visited this chief waterway long before it lost its pure native aspect and he thereby penetrated what was still the real hinterland of China and not, what one journeying up the Yangtse-Kiang in later decades would have found, merely the geographical interior which, from the standpoint of foreign influence, was an extension of the seacoast.

He returned to Shanghai at the end of June. The ship was kept there by the Admiral until there came indications of trouble at Fuchow. Then Togo was ordered to proceed to the latter place. Six days after the annihilation of the Chinese squadron, the *Amagi* stood down the Hwang-poo, through the mouth of the Yangtse and towards the south. She was off Fuchow on September 1, after the pyrotechnics were all over.

Togo looked around and, learning that the French had crossed the Formosa Straits to attack Keelung and Tamsui on the northern coast of Formosa, managed to be on hand at the former place as soon after its reduction as a decent respect for French sensibilities permitted. He bore in mind the mandate of his Government that the Navy was to observe strict neutrality in the undeclared war.

Tamsui had repulsed the French assault but Keelung had

fallen. Three days after its bombardment, Togo was accepting the hospitality of Admiral Courbet's cabin in the flagship *Volta*. The former received permission to visit the demolished forts, which afforded precisely the kind of opportunity the Japanese were seeking.

The Captain and several of his officers from the *Amagi* inspected the ruins with Togoesque thoroughness. Only after a second meeting, in Japan long after the Battle of the Marne, did Togo realize that his young French escort had been none other than the future Marshal Joffre. Not an item was overlooked. The Japanese officers were interested in the effects of the naval bombardment but even more deeply in the Chinese type of coastal fortifications, their design, construction, artillery and ammunition. Togo carefully noted the location of these particular batteries and the conformation of the terrain. In a decade he was to stand there again, in Admiral Courbet's shoes.

Incidentally, Togo sized up the general condition and morale of the French warships. It is reasonable to guess that he recognized the lack of that ultra-smartness which imbued the Royal Navy.

After another long stay at Shanghai,²⁶ the *Amagi* received orders to return to Japan, and on January 14, 1885, entered Nagasaki Harbour, happy to be home once more.

The French, after subjecting Formosa, during the winter, to an alleged blockade, whose validity the British impeached as ineffective, and after delivering an assault upon the Pesca-dores, between Formosa and Fuchow, availed themselves of British mediation and, in April, concluded a treaty (after what Lewis Carroll would have called an unpeace), which was about the same in terms as the convention whose unintentional breach had caused all of the havoc.²⁷

It was felt at Tokyo that Lieutenant Commander Togo was deserving of signal recognition and he was tendered a banquet by the Mikado. This public honour brought the rising officer to the most favourable attention of his countrymen and marked him as a person of distinction.

At about the same time there was a private celebration in the Togo residence. About six weeks after the *Amagi*'s return from China, Hyo,²⁸ the eldest son of the house, was born.

²⁶ Returned there October 23, 1884.

²⁷ That French campaign in Tongking ended with Ribot's and Clemenceau's overthrow of the Ferry Ministry in March 1885.

²⁸ Permanent name. Born February 28, 1885.

This was the second child of the marriage, the first having been a daughter who died in infancy, and after Hyo there came another daughter who did not live very long.

The other children were to be a son, Minoru, born in 1890²⁹ at the Tokyo home, and a daughter born in 1891³⁰ at Kure.

In June³¹ Togo was promoted to the grade of Commander. Two days later he was detached from the *Amagi* for a long-overdue interlude of shore duty, which was to last nearly a year.

After a few days³² at the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, the Commander was sent to the Onahama Shipyard to supervise the construction of the *Yamato*.

The yard was at a place that some years earlier would have been described as near Hyogo. So completely, however, did the growing foreign settlement overshadow the old native city by 1885 that Kobe's proximity to the yard was more important than Hyogo's.

This Kobe-Osaka district was developing into the great industrial centre of the Empire, corresponding to the Manchester-Birmingham-Liverpool section of England or to what a geographical merger of, say, Chicago and Philadelphia, would represent of the United States. Here much of the matériel for the Navy was manufactured, along and near an extended waterfront, accessible to the deepest vessels and as well protected as if far inland.

The *Yamato* was one of three sisterships, the others being the *Katsuragi* and *Mushashi*, units in the domestic programme, which proceeded without interruption because of contemporary orders abroad. This parallel construction was the best way to develop the science and art of shipbuilding at home, with a corps of designers, engineers and artisans, and at the same time to obtain the most advanced models from the naval fashion centres. Japan was laying her foundations for the future with a most far-seeing breadth of vision.

The triplets of the *Yamato* class were clipper-bowed, bark-rigged composite vessels.³³ The *Katsuragi* had twin screws, a new departure in domestic manufacture, but the others had the simple single shaft. All were driven by horizontal compound engines turned out at the Yokosuka Yard as for the

²⁹ September 10.

³⁰ October 10.

³¹ 20.

³² June 22 to July 7.

³³ 207 feet long, 1500 tons.

earlier home-made units. The armament was imported.⁸⁴ Each ship had two torpedo tubes.

They were far behind the contemporary *Naniwa* class built at Elswick.

In May 1886 the *Yamato* was ready for her commission pennant and complement. The officer who had checked the construction and the installation of the equipment was the logical choice for the first skipper, whose function it would be to whip the craft into trim as a fighting unit and take the lead in impressing upon her the personality that a ship, like any other tightly-bound community or an individual, assumes in early life. Togo duly became the Commanding Officer.

The Imperial Navy, still stressing the prime matter of personnel, scrutinized its lists and determined upon a wholesale shake-up, to weed out the superannuated and the unfit and to enhance the usefulness of the more competent. The "plucking" and selection-up was done with great care. Those responsible for the result realized that in effect they were establishing the new officer hierarchy that would conduct the inevitable war against China, whose date was uncertain but happened to be only seven years away.

In this reorganization, Togo Heihachiro was moved up to the grade of Captain,⁸⁵ a very high rank for a man still under forty.⁸⁶

THIS summit of attainment and recognition was followed by several years, terminating in 1890, which Togo considered the least satisfactory of his entire life.

If a dozen distinguished admirals of various navies were asked to specify the qualifications for a successful commander of naval forces afloat, they all probably would head the list with robust health. Without vigour on the flagship bridge, all the experience of a lifetime at sea and the knowledge of intelligently mastered courses in *kriegspiel* at the War College will not suffice to provide the leadership of an effectively-handled fleet.

The halt in Togo's advancing career was due to a protracted period of ill health. He tried to throw off the indisposition and he succeeded in doing so eventually, but it was a long struggle, replete with disappointments and anxiety.

The first interruption in the performance of his duty

⁸⁴ Krupps and Nordenfelts.

⁸⁵ July 18, 1886.

⁸⁶ By Japanese terminology he was thirty-nine.

occurred shortly after the uniforms came back from the tailor with the fourth gold stripe. For over a year Togo was almost constantly ill.⁸⁷ He tried pretending to himself that he was normal, but reached a point where it was absolutely impossible for him to force himself to perform his daily tasks aboard ship. At various times he thought he was all right, only to break down soon again.

During the early autumn he was laid up, but in November experienced one of those improvements which he deceived himself into regarding as full recovery. Assuring the Department of his physical fitness, the Captain was given the joint posts of Superintendent of the Yokosuka Arsenal and Commanding Officer of the old *Asama*, a sailing vessel captured from pirates and used as a sort of station-ship at the Yokosuka Yard. These assignments did not impose onerous duties upon Togo and gave him an opportunity to remain ashore, relatively near home, and take care of his health.

Even this work proved too strenuous. The man was sick. He was driven back to bed and his double duty was cancelled in toto.⁸⁸

The only service he was called upon to render during 1887 was in July as one of the judges of a Court of Inquiry that sat at the Yokosuka Navy Yard to probe the grounding of the *Kongo* (which did not destroy the ship).

On August 23, Heihachiro's sole surviving brother, Shirobe, died. Masu-ko, who proudly saw her husband and three sons march off to defend Kagoshima against the British in 1863, with her youngest son Shirozaemon remaining at home, now was bereft of all but one of her men. At this time, that last son's splendid career seemed to have run its course. No one could guess that a semi-invalid for three years in what should have been the prime of life would be able to perform the most physically taxing duties when nearly sixty.

1888 and 1889 dragged wearily along for the stranded Captain, although his indefatigable efforts to refloat himself did not escape due appreciation. The Department co-operated in every way, ungrudgingly granting extended sick leaves whenever needed and cheerfully finding suitable billets when the Captain insisted upon trying active duty.

Togo commanded his old *Hiei* for a while during 1889 and in that October presided over a General Court Martial growing out of a naval explosion.

⁸⁷ From September 7, 1886 until January 15, 1888.

⁸⁸ February 2, 1887.

During that year Togo was advanced in Court rank. This was the honour that counted and still counts most in Japan, where an individual's precedence and dignity are determined not by his title in the nobility but by his Court rank and decoration. This is a system of Imperial gradation peculiar to Japan and not always understood by foreigners. As a part of the custom-made Restoration, Ito imported the new classification, of princes (of the royal blood and then of the Empire), marquises, counts, viscounts and barons. This was during what Professor Gowen called "the epidemic of foreign fads"³⁹ that swept Japan during the Seventies and Eighties and was followed by a reaction towards native tradition in intangible matters. Already in 1889, when Togo received that advancement in Court rank, the transplanted titles were less coveted than the positions of seniority at the Imperial Palace. This sentiment grew and it was characteristic of Togo that he should share it to a high degree. Although, as has been indicated previously, he entered Court functions directly after the Imperial family and held various honours that outshone those of other distinguished heroes and statesmen, he never had any interest in mere titles and was content, after being made a Count in 1907, to remain such until his deathbed. This was unimportant; otherwise a higher—the highest—titles in the nobility would have been thrust upon him before he became a Marquis at the very end.

WHILE Togo virtually was on the side-lines, Japan continued her progress.

Industry and commerce were expanding.

The Navy was marching in step. In 1887 the present Academy, on the footing of a real college, was established at Yetajima near Kure. From foreign and domestic ways slid a succession of warships.

Yarrow sent over the torpedo-boat *Kotaka* in sections, like a portable house, and the parts were assembled at home. She was the first armoured craft of her class and foreshadowed the torpedo-boat-destroyer type which was to render the torpedo-boat obsolete, although she was tiny compared to destroyers of the 1930's.⁴⁰

³⁹ Herbert H. Gowen. *An Outline History of Japan*. (Appleton 1932), p. 381.

⁴⁰ 190 tons, 170 feet long, 20 feet beam, 5 feet draft, being able to penetrate the shallowest navigable waters. 19 knots, twin screws, and 6 torpedo tubes.

The same year, while Togo was seeing the finishing touches put on the *Yamato* and giving her the trial runs and shake-down cruise, there were other craft under the hammers at the Onahama Yard.

The *Yamato* trio was followed by quadruplets,⁴¹ in the design of whose superstructures and armament the spirit of experimentation was fostered above all else. As a result, a layman might have seen the four vessels anchored near one another in a roadstead without realizing that the variety of superficial appearances reflected merely the individualities of sisters.

More important craft were being constructed abroad. Due to the influence of Bertin, the Frenchman who had supervised the establishment of the Yokosuka Yard, (by a coincidence, at the site of Will Adams' shipwright enterprise of two-and-a-half centuries before), the Japanese temporarily forsook the Royal Navy leadership and allowed their imitative eyes to cross the Channel. French yards built four French-looking gunboats then classed as cruisers,⁴² and the contemporary smaller native craft were also strongly Gallic in their characteristics.⁴³ The *Hashidate* was turned out at Yokosuka somewhat later, on the plans of the *Itsukushima*, and with some imported fabricated parts.

Japan was amassing the sea force that was to defeat China and, in connection with that war, many of these units will be mentioned again and described with more particularity.

THE Japanese pageant of progress paraded past the windows of Togo's sickroom. He saw more European attire. Communications from Kyushu came by improved postal service over the new railways and by telegraph. In 1890 the telephone was made available to public subscription. On humid days the heavier clouds of smoke attested to the increasing number of factories.

Of especial interest to the sea-minded patient was the growth of the merchant marine, the necessary ally of the Imperial Navy. In contrast to approximately eighteen thousand tons of steamships under Japanese registry at the close of the Civil War and to less than sixty-four thousand when Togo returned from England in 1878, there were, a decade later, nearly two

⁴¹ *Maya*, *Akagi*, *Atago* and *Chiokai*; first two built at Onahama, *Atago* at Yokosuka and *Chiokai* at Tokyo; 622 tons, slow, two composite and two all-steel.

⁴² *Itsukushima*, *Matsushima*, *Unebi* and *Chishima*.

⁴³ *Yayeyama*, *Oshima* and *Takao*.

hundred thousand and this tonnage was to triple during the Nineties.

Political developments were no less rapid. Under the draftsmanship of Ito, who in 1885 became the Prime Minister of the first Cabinet, the Constitution was promulgated "granting a parliamentary form of government along Western lines."⁴⁵

As Minister of Foreign Affairs, Inouye had undertaken the task of treaty revision—to eliminate the obnoxious extra-territorial rights of foreigners. Only the United States was truly sympathetic and the negotiations moved slowly. The future Count Okuma Shigenobu succeeded Inouye and hammered away at the inertia of vested European prerogatives. Some hostile critics introduced a new note of foreign influence into Japanese political technique by addressing Okuma, not with the daggers of old, but with the bomb currently in vogue among Russian and Italian regicides. Okuma lost two servants and a leg.

Many of the Restoration statesmen disappeared from the public picture, a shocking number by violence,⁴⁶ but new faces became familiar and there marched in the van that torch-bearing pair of former young Choshu radicals, Ito and Inouye, now more conservative but still lighting the path of Meiji progress.

The Sa-cho-to elements retained their influence over national affairs, no longer as a faction but merely by virtue of the ascendant position of so many individuals from the component provinces of the old fusion group.

With 1890 came convalescence for Captain Togo. By spring he was so much improved that his desire for active service could be gratified. Fortunately, he had piled up to his credit more than sufficient time afloat during the decade following his return from England, to permit his record to absorb the years of illness and some shore duty.

The interlude of invalidism was not altogether a professional hiatus. Togo employed the otherwise idle hours by reading

⁴⁴ February 11, 1889.

⁴⁵ It incorporated a bill of rights which transplanted to the Far East those hard-won acknowledgments of individual liberty that forty years later were to wither on the continent of their conception. Okuma and some of the other statesmen had favoured an even more liberal constitution. The first election was an epochal event, even more because of its implications than its great immediate significance. The Diet was convened on November 9, 1890.

⁴⁶ Okubo had been assassinated by old Saigo adherents at about the very time of Togo's return from England in the spring of 1878.

and study. He kept abreast of all technical naval progress and of current events throughout the world. One of his chief sources of information as to the history-in-the-making was the monthly *Gaikaijho*, which still is a journal of wide influence.

Most intensely Togo burrowed into volumes on international law, working in his tireless, relentless way. The naval officer never abandoned hope of returning to sea and he was resolved to equip himself for the important crises that may arise any time a squadron commander or the captain of a ship on solitary duty is in contact with a foreign nation or its extraterritorial antennae.

It happened that, during Togo's captain's cruise in the *Naniwa* shortly after his recovery, he found good use for his acquaintance with international law and full justification for the effort he had exerted. In later years, the Admiral enjoined upon the younger officers the mastery of that subject, always emphasizing the possibility that a little point of international law carried under the uniform cap had saved many an officer, suddenly confronted by an emergency far from libraries or counsel, from making a blunder that would have been costly to his flag and fatal to himself.

Captain Togo's first assignment when he resumed active service⁴⁷ was as Chief-of-Staff to Vice Admiral Viscount Nakamura who was Commandant of the Kure Naval Base. This post brought Togo right up to the minute with every phase of naval activity: the main shore establishment with its construction and repair departments, the fleet operations, the training of personnel and the source of munitions and supplies. He had a better all-around view of the Imperial Navy from this position of Second-in-Command at Kure than he could have had in the Department at Tokyo or in the fleet itself. The office was one of the most responsible that a Captain could fill. Togo thus resumed his career where he had been compelled to drop it.

That October he was appointed Chairman of a Board of Mine Inspection to examine the underwater defences guarding the Straits of Shimonoseki. This task was performed with un-hurried thoroughness.

Togo suffered a short physical relapse the following winter. The last part of February and the beginning of March were consumed by sick leave, but this was a mere setback and not an indication that the apparent recovery had not been basically real. He soon again was well and rejoined the other members

⁴⁷ May 18, 1890.

of his Board at their important work of analyzing and strengthening the submerged hinges of "the gates of Bakan."

All spring, summer and fall of 1891 this job was pressed forward.

In July occurred a significant naval event. The North China Fleet, upon which was to rest the full burden of China's defence in 1894-5, visited Yokohama. Notably in the flotilla were the twin prides of Li Hung-chang's navy, the *Ting-Yuen* and *Chen-Yuen*.

"Made in Germany," products of Stettin in 1881, they were sturdy-looking steel "ironclads,"⁴⁸ each mounting a main battery of four 12-inch Krupps. They were ambitiously designed warships for their day. Togo was to cross salvos with them both.

In command was Admiral Ting, whom Togo had met at Chemulpo in 1882.⁴⁹

The Chinese Admiral took delight in displaying his flagship and hearing the compliments inspired by her guns, barbettes and three torpedo tubes. He entertained aboard lavishly and Togo attended one of the receptions. His professional eye peered over the rim of his tea-cup but he had a better opportunity for inspection when the Chinese squadron stopped at Kure for some repairs. The Chief-of-Staff of the Base seized that chance to go through the flagship from bow to stern. He scrutinized every part of the possible future target to locate her most vulnerable spots and study her fighting qualities.

To Admiral Ting's astonishment, this non-committal and silent Japanese officer did not join in the chorus of praise; Togo did not utter a word of admiration for the German-Chinese warship.

The vessel was formidable physically but her personnel seemed to Togo lacking in that military discipline and morale without which the most powerful floating engine of war is ineffective as a fighting unit. The guns were not clean, and draped upon them in disarray was scrubbed clothing hung up to dry. This was not a warship but a Chinese laundry.

"We navy men," confided Togo to friends, "regard guns as

⁴⁸ 7430 tons.

⁴⁹ The seeming-identity of names of Admiral and flagship is due to the limitations of translation. In Chinese the officer's name means "Precise," the vessel's "Pacification," but both are rendered phonetically in English as "Ting." The "Yuen" suffix is common in the Chinese Navy and denotes a craft for service "far and wide," somewhat loosely similar to the word "kan" appended to the names of Japanese warships.

among the most important things aboard our ships but the Chinese seemed more concerned about their wash. Therefore, I am not afraid of that wonderful Chinese warship."

In December 1891 the task at Shimonoseki had reached a stage which persuaded the Department that Captain Togo could be spared for sea. His new orders initiated what proved to be the paramount cruise⁵⁰ of his career up to the Russian War. On the fourteenth of that month he assumed command of the *Naniwa*. Had this historic cruiser not been wrecked in the treacherous Kuriles in 1912, she undoubtedly would be preserved for posterity in a memorial similar to that of Togo's *Mikasa*.

⁵⁰ Because of a brief interruption in 1894, pair of cruises.

CHAPTER VII

THE HAWAIIAN REVOLUTION

THE Hawaiian Islands, off the early trade routes of the wind-jammers when Japan was incommunicado, Australia a barbarous wilderness and California a Spanish frontier, had become by the Nineties a cross-roads of travel.

There was ringing in the ears of the successor generations William H. Seward's famous prediction: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

The London *Times* had added: "The Maritime Power that holds Pearl River, and moors its fleet there, possesses the key to the Northern Pacific."

The archipelago stands alone amid a vast expanse of sea, not another potential base existing within a radius roughly equal to Honolulu's distance from the mainland. The North American coastal waters lie within a sector whose shoreline arc curves from the Aleutian Islands to the Isthmus and whose centre is Hawaii. It was in this zone that the United States fleet held its much-discussed manoeuvres of the spring of 1935.

Togo Heihachiro's one and only contretemps with the strong Republic across the ocean occurred at this fulcrum of the first western line of United States maritime defence and during the period when the growing maladjustment of Hawaiian ethnology to strategic geography was being rectified by political merger.

The stalwart native monarchy withheld several foreign declarations of sovereignty but in 1874 the direct dynastic line of Kamehamehas came to an end.

The next king, Kalakaua, was seated by dubious methods of imported white ingenuity and his reign was marked by venality, debauchery and vulgar exhibitionism. Prompted by alien rascals appointed to high governmental offices, Kalakaua turned viciously anti-foreign, flouted the constitution by a usurpation of dictatorial power, embarked upon an absurd project to acquire a mid-ocean hegemony bombastically called "The Primacy

of the Pacific," and ended up in an orgy of uncontrolled decadence. This contemptible ruler survived a revolution, then betrayed the resultant new constitution of 1887, but, to the relief of every decent subject, died at San Francisco in January 1891.

His older sister, Lydia, was the wife of a Bostonian named Dominis, who by nepotism had become Governor of Oahu.¹ She was a buxom lady of over fifty, whose features indicated an admixture of negro blood, had travelled widely, written many poems and composed many songs, been prominent in local philanthropic activities and always had displayed a strong personality. Crowned as Queen Liliuokalani, Mrs. Dominis became the next sovereign.

Instead of analyzing correctly the cause of the unsatisfactory nature of the reign of her reprobate predecessor and brother, the new Queen attributed his failure to weak compromise of royal absolutism. She had attended the Golden Jubilee in London in 1887 and now fancied herself a kind of dusky Victoria. As long as Liliuokalani had her Prince Consort on hand to guide Hawaiian statesmanship it was all right, but Mr. Dominis died shortly after his wife's accession and then the trouble began.

The Queen fell under the worst type of renegade white influence which pandered to her corruptible vanity. She assumed autocratic powers and employed them to enrage the missionaries by admitting opium and licensing lotteries. Her personal deportment did not fulfil the requirements for Caesar's wife.

The white population chafed under this corroding dynasty. Moral sensibilities were offended. The sugar interests wanted to overthrow the monarchy, incite American intervention and annexation, and enjoy the current bounty paid to growers in the United States. This economic interpretation of the unrest has been blamed by many as the chief cause of the ensuing revolution.² Other students are satisfied that the desire for American acquisition emanated from a good old-fashioned yearning for Anglo-Saxon law and order with Anglo-Saxon individual liberty. Recently, Professor Julius W. Pratt of Buffalo University exhumed from the archives of the State Department at Washington a misfiled letter written by Lorrin A. Thurston, one of the instigators of the insurrection, which

¹ The island on which the capital-metropolis of Honolulu was situated.

² See Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, *The Rise of American Civilization*. (Macmillan 1933), Vol. II, p. 359.

gives documentary confirmation to this latter view.³ Further corroboration is found in the eagerness of the Europeans in Hawaii for the supersedure of American authority. The British naturally longed for absorption within the Empire, but their second choice was the United States.

There was, in any event, a seething undercurrent of revolt in the Islands during the fall of 1892.

Whenever there was any sign of trouble at a pivotal spot in those days of flowering imperialism, the chancellories of Europe were keenly alert observers.

John W. Foster, who became Secretary of State following the resignation of Blaine in June 1892 and handled the submission of the annexation treaty under President Harrison, said: "Four times in its past history a foreign flag other than that of the United States has floated over the islands—first the Russian, then the French, afterward the British, and again the French. Any one of these Powers would gladly assume sovereignty again, and to them is to be added as a menace the rising power of Japan."⁴

Shrewd analysts of the international situation eliminated the candidacies of the European nations. Not one of them was in a mood to trespass upon the American zone of influence in the ulterior ocean.

Admiral Ammen, the officer who as Captain of the *Piscataqua* had prevented Enomoto from seizing the *Azuma* and was a recognized authority upon Pacific affairs, wrote to a Congressional committee: "It does not require a prophet to foresee that those islands in the near future will be either American or Japanese."⁵

The Japanese poured into the sugar and pineapple plantations at a geometric rate of progression. Out of a total population of about 109,000 in 1896, there were more than 24,000 of Japanese stock and almost all adult males. Even in 1892 there were 15,000 Japanese in the Islands. In 1883 there had been only 116.

Admiral Walker, who commanded the United States Pacific

³ *The Hawaiian Revolution: A Re-Interpretation.* Pacific Historical Review, Vol. 1 (1932), No. 3, p. 273. See Lorrin A. Thurston, *A Handbook on the Annexation of Hawaii*.

⁴ Address before the National Geographic Society, March 26, 1897. (Pamphlet, Gibson, 1897.)

⁵ That was just as obvious in 1892 as when it was said in 1896. Indeed, some perspicacious realists, such as Admiral Porter, anticipated the alternative when Hawaii signed the "most favoured nation" immigration treaty with Japan in 1871.

force in 1894, appraised the unassimilated Japanese population of Hawaii in these words: "They are inclined to be turbulent—they stand together as a solid body, and their leaders are said to have political ambitions, and propose to claim for their free men the right to vote under the conditions with which that right is granted to other foreigners. They are a brave people, with military instincts, and would fight if aroused to violence. . ." He added that the United States naval force in those waters was inferior to the Japanese detachment, which latter included the *Naniwa* (Captain Togo Heihachiro) on her second visit, soon to be mentioned.

In 1892 and 1893 "the irrepressible contest between the Asiatic and American civilizations" in Hawaii came to its first crisis. Japan was not yet strong enough to involve herself in an issue vital to the United States. Had it been thirty years later . . . who can tell? Five years later, when annexation was consummated, Japan, fresh from her maritime triumph over China, filed a protest which never was pressed but never has been withdrawn.⁶ During the Revolution of 1893 she merely glowered in silence.

It was with this glowering that Togo was concerned.

The protected steel cruiser of which he assumed command in mid-December 1891 was one of those splendid Elswick 1885 super-*Esmeraldas*, entitled with Osaka's legendary, poetic name, *Naniwa*.⁷ She was far and away the finest craft in which Togo so far had served, and a warship of which any navy would have been proud.

As Captain Togo stood on her bridge and watched her sleek steel shape slice the water, observed her heavy guns gleam from the loading stations, noticed her perfected searchlights and other modern naval accessories, his years of illness dropped from thought. He was fulfilling the ambition of his life.

During 1892 the *Naniwa* cruised in home waters and across to the continental littoral. In the early fall she participated in squadron drills. Togo whipped her into fighting trim. The crew learned the meaning of hard and profitable work. Their ship was spick-and-span, the guns knew how to hit the

⁶ Communication from Japanese Minister Hoshi at Washington to Secretary of State Sherman, June 19, 1897. See Thomas A. Bailey, *Japan's Protest Against the Annexation of Hawaii*, The Journal of Modern History, Vol. 8, No. 1 (March, 1931), p. 46 and p. 52.

⁷ 8700 tons, 300 feet, beam 46 feet, (initial) main battery of two 10-inch Krupps and strong secondary battery of six 6-inch and smaller rapid-fire pieces, 4 torpedo tubes, high speed of over 18 knots, cruising speed of about 15 knots with a large radius, complement 350.

target (as measured by the prevailing standards) and the personnel was a soundly trained military organization.

The *Naniwa* and other new ships, cruising in company, were sent from one to another of the Japanese seaports, to stimulate added popular interest in the Navy and to familiarize the officers with their own harbours.

On November 15 the *Naniwa* returned to Tokyo Bay, where she lay for several weeks, undergoing the usual routine over-haul and giving the crew leaves. Togo was able to see a great deal of his family.

Then in February there flashed to the Navy a rescue call from one of the Pacific islands off Kyushu and the *Naniwa* was detailed to respond. This mission was capably performed.

A short while after her return to the Yokosuka Yard came one of those sudden orders⁸ for which a warship always must be ready, that galvanize her into instant activity, that break off the placid present and throw all hands zestfully into a wholly different environment and atmosphere.

Tokyo received cable news of a revolution in Hawaii.

Togo was summoned to headquarters and acquainted with all available information, as it had been decided to send the *Naniwa* to Honolulu under his command.

THIS is what had happened in the Hawaiian Islands: On Saturday morning January 14, the U.S.S. *Boston* which had been at Honolulu since August, was re-entering the harbour after a ten days' trip to Hilo. The American Minister, John S. Stevens, and his daughter were passengers on this cruise. Whether Stevens, an ardent annexationist, had absented himself from the capital in order to give the fomenting political trouble a chance to burst or whether he merely had seized an opportunity for a restful outing never will be known. Two things, however, are reasonably certain: first, that the crisis at Honolulu was accelerated by the temporary disappearance of the American warship and the American envoy, and second, that the *Boston's* plans were dictated in good faith by the urgent need for a break in the monotony of swinging at a buoy for months on end and by the even more urgent need for long-overdue target practice.⁹

The Queen, in regalia that would have done credit to a Har-

⁸ February 8, 1893.

⁹ Log of U.S.S. *Boston* and volume by one of her officers, Lt. Lucien Young, U.S.N., *The Real Hawaii, Its History and Present Condition*. (Doubleday and McClure, 1899), an enlarged and revised edition of his *The Boston at Hawaii* (Gibson, 1898).

lem lodge, convened her ministers and promulgated her intention to substitute for the 1887 liberal constitution one more in harmony with her czarist ideas. The leading white citizens, already unofficially organized, appointed a Committee of Safety and prepared to settle the entire political problem then and there.

The various factions began to mutter and mobilize. Riots were brewing. Sugar was forgotten, Liliuokalani's alleged amorous indiscretions were forgotten, there arose in the saner minds only a resolve that the populace should be safeguarded against spontaneous combustion.

Minister Stevens, the opportuness of whose return and whose despatch to the State Department that "The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it," evoked the subsequent suspicions of anti-annexationists, asked Captain Wiltz of the *Boston* to do what he'd been sent there to do: protect American lives and property.

A small force was sent ashore, marched through the streets and encamped near but tactfully screened from the Executive Building, while noisy mass meetings were being held elsewhere in the city. The mere presence of this landing party was a pacifying influence and the basis of the future accusations of American imperialism.

On the following day,¹⁰ the Committee of Safety, taking possession of the Executive Building, proclaimed the end of the monarchy and the establishment of a Provisional Government to function during the interregnum "until the terms of union with the United States of America shall have been negotiated and agreed upon." That was the revolution.

The new administration was headed by Judge Sanford B. Dole, a distinguished-looking gentleman of flowing beard and stately mien, drafted from the Supreme Court with the almost unanimous acknowledgment that his character, temperament and ability made him the ideal individual to step into the breach. A Hawaiian native of American missionary descent and of both local and New England education, he knew the Islands and personified the projected link with the United States.

From the deposed Queen came a protest to President Harrison that she had been ousted by his scheming envoy and meddling marines. The American flag was hoisted and a Protectorate proclaimed,¹¹ but only at Honolulu and not at Washington.

¹⁰ January 17.

¹¹ February 1.

The *Kongo* had been at San Francisco and stopped at Honolulu en route to Japan. She was there when Togo received his sailing orders to proceed at once to that port and upon arrival to take such measures as the circumstances demanded and international law permitted for the protection of Japanese lives and property.

February 8 saw the *Naniwa* clearing the bay and streaking towards the southeast on her thirty-four-hundred-mile run. This was Togo's first voyage over that part of the Pacific. In about two weeks, during which the skipper kept his ship in the pink of condition, the western landmark of the archipelago hove into sight.

Past Kaui, across the deep blue Kaiefe Waho Channel, sped the cruiser. Ahead on the port bow towered the highest peak on Oahu, Mauna Kaala. The shore slipped by and then from a great distance through the pellucid air the Japanese sailors beheld the lofty palisade of Diamond Head, bare of verdure but upon closer view seen to be rising from a thick mat of tropical green matching the inshore hue of the rolling surf.

The hearts of some Japanese must have beaten faster on the plantations behind the fringing cocoanut palm trees as they beheld the cruiser sweep past flying the Rising Sun. In future years they were to relate: "That was Togo."

Under Diamond Head the *Naniwa* swung into the channel, along the coral reef and the shining sands of Waikiki.

There lay Honolulu, beneath a high, extinct volcano, in a beautiful setting. The waterfront gave evidence at a distance of the city's being a huge exotic outpost of Western civilization. At the docks were many merchant vessels. Anchored along the roads were the familiar *Kongo*, H.M.S. *Garnet*, and an American squadron including the *Boston* and the little *Mohican*, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Skerrett, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the Pacific. The *Boston* was to do valiant work five years later as Dewey's last-in-column at Manila Bay, but Togo perceived at a glance that his *Naniwa* was by far the prize warship in the harbour, and so did the observers on the other vessels.

From the *Boston's* log:

February 23, 1893.—Meridian to 4 P.M.

"Japanese man-of-war *Naniwa-kan* anchored outside bar at 12.30, and fired a national salute of (21) guns, Hawaiian flag at the main. At 12.30 she fired (13) guns, American flag at the fore and was answered by U.S.F.S. *Mohican* with (13) guns. She got

under way at 2.10 and stood into harbour, at 2.40 let go her anchor on our starboard bow and commenced mooring ship.”¹²

Togo lost no time in tapping the sources of information. From the Commanding Officer of the *Kongo* and from Fuji Saburo, the Consul, he learned that the Provisional Government still was in power, recognized by the United States but not by Japan, and that the Islands were tense with the uncertainty of their destiny and the agitations of the polychromatic and polyglot factions.

The next day the Captain of the *Naniwa* called away the gig and paid his respects to Admiral Skerrett aboard the *Mohican* and then to Captain Wiltse of the *Boston*, meeting the latter within a week of the expiration of his tour of duty and detachment. These visits duly were returned and similar calls were exchanged with the Commanding Officer of the British *Garnet*.

The nationalist-royalists were at the height of their intriguing to hoist back the maligned daughter of divine right upon the collapsed throne, whereas the members of the white community day by day became more determined that the hue of the Government should not lose its bleach. On all sides it was taken for granted that the treaty of annexation submitted by President Harrison to the United States Senate would be ratified and that the merger then would possess the character of a *fait accompli*.

Togo and his compatriots did not relish this aspect but the Imperial Navy, developing though it was, had not yet attained a strength warranting defiance to Uncle Sam in his own duck-pond.

The schism in the civilian ranks cut through all phases of the Islands' life, from the political through the economic, racial and social to the religious divergence of Christianity from a horrendous form of paganism.

Togo assembled his officers and delivered one of his infrequent, terse talks, cautioning them against embroilments on the beach and warning the younger ones in particular to be discreet in speech and in conduct.

¹² This was not the first time that the *Naniwa* had exchanged greetings with an American warship in foreign waters. One meeting, at Malta in 1887, afforded an ironic contrast for the observation of the British in attendance. This European representative of Perry's Navy, the antiquated *Pensacola* of Mississippi fame, which long since had earned a rest, lay alongside that splendid new Japanese cruiser, fresh from the Elswick Yard. It is interesting to note that the Captains became the victors of the two great Asiatic naval battles of the Nineties, George Dewey and Ito Yukyo.

The arrival of the *Naniwa* had let loose a whole new swarm of rumours respecting Japanese intentions. The reputed presence aboard of a matrimonially-eligible prince of the blood revived talk of a royal alliance. One of the newspapers speculated:

"There is little doubt that Japan looks upon these islands with an eye of longing, and that there has been a plan under foot to bring them under Japanese influence by the marriage of one of the Princes of the Imperial House with Kaiulani. The young prince now on board the *Naniwa*, Komatsunomiya, is the one whom the Japanese Government have had in mind for this purpose. He is described as a very courteous and cultivated gentleman of about twenty-five years of age."¹⁸

There was something wrong with that picture. The only prince of that name was then over fifty years of age and there is no evidence that he or any other member of the nobility was aboard the *Naniwa*, either in the capacity of open courtier or concealed beneath the incognito of naval garb and title. It seems a bit incredible that Togo's hasty despatch from Japan should have included the embarkation of a spare royal bridegroom.

Such suggestions of intermarriage between the two reigning houses as there had been broached, seem, not unnaturally, to have emanated from the lesser to the greater. Not only was Barkis willin', but, when King Kalakaua visited the Mikado in 1881, he had said so. To this social extremity the genealogically fastidious Emperor Meiji was not ready to go.

The general inferences drawn by the editorial were reasonable:

"The revolution has of course among other things overturned these ideas of territorial expansion in the Pacific, and it is probably not viewed with much favour in Japanese official circles. So long, however, as the United States maintains any claim to ascendancy in these islands, it is safe to assume that there will be no interference from any other quarter. If that claim should be withdrawn, it is exceedingly doubtful whether Japan would withhold her hand any longer from the 'Hawaiian Pear.'"

Quietly the *Naniwa*'s skipper got his bearings in Honolulu. It was impossible to foregauge the duration of his stay or the sudden crises that might enliven it. As soon as practicable the *Kongo* was to continue on her homeward journey. Before doing so, she made a cruise around the Islands the first week

¹⁸ The Daily Bulletin of Honolulu. March 21, 1893.

in March; Japanese labourers were not all in the environs of Honolulu.

On the fourth, in Washington, a former occupant with a very different set of international concepts replaced Benjamin Harrison in the White House. Three days later this distant event was interlocked with the affairs of Hawaii by President Cleveland's withdrawal from the Senate of the pending annexation treaty. He would not accept the gift-horse until not only had he looked it in the mouth but also had verified the title of the donor.

This was the most radical kind of unorthodox statesmanship in that era before Self-Determination of Small Peoples had been elevated to respectability by another Democratic President.

Grover Cleveland's foremost biographer, Allan Nevins, regards the Hawaiian affair as more important historically than the better known Venezuelan boundary dispute.¹⁴ The Monroe Doctrine was established prior to British Guiana's attempted territorial encroachment, but the great issue of American Imperialism that subsequently came to a climax with the War of '98, arose out of this proposal to acquire the Hawaiian Islands.

That the United States as well as the insular country primarily involved faced a grave question no one denied. There quickly formed the sides that for many years were to wage the controversy over outlying territorial dependencies and their propriety within the political scheme of American philosophy. Admiral Mahan, championing the cause of annexation of Hawaii upon grounds of sheer strategic necessity, declared that "the United States finds herself compelled to answer a question — to make a decision — not unlike and less momentous than that required of the Roman senate when the Mamertine garrison invited it to occupy Messina and so to abandon the hitherto traditional policy which had confined the expansion of Rome to the Italian peninsula."¹⁵

Cleveland was suspicious of the allegedly purely patriotic motives of those responsible for the January coup and for the Provisional Government. It was easy to make out a *prima facie* case against them: Stevens' sympathies, the Boston's marines, the Queen's protests. There were present the elements of a stroke of European aggrandizement. For incentive:

¹⁴ *Grover Cleveland, A Study in Courage.* (Dodd, Mead, 1932), p. 549.

¹⁵ *Hawaii And Our Future Sea-Power.* Forum, Vol. 15 (March 1893), pp. 1-11.

sugar, of course. There also were personal aspects that aroused the President's distrust.¹⁶

He sent James H. Blount as "Commissioner Paramount" to investigate and report. The latter was a small-navy ex-Congressman with pacifist preconceptions and Polynesian illusions, not gifted with statesmanlike discernment or tact, an unhappy selection.

The *Kongo* returned to her anchorage at Honolulu¹⁷ one day after Cleveland's withdrawal of the Hawaiian treaty, but the local authorities managed to keep the lid on the boiling pot and there was every prospect that the new régime would be able to justify its existence by maintaining order. Togo felt capable of unsupportedly protecting Japanese interests with the *Naniwa*, as he and his men watched the *Kongo* unmoor, glide through the aperture in the reef and carry away to sea her homeward-bound pennant trailing its tape-like form astern.¹⁸

The senior naval officer present at a foreign port whose Government and his own have not accepted an introduction knows of pleasanter situations. Sitting at Honolulu it was more difficult to pretend that the *de facto* Government did not exist than for the Foreign Office at Tokyo. The Mikado was not on speaking terms with President Dole but it was Togo who was in the front line of embarrassment.

One day the Chief Executive of the Islands, his whiskers waving in the breeze, was coming across the harbour in a boat which pulled up alongside a United States warship anchored near the *Naniwa*. The American bluejackets manned the rails and the Hawaiian President was received with the same full honours that would have been accorded to Queen Victoria, Empress of India, because naval ceremony, snobbish as to rank, is a democratic leveller of nations. Ordinarily, as the guns of the American man-of-war barked out their hail-to-the-chief, the *Naniwa* would have rendered honours in courteous acknowledgment of the proximity of the exalted presence. Togo could not even allow the humblest mess-attendant to salute. The routine uninterrupted and the ship undressed, her skipper

¹⁶ Stevens had been an intimate friend of Blaine, the arch-villain of the Republican Party in the eyes of Cleveland and of his Secretary of State, Walter Q. Gresham, that former aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination whose recent conversion to Democracy had been a minor sensation of the last campaign. Whatever Blaine and his chief, Harrison, and his chum, Stevens, had sponsored, Cleveland and more particularly Gresham were predisposed against.

¹⁷ March 8.

¹⁸ March 16.

turned his back upon the scene of the naval reception and gazed seawards, behaving precisely as if nothing unusual were transpiring in the harbour. This was not bad manners but the ostriching imposed by the situation. Nevertheless, the Japanese had no love for the dominant American group that was arranging annexation.

Togo met Dole, of course, while at Honolulu. In London in 1911, as the Japanese veteran was entering the British Museum, he was stopped by the outstretched hand of an elderly civilian of imposing carriage. Seeing that Togo could not place the stranger, the former's aide, Taniguchi, smilingly explained: "This is Judge Dole, Admiral, the President of Hawaii whom eighteen years ago you declined to salute."¹⁹

The two old gentlemen, both deep in the age of reminiscence, enjoyed a chat about those remote days when Hawaii's future was being determined. Dole was now back on the bench, a United States District Court Judge in the Territory, and Togo was the Hero of Tsushima. Both had many more years of usefulness and pleasure ahead of them, Judge Dole living until 1926, the grand old man of Hawaii, whose name was impressed upon history and the majority of pineapple cans.

It is probable that Dole's recollections of the Captain of the *Naniwa* clustered about an incident concerning the fate of an unfortunate miscreant whose identity long since had been forgotten. The event was described in *The Daily Bulletin*²⁰ of Honolulu as "the most sensational one in Hawaiian affairs since the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes."

One Imada Yasaka, a Japanese inhabitant of Maui, had killed a fellow-countryman with a hatchet, had been convicted of manslaughter in the second degree and sentenced to twenty-one years at hard labour in the Oahu Prison, out on a reef near Honolulu.²¹

The vigilance of the jailers at that local Devil's Island had been impugned some six months before by the escape and the disappearance in an outgoing vessel of two white convicts.

In the early morning of the day that the *Kongo* sailed, a detail of prisoners, including Imada, was brought from the penitentiary on the reef to the city for some work at the Quarantine Station under the eyes and muzzles of their guards.

Suddenly those on the topside of the *Naniwa* heard shouts and became aware of a commotion on the waterfront. A man was dashing towards the end of a wharf. He plunged into

¹⁹ Ogasawara.

²⁰ March 16, 1898.

²¹ Trial was at Lahaina in December 1892.

the harbour and struck out straight for the Japanese cruiser, making such swift headway that a pursuing outrigger-canoe could not overtake him.

Desperately the winded swimmer clutched at the *Naniwa's* gangway, where some friendly sailors, recognizing his features to be those of a compatriot, pulled him aboard and heard his breathless story. A report was made to the Captain. He remained silent for a tense minute of contemplation and then granted permission for the fugitive to remain awhile, which indicated that Togo hoped to find some feasible way of aiding his fellow-countryman in distress.

The canoe and other boats containing police came alongside, noisily demanding the surrender of the convict. These pursuers were ushered before the Captain, who acknowledged Imada's uninvited presence aboard and politely explained: "I am here to protect my countrymen generally. Therefore I can not deliver up to you this subject of Japan."

The authorities at Honolulu became infuriated at what they deemed a rude interference with the administration of justice. Deputations waited upon Togo, were received with Samurai courtesy, but returned without their ex-prisoner.

When all direct appeals failed, the Provisional Government transmitted through the Japanese Consul a demand upon the Mikado with whom it had no diplomatic relations. At first there was a haughty disdain of compliance. The Hawaiian press seized upon the incident as evidence of overt Japanese animosity to the new régime and the American faction. There appeared caustic editorials at which the nationally-sensitive Togo took umbrage. The city buzzed with excited chatter. The planters feared the yellow scowls on the fields of Oahu as much as had the Southern cotton growers those ugly black looks in the Sixties.

Togo was oblivious to the clamour for the trembling human being in his custody. Togo had spoken, and thereafter, as usual, he was adamant. Supporting his opinion that there rested upon him no duty to relinquish the fugitive, was the strict interpretation of international law with whose tenets his years of sickroom study had given him a familiarity. One of the English-language papers, *The Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser*,²² stated the case in these fair terms:

"As there is no extradition treaty between this country and Japan, doubtless the Japanese authorities are in no way bound

²² March 17, 1898. Particularly interesting because this was regarded as the semi-official Government organ.

to comply with the request of this Government for the return of the prisoner. If the *Naniwa* were a merchantman, she would be under Hawaiian jurisdiction, but the case is different with vessels of war, which carry their national sovereignty with them. The *Naniwa* is as it were a piece of Japanese territory, subject to Japanese laws, and merely temporarily set down in Honolulu harbour."

The claim was pressed, however, not on the ground of unenforceable international law but on the more persuasive ground of international comity. To urge upon a non-recognizing power the dictates of non-existent good-will did not strike the local authorities as too incongruous. After all, crime knows no political frontiers, hatchets that smite Japanese flesh in Hawaii were as flagitious as if they had spilled native blood on the soil of Nippon, and murder makes peoples kin even if their governments do not embrace.

The Hawaiians still tried to placate Togo. A high official came aboard the *Naniwa* and voiced regret at the unfriendly editorials. The naval officer accepted the apology but did not yield Imada nor deign to offer any self-justification for his refusal so to do.

Consul Fuji, however, began to weaken, at least to the extent of suggesting to Togo that he furnish the Provisional Government with a written statement of his attitude in the matter. The Captain did this—in flawless Japanese. To Fuji's astonished query, Togo replied that among his varied duties was not that of interpreting but that, if the Consul chose, he himself might oblige the putative white rulers of these Malayo-Polynesian Islands with a translation into English.

Finally Fuji cabled for instructions from Tokyo. Soon the Captain of the *Naniwa* was reading a despatch whose tenor obviously displeased him. Imada was ordered returned to his penal wardens.

Even then the stubborn son of Satsuma, with what in at least this instance was likeable obduracy, refused to be a direct party to what he considered a pusillanimous betrayal. He sent for Fuji and in his custody placed Imada.

"I must obey orders," the naval officer said, "but, as you know, this prisoner is our countryman and, when he needs our protection, I can not refrain from extending it to him. I am not delivering him to the officials of the *de facto* Government but to you, another representative of Japan. If you find it necessary to surrender him, do it where I can not be a witness."

The *Naniwa* remained at Honolulu for a couple of months longer but the balance of her stay was uneventful.

"Paramount" Blount, echoed by Charles Nordhoff of the *New York Herald*, bit hook, line and sinker at the royalist propaganda. The immediate result of Blount's report was the hauling down of the American flag from the Government Building and the re-embarkation of all United States sailors and marines. Hawaii was doomed to undergo a period of transitional unrest until, upon the return to power of the Republican Party at McKinley's inauguration, the annexation project could be revived where Harrison had been obliged to leave it and the merger finally could be consummated.

At seven A.M. on May 11, Hawaii being independent but still in the hands of Judge Dole's Government, the *Naniwa* dug up her anchors and stood out to sea. There was no hurry on the return voyage and, at an economical and comfortable speed, the crossing to Tokyo Bay was made in eighteen days.

THERE was a much-needed overhaul for the ship and relaxation for the complement. Those weeks at Honolulu, a period of tense inaction and restraint, imposed upon the officers and men a nervous strain that was far more taxing than could have been any amount of overwork.

Togo enjoyed being back in Japan and particularly the days at home with his family.

In two months, however, the *Naniwa* was off again, bound on an extensive summer-autumn cruise to the northward.²³

She passed into the Sea of Japan, thence at a leisurely gait to Vladivostok.²⁴ This was Togo's first visit and he was deeply interested in scrutinizing the Pacific outpost of Japan's European rival for the future domination of Manchuria. His Battle of the Yellow Sea and Kamimura's action off Ulsan were to be fought eleven years from that month.

In the unfriendly chill of that bleak climate, between the thick timber hills and the Gulf of Peter the Great, whose inlets were ice-coated during long winters, the Russians were trying to build a metropolitan seaport without a commercial hinterland and without a satisfactory all-year harbour. Togo sensed the ambitious civic projects in the air and saw many of them being transmuted into masonry.

From Vladivostok the *Naniwa* cruised around Hokkaido,²⁵

²³ Sailed August 8.

²⁴ Arrived August 25 and remained 5 days.

²⁵ Formerly Yezo.

revisiting in the Hakodate region the scenes of the 1869 campaign against Enomoto. This northernmost of the four principal islands of the Empire had participated least of all in the transition of the early Meiji Era. Togo beheld Japanese communities looking much the same as he remembered them from the days before his European sojourn.

On November 11 the ship steamed up Tokyo Bay and moored at Shinagawa. Three days later—such is a sailor's life—the same channel buoys were being repassed in inverse order. The *Naniwa* was pointing her nose into the broad Pacific and the navigator's charts marked out a course back towards Honolulu.

The landfall of the previous January was repeated. During the first night of December the dark massive shore of Oahu floated by the port beam, and in the mid-watch there reared up against the spangled tropical sky the leonine silhouette of Diamond Head. Before daybreak the *Naniwa* was off the harbour entrance and, soon after the sun rose, was riding at the familiar anchorage.

Togo noted the absence of the *Boston* and that her rôle was filled by the newer and larger *Philadelphia*, a protected cruiser which also excelled the *Naniwa* in youth, size, speed and numerical complement but had no guns comparable to the 10-inch pair of the Japanese cruiser. H.M.S. *Champion* had replaced the *Garnet*.

The *Philadelphia* was flying the flag of Real Admiral John Irwin, successor to Rear Admiral Skerrett in command of the weak American squadron on the Pacific Station. Irwin was known to the Japanese as the recent Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Squadron, who had been relieved in a ceremony aboard the flagship off Yokohama the previous fall.

While the residents of Honolulu were enjoying their breakfast pineapple, they heard from the bay the peppering of the saluting guns.

On the signal-bridge of the *Champion* there was a momentary embarrassment. The quartermaster searched and searched for a Japanese ensign. The Officer of the Deck finally had to be informed that there was none aboard. All sorts of polychromatic bunting there were in the bag but not a single flag of white emblazoned with the red of the Rising Sun.

Hastily a boat scurried over to the *Philadelphia*, which just had fired her own thirteen guns in answer to the *Naniwa's* salute. Soon the borrowed Japanese colours were two-blocked at the foremast of the British cruiser as her staccato greeting

to the newcomer banged out through the powder-puffs below.²⁶ A mere decade was to constitute the interval between the time when a Pacific-bound cruiser of the English Queen omitted the Mikado's ensign from her paraphernalia, and the consecration of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. That affords one yardstick for measuring the rise of the Imperial Navy.

Togo found conditions in Honolulu outwardly calm despite the unsettling influence of Blount's report. The drooping hopes of the royalists were revived, and the annexationists prayed for a Republican president in the 1896 American elections still far ahead.

Cleveland had sent to Hawaii a new Minister, Albert Sydney Willis, with secret instructions based upon Blount's anti-Dole and anti-American advices. The *Naniwa* reached Honolulu just in time to witness the next scenes of the political drama. Naturally, Cleveland's hands-off policy was all to Japan's fancy.

The American envoy made an official call upon Captain Togo.²⁷ Admiral Irwin's barge picked up Minister Willis at the waterfront landing and he came over the side of the *Naniwa* amid the booming of fifteen guns and the other honours due to his diplomatic rank.

How the officers of the *Philadelphia* must have felt as they beheld this fraternizing of the representative of the American Administration which had repudiated the actions of the *Boston*, with the representative of growing Japanese sea power, may be left to conjecture.

Was Admiral Irwin having hallucinations or were his sensory organs functioning normally when they perceived Mr. Willis, in the name of the United States, demanding²⁸ that the Provisional Government step down from its usurped authority in favour of Queen Liliuokalani, the Lord's anointed, who graciously had promised to grant an amnesty in the contingency of her restoration? Politely, in the prolix language of diplomacy, President Dole told Mr. Willis to go to hell quite as decisively as D'Annunzio gave a similar response to Premier Orlando's analogous request in 1919 that President Wilson's pet Fiume be relinquished.

A rumour spread through the city and drifted out to the man-of-war anchorage that American troops might be landed again—but this time to support the re-establishment of the

²⁶ The *Philadelphia*'s log for Dec. 2, 1893 recorded the borrowing and the due return of the Japanese ensign.

²⁷ December 12.

²⁸ December 19.

monarchy which the *Boston's* marines were alleged to have helped depose. Togo once more cautioned his officers to be circumspect in their deportment ashore.

The republican Government announced a gala holiday to celebrate the first anniversary of the revolution.²⁹ The Foreign Minister requested the visiting warships to participate in the festivities by firing a national salute and full-dressing ship. Togo declined the invitation and notified the senior American and British officers in the harbour that he would take no cognizance of the occasion.

When the day arrived, there were big doings on the beach but the foreign naval vessels refrained from any departure from their ordinary routine.

The winter passed in normal Hawaiian languor and quiescence, with Judge Dole's group holding on to the Government Building. In May a convention framed a constitution and, significantly on the Fourth of July, the first President, Sanford B. Dole, proclaimed the Republic of Hawaii. Liliuokalani continued her plotting to regain the throne, finally was imprisoned and in January 1895 took an oath of allegiance to the Republic, subsequently being pardoned in a general political amnesty.

Annexation proceeded apace. Not only did the party of Harrison, Blaine and Foster return to power with McKinley's election but the crisis over Cuba soon precipitated the war that made the United States an empire by circumstance. During the summer that saw the Stars and Stripes raised over Manila, they were legitimatized as the national ensign of the Hawaiian Islands. Pearl Harbour became the permanent property of the American Navy.

In the meantime, on April 2, 1894, the *Naniwa* departed for home. This marked Togo's exit from the Hawaiian scene because, when the *Naniwa* returned to the Islands after the Sino-Japanese War and before the annexation, she had a different Commanding Officer.

The run to Shinagawa was made in the good time of thirteen days.

Accompanying Togo on this Hawaiian mission had been a wardroom officer destined to serve under and near him in the wars ahead and then to write the master's authorized biography, the future Vice Admiral Viscount Ogasawara Naganari.

The clash with China over Korea was not far off. The declaration was to come on August 1 of the approaching summer but the Navy was to steal a march upon that formality.

²⁹ January 17.

Togo had a brief respite from sea duty between his return from Hawaii and the pre-war naval mobilization, during which period his cruiser was cleaned and repaired.

Eight days after the *Naniwa's* arrival, Togo was placed at the head of the naval training school and officers' academy at the Kure Base.⁸⁰ This tour of duty lasted only six weeks for on June 8, with the diplomatic barometer warning of a disturbance to the westward, Togo and the *Naniwa* were reunited for joint action in the near future against the first enemy of modern Japan, in the first conflict of her ambitious modern campaign for Asiatic hegemony.

⁸⁰ April 28.

CHAPTER VIII

THE KOWSHING

UPON two momentous occasions, separated by ten years and the Yellow Sea, there confronted each other the crafty Li Hung-chang and the equally shrewd opportunist statesman Ito Hirobumi. At the meeting of 1885 the Chinese was the host at Tientsin, but to see Ito in 1895 he had to sail to Shimonoseki across waters upon which the other Ito, Admiral Ito Yukyo, and Togo and their comrades afloat had been extremely active.

The chief subject of both conferences was Korea.

The Seoul disturbances of 1882, which had occasioned the naval expedition and Togo's visit, had been followed by an outbreak in 1884. The local sway of the anti-Japanese Yuan Shih-kai had become more and more absolute.

After the 1884 trouble the Mikado's Government refused to treat further with any subordinate and most particularly with this one at Seoul. So it was that Ito went to headquarters and faced Yuan's big chief.

Sixty-two years old, the unscrupulous Viceroy of the metropolitan Province of Chihli, which embraced Peking and the port of Tientsin, was then at the zenith of his king-making and empire-faking glory. With superlative Oriental cunning, he was to dominate his nation's affairs until his death in 1901. After a period of post-mortem denunciation for his undeniable venality and ruthlessness, his stature has grown and is continuing to grow in retrospect, even as Yuan Shih-kai's is shrinking. After all, reason the graft-ridden Chinese, the funds poured into Li's hands for the libation of the country may have left a rich sediment to salve his itching palm, but a great deal flowed through his fingers to the lasting benefit of China. Li, furthermore, never permitted himself to be deceived into the delusion, common among his contemporaries, that Russia, then spreading Eastward, might prove a more dangerous enemy than Japan.

In his embroidered robes, surrounded by the pageantry of

autocracy in a land where retainers were cheaper than draft animals and where colourful adornment was gathered from afar for concentrated display, Li Hung-chang received the globe-trotter chief of Japanese statesmen, eighteen years his junior. The latter had seen the stiff Court of St. James's, the elaborate coronation of Czar Alexander III and the impressive simplicity of the White House, to say nothing of the splendour of his own Emperor's palaces. He was not susceptible to bedazzlement by the Viceroy-Dictator's brilliance of embellishment any more than to deflection from his objective by his adversary's facility for evasion.

Ito returned to Japan with a convention¹ wherein, among other things, it mutually was agreed that, excepting the legation guards, neither China nor Japan would despatch any troops to Korea without first giving to the other contracting party notice of intention so to do.

With all of Li's shrewdness, he had overlooked the fact that Korea was insulated from China by an almost impassable montanic wilderness and could be reached by a Chinese expeditionary force only very laboriously or via the watery route which for Japan was the sole means of access. The geographical situation reminds one of that which confronted Hannibal, who essayed the overland march in defiance of the Pyrenees and the Alps, but would have been wiser to have treated the Italian peninsula as an island. The Punic Wars were won by the power that controlled the Mediterranean. Li Hung-chang may have had nothing to learn from Machiavelli but it was his misfortune that the works of Mahan were not yet available in the viceroyal library.

For nine years the Treaty of Tientsin kept the peace; or, perhaps more accurately, the prevailing peace enabled the convention to remain untested. Internally, Korea was suffering from the ineptness and malevolence of her wretched Government and from the tug-of-war between the liberals and reactionaries similar to that by which, a generation before, Japan had been torn asunder.

In vain had Tokyo protested to Li Hung-chang against repeated acts of commercial discrimination committed by Korea at the instigation of Yuan Shih-kai and the reactionary element.

The leader of the liberal opposition, who agitated effectively in favour of the Westernization sponsored by Japan, was the unsuppressible reformer Kim Ok-kyun. As much ahead of his times as had been Ito and Inouye in the early Sixties, when the

¹ Dated April 18, 1885.

seclusionist Mori locked "the gates of Bakan," Kim Ok-kyun was driven to seek refuge in Japan.

He was an ideal subject for martyrdom and his enemies did their part. Enticed with malice aforethought to Shanghai, he was murdered there by a Korean. Not only was the assassin unmolested by Chinese judicial process but he was paraded aboard a Chinese warship and conveyed in state to Korea, where he was welcomed with the honour and acclaim accorded to Lindbergh upon the arrival at New York of the *Memphis* in 1927. In contrast, however, to the crated *Spirit of St. Louis* on the deck of the American cruiser, the box that accompanied the Korean hero on his triumphal return contained the body of his victim.

This brazen Governmental and Chinese defiance of the Korean liberals and of Japan emboldened the reactionaries of the peninsula. A quasi-religious order of fanatical extremists, the Tong-haks, down near the southerly tip, proclaimed an Iyemitsu-type of campaign of alien expulsion. The black smoke over the seascapes that denoted the age of steam navigation meant nothing to these anachronistic seclusionists.

The commercial allurements of Korea had proved insufficient to attract many white settlers and so this anti-foreign threat was directed against the Japanese residents. To the latter was attributed by the Tong-haks not only the importation of Western decadence but also the allegedly resultant mis-government that was afflicting the country.

The Korean authorities, unwilling to compromise and too weak to suppress the Tong-haks and their supporters, besought the Queen to ask her Min relatives at Peking for armed assistance against her own insurrectionary subjects. She did not have to resort to the tearful eloquence with which Madero's widow aroused President Wilson's ire against Huerta in 1914. Li was waiting for the appeal; Yuan had been leading up to it for years.

The Chinese envoy at Tokyo informed the Japanese Foreign Office that the call for help would not, could not be disregarded.² Troops were to be sent to the succour of this "tributary state" in time of need. "*Tributary state*!" In that adjective was involved the entire Korean question.

Japan would have preferred more time in which to prepare to be the David to the colossal Goliath. As the latter came out of his tent he looked bigger than ever and behind him tow-

² June 7, 1894.

ered, if not the three brothers of the Bible, one that resembled a giant bear and growled with a Slavonic accent.

The decision of war or peace for Japan rested with the Emperor, who gave Premier Ito *carte blanche* to take as firm a stand as the interests of the nation required and the forces of the nation could validate. The Foreign Office was all set to transmit a communication that was practically certain to create an impasse. A message came from Japanese Minister Nishi at St. Petersburg warning his Government that, in the contingency of war, the Russian Asiatic fleet might assist China. This upset the calculations and threw the Mikado's statesmen into a fit of consternation. It will be seen that the Imperial Navy was rated inferior to China's. With the latter re-enforced by the Czar's Far Eastern squadron the disparity was terrorizing. Instead of a localized campaign in the Yellow Sea, there arose the threat of a naval war on two fronts, on both sides of Korea, with flank attacks and coastal assaults from the Vladivostok base while the Japanese fleet would be operating in continental waters below Tsushima.

Ito called for the opinion of the Army and Navy as to the effect that the advice from Nishi should have upon immediate Japanese policy. A meeting of the senior officers debated the situation while Ito awaited the verdict, ready to let loose the fight words or to swallow them.

The military chieftains, who once war was declared would have the onus of winning a victorious peace, looked before they leaped. One after the other dutifully pointed out weaknesses. These properly cautious leaders were speaking from their minds, not their emotions.

Suddenly the solemnity of the deliberations was jarred by disdainful laughter. It emanated from two contemptuous dissenters, Admiral Kabayama³ and General Kawakami, one of whom had the presumption to ask, in a colloquial vernacular of disrespect: "Can you gentlemen be discussing this subject with any expectation of victory?"

The other officers, completely disconcerted by the unseemly outburst, were too shocked to respond. Kabayama and Kawa-

³ Ten years Togo's senior, Vice Admiral Viscount Kabayama Sukenori was, like the former, the son of a Satsuma Samurai and he had married a Kagoshima girl, whose family name he had adopted. He was a product of the Army and a veteran of the Saigo Rebellion. After the new Imperial Navy had acquired a respectability equal to that of the older branch of the service, Kabayama in 1884 had transformed himself from a Major General into a Rear Admiral, a feat which in those days was too commonplace to arouse comment.

kami arose and stalked out of the room with the eagerness of men trapped in a gaseous cavern seeking fresh air.

They did not commit *seppuku* but hurried to the anxiously waiting Prime Minister.

"We have been sent by the Army and Navy leaders," said one of them to Count Ito, "to report that, after thorough consideration, they unqualifiedly approve of war and have no fear as to the outcome even if the Russian Oriental squadron should join China."

Ito pressed the button and the diplomatic machinery began to move towards war. Meanwhile, the dramatic hint that "our fears do make us traitors" cleared the atmosphere of the military session and its final consensus supported the *fait accompli*, so the intended falsehood proved to have been a true report.⁴ Furthermore, Russia did not become an ally of China's.

The Japanese Empire, almost exactly three hundred years after Hideyoshi despatched Konishi to Korea, made ready for another expedition across the Straits of Tsushima.

The day following the Chinese Minister's call at the Foreign Office announcing his Government's intention of sending troops to Korea, Japanese mobilization was underway. Togo Heihachiro, along with dozens of others, received official envelopes. He was ordered to resume command of the *Naniwa*. The years of disheartening illness lay forgotten in the irrelevant past; the summons to action found him as fit as he was proficient.

CHINA'S expeditionary force, consisting of about two thousand men, landed at Asan, a point on the west coast of Korea some thirty-five miles south of Chemulpo. Japan's counter-stroke was the despatch to Seoul of Major General Oshima with an infantry brigade of more than double the numerical strength of the Chinese contingent.

The *Naniwa* sailed from Moji, in the Straits of Shimonoseki, as escort to a convoy of eight transports.⁵ Two days later, the crossing accomplished, the troops disembarked at Chemulpo.

Leaving this harbour on June 29 and proceeding down the coast, the *Naniwa* sighted two vessels approaching on an oppo-

⁴ This long-suppressed incident was revealed in Narita Atsushi's *Free Discussions, Army and Navy Contest*, the twelfth edition of which was published in Japanese in 1927, and the authority it cited was the firsthand statement of General Tsuchuya, who was present at the historic meeting in 1894.

⁵ June 25.

site course. As the interspace narrowed, Captain Togo identified them as warships, Chinese warships, and then specifically as the *Ting-Yuen* and the *Ping-Yuen*. The former was one of the two Chinese prize men-of-war which he had scrutinized three years before, during their display in Japanese waters. The latter was a smaller,⁶ home-made, penny-wise and pound-foolish botch of a gunboat.

There had been no declaration of war. Togo was uncertain whether he should prepare to fire a salute or a salvo. He ordered the saluting piece manned—and simultaneously sounded general quarters. As the Chinese ships drew near, their crews were seen to be likewise at their battle stations and, clearly discerned on the bridge of the *Ting-Yuen*, was the figure of Commander Lin Poo-chin, later Flag Captain at the Yalu and already known as one of the finest officers in his service.

It was a tense moment. The side faster on the trigger might be the sole survivor—and there were two adverse triggers to Togo's one. The prospective rivals were closing rapidly—they were almost abeam—there still was no hostile move on the decks of the Chinese craft. Like pugilists in the ring awaiting the opening bell, Togo and Lin guardedly watched each other and, in conformance with the handshake of such preludes, the Satsuman gentleman snapped the command to salute. No less aware of the present application of *noblesse oblige*, Lin responded. His official report of this cruise from Asan confirms the guess that the Chinese mental operations and apprehensions during the ambiguous encounter were the same as the Japanese.

The *Naniwa* returned to Japan and joined the forces of the Imperial Navy, assembling in the protected basin of Sasebo under the flag of Vice Admiral Ito Yukyo.

Retrospectively, one is inclined to forget that the relative strength of the two Asiatic powers about to cross swords was apparently in favour of the Celestial Empire whose area and teeming population made Japan look almost like a Cuba threatening a United States.

The statistical experts of the other continents rated Japan's Navy decidedly, if not decisively, inferior to China's. On paper this was indisputable, a simple computation of specifications. The comparative tables, however, omitted to forecast that the looseness of China's union would result in the war being fought by only one of the four Chinese squadrons—

⁶ 2100 tons.

Li's North Fleet—and omitted to appraise the skill with which the opposing naval forces would be operated, strategically and tactically.

This North China Squadron,⁷ mostly gathered at Wei-hai-wei, included, first and foremost, the vaunted *Ting-Yuen* and *Chen-Yuen*, familiar to Togo since their visit to Japan in 1891 and unmatched by any ships in the Japanese Navy. There were three smaller armoured vessels of domestic construction and ten unarmoured light cruisers or, more properly, gun-boats. In addition there were nine small sloops⁸ and about thirty short-radius torpedo boats.

The only armoured units in the Japanese Navy were the veteran *Hiei*, *Kongo* and *Fuso*, which it will be recalled were built in England when Togo was there and now were quite obsolete. The finest units flying the Rising Sun were the new protected but unarmoured cruisers *Yoshino* and *Akitsushima* (often rendered into English as *Akitsushima*).

The *Yoshino* was a handsome two-stack Elswick product⁹ mounting modern rapid-fire guns.¹⁰ Her outstanding characteristic was her speed—over twenty-three knots! She was the swiftest cruiser in the world.

The *Akitsushima* invariably and correctly was described as a reduced *Baltimore* (of subsequent Manila fame)—about two-thirds the size of the latter.¹¹ Like the *Yoshino* she had a splendid battery of rapid-fire guns and she turned in a trial speed of over twenty knots. The *Akitsushima* was the last ship built in Japan of imported material.

The next group consisted of Admiral Ito's flagship *Matsushima*, the *Hashidate* and the *Itsukushima*, the triplets built under French influence at the turn of the Eighties into the Nineties. They were fast (17.5 knots) and carried big guns, throwing a heavy weight of broadside.¹²

Then came Togo's *Naniwa* and her sistership the *Takachiho*, no longer as young as they used to be, and the more recent but smaller *Chiyoda*, a Glasgow craft.

There were in addition about twelve sloops and thirty-eight torpedo-boats.

Both services had been trained in the British tradition, but

⁷ Peiyang Squadron.

⁸ Averaging about 1000 tons.

⁹ 4150 tons.

¹⁰ 6-inch maximum.

¹¹ 8150 tons.

¹² H. W. Wilson computes 16,470 pounds each in a ten-minute period. *Battleships in Action*, Vol. I, p. 827 (Little Brown 1927).

while, as has been seen, the Nineties found Japan's Imperial Navy fully weaned from the wet-nurse of Whitehall, China's fleet remained under foreign tutelage until shortly before the war and lacked both the guidance of its late mentor and the ability to get along on its own.

In fact, if one of those intrinsically petty incidents that twist the trend of history had not deprived Li's flotilla of the services of Captain W. M. Lang of the Royal Navy, Japan would have met stiffer opposition. A celebrated British consular official in the Far East ascribed Lang's resignation to the stupid impudence of a Chinese Captain.¹⁸ The fleet was taking a long practice and flag-showing cruise to the Asiatic neighbours in the South. Nominally the command was shared by Lang, ranked as a Chinese Admiral, with Admiral Ting, but the latter cheerfully and gratefully acknowledged the foreign expert as the real leader. The ill-fated Chinese Admiral, whose self-poured cup after Wei-hai-wei was to be of lethal bitterness, brought to his naval duties the equestrian skill of an ex-cavalry officer and a talent for rolling the speculative ivories. But he also possessed the lion-hearted courage of a born warrior and a burning patriotism, which latter emotion gave Ting a profound appreciation of his own limitations and the proportionate advantage of having Lang's co-operation.

Ting left the fleet at Hong-Kong for a short run to Hoihow, during which he managed to beach his ship. While he was absent, his next ranking Chinese officer, greedy for the sensation of supremacy, ignored the British Admiral and arrogantly hoisted the Senior Officer Present pennant. This act of insubordination naturally impaired Lang's authority and hence his usefulness. The blunder could have been nullified by a satisfactory apology but it was not forthcoming. Even Admiral Ting temporized. Lang completed the cruise and then resigned, followed out of the Chinese naval service by practically all of the other good foreign instructors. The Royal Navy declined to submit any new officers to similar dis-courtesy.

Togo had perceived in the Chinese ships a lack of military smartness that always implies functional weaknesses. The imposing flotilla looked formidable to Li Hung-chang, however, upon the occasion of naval reviews. He lacked the technical appreciation necessary to realize that the venality permeating the Government was corrupting the Navy and producing a

¹⁸ E. H. Parker, *John Chinaman And A Few Others.* (London, Murray, 1902), pp. 240-1.

decadence in its matériel and morale. Only after the battles did he learn of the paucity and defective quality of the ammunition, the corroding of the propulsion plants and batteries, the amateurishness of the fire-control and black-gangs.

One particular fund of about forty million dollars intended for the Navy was diverted by the Dowager Empress to gratify a whim. That sum could have overhauled the fleet's engines, modernized its artillery or procured new foreign tutors. It was sufficient to acquire several valuable additions.¹⁴ Instead, it was used to erect at the Summer Palace near Peking a recreation pier, ironically in the form of a two-decked vessel, ornate and sturdy, a perdurable monument to China's fatal folly. The maritime character of the original appropriation thus was perpetuated, not in any ugly contrivance of vulgar sea-sprayed tin, but in this craft of exquisite marble designed by artists whose conception of the beautiful did not have to compromise with sordid problems of flotation, speed or gunnery. This garish ship rests securely in a pool whose surface never will be ruffled by screw-currents or shell-splashes, a symbol of the triumph of the æsthetic over the first law of nature. China always will possess it—even though aliens should possess China.

As has been seen, the Imperial Japanese Navy, in sharp contrast to the Chinese, was an organization of sea-fighters equipped with only moderately adequate weapons that they cherished as their Samurai forebears did their swords. Admiral Ito was a capable Commander-in-Chief in the prime of life, whose chief pride was the *esprit de corps* of his officers and men.

Ship for ship, the Mikado's vessels were splendid fighting machines with complements drilled to competence by leaders themselves schooled in the code of the *bushido* and the handling of modern naval apparatus.

This high tactical standard was not accompanied by an equivalent grasp of strategy. An indoctrination in the fundamental principles of maritime warfare was not to be acquired as readily as the technique of using its engines. Even the experienced Western navies harboured "practical" old salts who ridiculed their war colleges as effeminate seminaries for the breeding of emasculated seagoing theorists.

Neither belligerent in the breaking war made a sound disposition of his available naval strength. The watchword

¹⁴ For example, the fine armoured cruiser *New York*, commissioned the summer before the Sino-Japanese War, and the battleship *Iowa*, then in course of construction and to be the strongest naval unit in the Spanish-American War, each cost about \$3,000,000.

should have been "concentration"—concentration to defeat the concentrated or scattered naval enemy and thereby to gain control of the seaways. The objective of each fleet should have been to destroy the other, and neither General Staff should have permitted any immediate exigency to interfere with that mission. As war loomed closer the two navies should have discountenanced the dispersion of valuable units from the main forces. All of this is Elementary Strategy One, and yet both groups of responsible leaders acted as though they had cut the entire freshman course. It has been noted already that troop movements to Korea from China and from Japan were under the escort of naval detachments.

WITH Major Oshima's troops in potential control of the capital of Korea and the Japanese Government reconciled to war regardless of Russia's attitude, Ito suggested that China jettison once and for all time the silly fiction that Korea was her tributary state. Paradoxically, he also proposed that, upon China's acknowledgment of Korean independence, it be stultified by internal measures on the part of China and Japan jointly. Li Hung-chang, likewise impliedly reversing his previous position, insisted that Korea's affairs be left to home rule, which meant continued Chinese domination of the Yuan-Shih-kai brand. Japan declared that Korea had deteriorated beyond the possibility of self-redemption. With these exchanges the diplomatic feinting was completed. The contestants were rubbing rosin on their soles, waiting for the gong. Nervously they were to anticipate it.

In an ultimatum,¹⁵ Japan demanded that China renounce all claims in and to Korea. Several thousand of Li's soldiers were plodding along the difficult overland route from beyond the Yalu River to the peninsula. Li realized now that Japan had not been bluffing.

On July 23 the Emperor's fleet sailed from Sasebo for Korean waters. His flag at the main of the speed-queen *Yoshino*, Vice Admiral Tsuboi Kozo led the First Flying Squadron, which also included the *Akutsushiu*, commanded by the future Admiral Kamimura, and Togo's *Naniwa*. This vanguard scouted ahead of the main body. Togo Heihachiro was setting forth to battle his first foreign foe since the British assaulted Kagoshima.

Tsuboi's mission, besides general reconnaissance, was to prevent the transportation of additional Chinese troops across

¹⁵ July 20.

the Yellow Sea to Korea. In the meantime the Japanese brigade at Seoul was ordered to Asan, to prevent any undue interference by the Chinese forces there with Japan's armed pacification of Korea.

Had Admiral Ting's fleet been as potent as it looked and, advancing in full strength, caught the Flying Squadron alone, Togo's career might have ended in relative obscurity off the west coast of Korea. Ting, however, obligingly displayed all of the naval mastery that might have been expected from one more at home in the saddle than on the bridge. When some transports sailed for Asan, he neither forbore providing an escort nor took a united fleet to sea. There were assigned to guard the crossing the protected cruiser *Tsi-Yuen* and the sloop *Kwang-Yi*, vessels too useful to throw away and not powerful enough to resist any substantial fraction of the Imperial Navy.

As the First Flying Squadron stood out to sea and headed across the straits, the flagship in the van and the *Naniwa* in the rear, with the *Akitsushiu* between them, Captain Togo summoned all hands to quarters.

"On this trip," he addressed his officers and men, "we shall bear a heavy responsibility."

As he spoke, a flag signal broke out in waving colours on the halliards of the *Yoshino*:

"Do your best to uphold the name of the Japanese Empire."

Togo read the message and resumed:

"Since the Admiral makes this signal I need say nothing more. I know that you will do your utmost. I know that I shall have your complete co-operation."

Japan was on the march. The Restoration was entering upon its overseas fulfilment. The Imperial Navy, after years of grinding drills, was swinging into action. And, leading off the sortie against the continent, was the *Naniwa*'s own First Flying Squadron. Her three hundred and fifty officers and men were thrilled as never before in their lives.

As Tsuboi's ships were rounding the end of Korea, the Chinese convoy reached Asan.¹⁶

The following dawn saw unwonted activity in and near the Land of Morning Calm. General Oshima's brigade was breaking camp at Seoul and setting forth to attack the debarkation base of the Chinese troops at Asan. Under a blue summer sky and through a faint clearing vapour over the water, the Flying Squadron was steaming past the myriad islands that fringe

that section of the coast and was near the mouth of the inter-island passage leading to Asan. This was where Chinese craft were likely to be encountered.

Sure enough, standing out to sea from the channel were two Chinese men-of-war, the old cruiser *Tsi-Yuen* and the sloop *Kwang-Yi*. Although there still had been no formal declaration, conditions had changed radically since, twenty-six days previously, Togo had experienced that tense encounter with Commander Lin not far to the northward of the *Naniwa's* present position. This time the saluting batteries were *not* manned. Both detachments cleared for action.

At the highly critical moment of her emergence from the Asan channel, the *Tsi-Yuen's* steering gear jammed—possibly paralyzed by the shock of seeing the Japanese—and, with a bone in her teeth, she dashed headlong towards Tsuboi's squadron. This approach hardly could have been construed by the Japanese as a friendly kow-tow. They excitedly scanned the surface of the intervening water for the telltale streak of a torpedo's track. So intently and expectantly did the observers on the *Naniwa* watch that some of them actually saw the foamy sea-serpent gliding—but this was in their mind's eye, for no torpedo was fired.¹⁷

Togo was not the commander passively to stand by for a ram or a projectile. The shout of "torpedo" rang from his decks and he gave the word that released tension. The other ships saw the *Naniwa* spit jets of horizontal flame, emit puffs of smoke, crash the unbearable silence, and heel over with the recoil of her first salvo.

So promptly did the *Yoshino* and *Akitsushiu* follow suit and the ready Chinese gunners fire back, that Togo sincerely believed in retrospect that the enemy had opened first or at least simultaneously. Although the official Japanese accounts charge or credit, as one views it, the first shot to the *Tsi-Yuen*,¹⁸ there is no reasonable doubt that it was the prudent and fearless aggressiveness of the *Naniwa's* skipper that terminated the hazardous delay.¹⁹ The lad who had seen his clansmen fire upon Admiral Kuper without awaiting the imminent bombardment, now, as a man, himself seized the initiative with the sure grasp and the unreasoning instinct of the natural leader.

¹⁷ Periscopes were "sighted" frequently by the British at Jutland although no submarines were present.

¹⁸ At 7:52 A.M., at 8000 metres.

¹⁹ Some of the Japanese participants privately corroborated the Chinese version that the former were the first to fire. Jane, *The Imperial Japanese Navy, supra*, p. 104.

On converging courses, the antagonists drew together. As the range shortened and the aim thereby was facilitated, the weather began to thicken and low opaque clouds of powder and funnel smoke spread over the sea.

The Chinese put up a stiff fight as they marched into the deadly rapid-fire fusillade that was being poured forth from the *Yoshino* and *Akitsushiu* and from the *Naniwa*'s slower-reloading two big 10.2s. The percentage of hits was not high but even so the *Tsi-Yuen* was taking a terrific beating. One perfectly-aimed shot struck her early in the action when the range was relatively great, and raised havoc with the conning-tower and its important occupants, although the Captain escaped. Following hits did further damage but the *Tsi-Yuen* still plunged ahead towards the superior foe, with an intrepidity calculated to belie those who characterized her subsequent withdrawal as the flight of cowardice. She continued in action after her decks had become a burning shambles and her slow-firing main batteries had been rendered almost useless. Many of the Japanese shells proved to be duds; otherwise the *Tsi-Yuen* would have been sunk. Regardless of exactly when her steering-gear broke down that morning, it certainly was out of commission during most of the engagement and accounted for her weird gyrations.

The little *Kwang-Yi*, advancing between the lines of the flying metal and sustaining frequent hits, made an impudent mosquito-like swoop towards Tsuboi's flagship, which felt obliged to swing out of her station to avoid a possible ram. The sloop vanished in the ever-thickening vapour.

Just then the survivors in the battered *Tsi-Yuen* coaxed some rational response from her helm. The enemy observed her flying a white flag of surrender or of truce above a Japanese ensign, but inconsistently slipping off through the providential fog, in the general direction of her own shores. The *Yoshino* started in pursuit but soon lost the trail and Tsuboi had no intention of incurring the risk of being lured alone into the jaws of Ting's main force. That much he knew about concentration.

Suddenly, through a rift, the *Kwang-Yi* reappeared close aboard the *Naniwa*. Volleys were exchanged by feverishly trained guns before the sloop limped back behind the protective curtain of mist. The *Akitsushiu* followed her and the Chinese craft hopelessly piled herself on a nearby beach.

This ended the opening engagement of the undeclared war. The Japanese had sustained no casualties; the Chinese losses

in personnel were heavy. The *Naniwa* showed the marks of minor injury but her combat strength was not impaired.

Togo sought to accompany the flagship on her chase of the *Tsi-Yuen* but, before he could re-establish contact, his glasses picked up two new arrivals. It now was just after 9 A.M. and a historic moment. There were in the lenses of the Captain's binoculars the image of another small Chinese sloop, the *Tsao-Kiang*, and that of a rather commonplace-looking merchant tramp, steaming along under the red counterpart of the White Ensign. In this forty-seventh year of Togo's life, this was the *Kowshing*.

CAPTAIN KAMIMURA, back from the *Kwang-Yi's* suicide, devoted the *Akitsushiu's* attention to the fragmentary man-of-war and captured her. The *Naniwa* more gingerly bore down upon the Britisher.²⁰ What was she doing under Chinese escort, at such a place and at such a time?

The decks were crowded with yellow men, soldiers, Chinese soldiers.

Captain Togo knew that he was confronting a situation. Sternly he prepared to deal with it.

Up the *Naniwa's* halliards fluttered the international flags Jig Watch (JW), meaning in the Esperanto of the Seven Seas: "Stop immediately!" Supplementing the visual signal with an audible one, the cruiser barked twice with blank shot. The stranger's bubbling wake smoothed out as the screw ceased to revolve.

Another hoist was two-blocked: Love Pup (LP), "Anchor!" Splash went the *Kowshing's* obedient answer.

Togo continued towards the *Tsi-Yuen's* bearing of departure, intending to return later to the merchantman. The latter, however, began to do some signalling of her own and Togo was astonished at the request: "May I proceed?" He repeated his first order, Jig Watch, and, had the code included an exclamation mark or italics, both would have been used. He indicated the emphasis by discontinuing the chase of the *Tsi-Yuen* and standing over close to the *Kowshing*. It is worth noting that her master sensed Togo's tone; in the former's official report, the simple signal Jig Watch, "Stop immediately," is rendered as "Heave-to or take the consequences."

A boat was lowered away by the Japanese warship and

²⁰ An iron vessel of 1350 tons, schooner-rigged, belonging to the Indo-Chinese Steam Navigation Company, built at Barrow-in-Furness, and registered as of the port of London. Trumbull White, *The War In The East*. (Philadelphia, Ziegler, 1895.)

Lieutenant Hitomi was sent aboard the other vessel. He found himself on a crowded transport, surrounded by staring coolie soldiers. The skipper was a gracious Englishman, Captain Thomas Ryder Galsworthy, who courteously showed his papers.

The *Kowshing* had left Shanghai²¹ under charter to carry Chinese troops to Asan. At Taku eleven hundred of them had clambered aboard. There were several native officers and a graduate of the German Army, Major Constantine von Hanneken, who Captain Galsworthy declared was travelling "as an ordinary passenger" but was in the Chinese military service. On the evening of the same day that the Japanese fleet had departed from Sasebo, the *Kowshing* had cleared Taku.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth, with the Island of Shoo-Pai-Oul abeam and Asan not far off, the *Tsi-Yuen*, identified only as a Chinese warship in a panic, had ploughed past on her battered flight, still carrying her crazed combination of flags, an augury of trouble ahead. Soon the trouble had come over the horizon, the three witches, first the *Yoshino*, which held to her course in the wake of the Chinese fugitive, then the *Akitsushiu* and *Naniwa*.

Captain Galsworthy protested to Lieutenant Hitomi that the *Kowshing* was a British ship and, in the absence of a war, not subject to search and seizure on the high seas. Had he seen the gunnery duel of an hour earlier he might have understood that, in at least the sense of reality, his passengers were combatants and his fourteen field-pieces and ammunition contraband.

Hitomi asked if the *Kowshing* would follow the *Naniwa*, and Galsworthy replied that, if so ordered, he would have no alternative and would do so under protest of illegal duress.

The boarding officer returned to his ship and reported to Togo, whose mind was made up. Love Rush read the flags, "Slip your cable or weigh anchor immediately."

Captain Galsworthy started to obey when the increasingly excited mob of Chinese who chattered and danced all over the jammed topside began to take an active part in the proceedings. What was it all about? What did the shooting, the signals, the boat party import? The English master, who could not speak Chinese, explained through Hanneken. The former's protests to Lieutenant Hitomi were as nothing compared to those shouted by the *Kowshing's* excursionists. Two Chinese Generals in command of the troops called the entire affair a fraud. Like the proverbial Negro defendant in

²¹ July 17.

the midst of a criminal trial, who was willing to have the case dropped by both sides, they insisted that, having embarked in ignorance of the alleged state of belligerency, the ship should transport them back to Taku.

Through Hanneken as interpreter, Galsworthy tried to impress his mutinous passengers with the futility and peril of disregarding the *Naniwa's* directions. He came from a country where naval commands were not lightly disregarded. The Generals and their chorus of compatriots proclaimed that they greatly outnumbered the *Naniwa's* crew and were ready to fight! Just how was not specified. The Chinese screamed that death was preferable to falling into the hands of the loathsome Islanders. The foreign officers threatened to abandon the ship if this idiocy were persisted in.

"The generals," declares Captain Galsworthy's report, "then gave orders to the troops on deck to kill us if we obeyed the orders of the Japanese or attempted to leave the ship. With gestures they threatened to cut off our heads, to stab or shoot us; and a lot of men were selected to watch us and carry out the order."

In desperation Captain Galsworthy asked the *Naniwa* by signal to send the boat over again for further parley. Togo complied with this request and Lieutenant Hitomi returned to the *Kowshing*. Galsworthy met him down the gangway, warning him against venturing on deck among the frenzied Chinese.

Togo, guessing what was happening on the *Kowshing*, had told Hitomi that, should the surmise prove correct, the Europeans should be brought back in the boat to the safety of the *Naniwa*. Instead of trying to accept this invitation, which the Chinese would not have permitted, Galsworthy again argued the illegality of the seizure and sent a plea that the ship be allowed to return to Taku.

Togo's patience was becoming exhausted. He said later: "Four hours had been consumed in these fruitless negotiations, and there was no longer room for hesitation, so I signalled ML (quit the ship immediately)."

The Chinese neither would abandon the *Kowshing* nor permit the foreign officers to leave. Galsworthy once more besought the cruiser to send her boat. Togo declined to place any of his officers or men within reach of those violent Chinese, half-crazed like the storm-tossed coolies in Conrad's *Typhoon*.

His answer was that the boat could not go and then to repeat Mike Love.

No boats were being lowered by the *Kowshing*.

Togo looked with sympathy upon the cargo of hapless humanity and with a wholesome respect upon the ensign that symbolized Britain's jealous guardianship of her maritime rights. He considered the nature of the traffic: troops, cannon, shells to kill his fellow-countrymen.

Japan was at the cross-roads with Captain Togo at the wheel. The attitude of the Western sea powers was bound to bulk large in the determination of Japan's ambitious campaign against China. In strength and prestige, Great Britain was the foremost among them. Her antagonism would have been a prohibitive price to pay for destroying the inconsequential *Kowshing*. Eleven hundred men and a few batteries of field artillery allowed to head back towards Taku would not have turned the scales of the conflict, but London's anger might. On the other hand, undue solicitude for the safety of neutrals who voluntarily had assumed the risks of the danger-zone for the purpose of rendering partisan assistance, would have been construed in Europe as a sign of weakness. It was important, in Togo's opinion, that even the Mistress of the Seas be taught that those who, for hire, presumed to give open comfort to Japan's enemies would find it an unprofitable business. Japan's status as a proud and sovereign nation was involved.

When in later years Togo was questioned about the incident and the mental operations that produced the bold decision, he would smile enigmatically and say nothing. One exception, however, has been noted.

"I knew," Togo is quoted by Kinnosuke as having declared, "that upon my action depended the future of my country—perhaps its very life. And Heihachiro was quite ready to answer with his own life."²²

If Japan should find it necessary to repudiate what he now was about to do, there was always *seppuku*. Professor Lloyd is authority for the statement that the Captain actually gave utterance to this contingent intention.²³ The American Navy's mascot of shaggy hair and rounded horns significantly may be a scapegoat. Togo watched the cross of Saint George on its red field undulating in the breeze—and he prepared to act.

The *Kowshing* did not budge. Her passengers made no move to disembark. Time was elapsing. Like Admiral Tsuboi, Togo suspected the proximity of the Chinese fleet.

²² Adachi Kinnosuke, *Togo, The Man And The Admiral*. Century Magazine (October 1904), Vol. LXVIII, No. 6, p. 909, at p. 910.

²³ *Admiral Togo*, *supra*, p. 72.

That alone would have accounted for the otherwise irrational defiance by the soldiers. He concluded that it would be "very dangerous to hesitate any longer." It was 1:10 P.M.

Accordingly, another flag broke out on the *Naniwa*, a single one, not at the yardarm but aloft at the fore, a bright waving square of scarlet. One of the torpedo tubes was set. The guns were loaded. The decision had been made. The moment had arrived. Bang!

The new-fangled automobile torpedo missed the easy target, but the gunfire, including five shells from the main batteries, fatally punctured the hull of the defenceless merchantman that had turned combatant. In five minutes the stern began to sink but it was half an hour before the *Kowshing* plunged out of sight in the midst of what looked like a crowded swimming pool at a Chinese lunatic asylum.

When the *Naniwa* opened fire, some of the Chinese troops popped back harmlessly with their hand pieces. Captain Galsworthy's guards left him free on the transport's bridge. He grasped a life-preserver from the chart-house and dove overboard on the disengaged side. Amid the swarm of splashing humanity, he caught a glimpse of Hanneken. Like dozens of the *Titanic*'s passengers, many of the Chinese, especially those unable to swim, still were unconvinced that the solid-feeling vessel could be less secure than the deep ocean, and they remained aboard until the last.

Knowing that the *Kowshing* screened him from the cruiser's fire, Galsworthy was mystified at first by the whizzing of bullets about his head as he bobbed up and down in the cork jacket. Then to his horror he saw that the half-crazed soldiers on the topside of his own doomed ship were shooting at him and even at their comrades in the water as well as at the enemy.

Togo could not prudently lower any rescue boats until the futile firing from the *Kowshing* had ceased and she was about to go under. Then he despatched two cutters. They picked up only Galsworthy and two others, neither Chinese. This selectivity was difficult to ascribe to chance and it circumstantially corroborated the atrocity stories of deliberate massacre by rifle and machine-gun fire upon the men struggling in the water. A couple of the *Kowshing*'s life-boats deliberately were sunk. Those shipless Chinamen not slain by bullets were left to flounder in the water. Most of them followed their transport to Davy Jones's locker. A sizeable minority crawled onto nearby shores, whence they were carried to Chefoo by the

French gunboat *Lion* that passed the next day and answered their hail.

The credible evidence compels the ugly conclusion not only that the boat-crews violated every canon of seafaring chivalry but also that the cold-blooded slaughter was committed by some of the gun-crews aboard the cruiser. No one could argue seriously that the secure sailors of the well-disciplined Japanese naval vessel were acting contrary to the commands of their officers or that the latter would have dared to disregard the dictates from the bridge. Nor was there present any admiral or other superior to the Captain. The responsibility rests entirely upon his shoulders.

So out of character with the rest of Togo's long career seems this shocking performance and so emphatic were the Japanese denials that one would be inclined gratefully to accept the latter were it not for the persuasive testimony of the surviving Chinese and foreigners, even those of the latter who manifested no antipathy towards the complement of the *Naniwa*.

Captain Galsworthy's official report declared: "I can positively say I did not see the Japanese fire on the Chinese in the water." He was, however, careful to add that, while he was in the water, the *Naniwa* was hidden from his view by the towering hull of the sinking transport.

There was direct testimony, a few days after the catastrophe, at the Admiralty hearing in Tientsin.

A Cantonese fireman²⁴ testified that the Japanese operated machine-guns from the masts of the cruiser. He did not know the name of the device but "described the turning of the handle and the whirring sound" and said that "It was the gun-boat that sank the *Kowshing*, that fired at the men in the water."

A soldier²⁵ deposed that "The Japanese gun-boat stayed after the *Kowshing* sank and fired on the boats and people in the water. Only one steamer fired on the people in the water."

Another soldier²⁶ swore that he saw "the Japanese fire from the masts on the people swimming. It was the same gun-boat that sunk the *Kowshing* that fired on the people. Three boats put off with loads. The Japanese sank two."

Hanneken, who had managed to swim ashore and was among those rescued, made a written statement before the British Vice Consul at Chemulpo.²⁷ In this he declared: "I saw a

²⁴ Tung Ha-shin.

²⁵ Mou Ching-sing.

²⁶ Wang Kwi-fung.

²⁷ July 30.

Japanese boat lowered, heavily armed with men. I thought they were coming to the rescue of the remaining men; but I was sadly mistaken—they fired into the men on board the sinking ship. I do not know what their purpose was in doing so. The fact is that the swimming men were fired at from the Japanese man-of-war and from the sinking ship, the men on board the latter one probably having the savage idea that if they had to die their brothers should not live either."

That account certainly does not reflect any pro-Chinese bias in reporting the grim facts.

Of even more weight was the narrative of Chief Officer Lewes Henry Tamplin of the *Kowshing*, one of those taken to Japan with Captain Galsworthy. Tamplin penned his story in the Belle Vue Hotel at Nagasaki and had not had any opportunity to compare notes with Hanneken in Korea or those survivors who had found their way back to China. In fact, the Japanese politely had kept him apart from Galsworthy, at least until both had made written reports.

Tamplin had nothing but praise for the hospitality accorded to the Englishmen while aboard the *Naniwa* and the *Yayeyama*, to which latter vessel they were transhipped for passage to Japan. "We were very well treated," he said, "clothes and food being given to us, and even the sailors bringing presents of sweet biscuits and things for us to eat," while guests of Captain Togo. The crew of the *Naniwa* waved a friendly farewell when the prisoners were disembarked. "On getting on board the *Yayeyama*," continued Tamplin, "Captain Hirayama received us very kindly and told us to make ourselves at home."

Towards the Chinese he manifested no such amiability. Those last minutes in the *Kowshing* had left recollections that were far from pleasant. Referring to his struggles in the water, he said: "After getting clear of the ship I again made for the island, but seeing many Chinese ahead of me I reflected that it would be just as dangerous getting on to the island with them as it had been on board, so I again turned and taking off all my clothes made for the *Naniwa*, which had now drifted considerably away from the ship and was not using her guns, as far as I can remember."

The testimony of this Chief Officer, written with those respective sentiments towards his mutinous ex-shipmates and his cordial rescuers to whom he had turned by choice, should be free from any anti-Japanese prejudice or falsity, particularly in view of the circumstances under which it was given.

Here is what he said regarding the *Naniwa's* actions after the

destruction of the *Kowshing*: "I was not swimming long when I saw her" (the *Naniwa*) "lowering two of her boats, and one coming towards me, I was picked up. I explained to the officer the direction in which I had last seen the captain and the major swimming, and he directed the other boat to pull that way. No attempt was made to rescue the drowning Chinamen. Two volleys were fired from our boat with the object of sinking two of the lifeboats, which, having got clear of the ship, were filled with Chinese. Our boat was then recalled and I was taken on board, and dry clothes given me."

Togo's conduct, to say the least, undeniably was lacking in that brave life-saving zeal displayed by naval victors, even at great self-risk, so habitually as to have become a tradition of maritime warfare. His solicitude for the vanquished Russians at Tsushima was in marked contrast to the wholesale abandonment of the *Kowshing*'s complement and passengers. It goes without saying that hundreds of frightened prisoners would have constituted an awkward cargo on the decks of the *Naniwa* and a dangerous impediment in the event of an encounter with the enemy fleet, but under much more extenuating circumstances the civilized world properly condemned German U-boats for leaving adrift on the ocean the passengers and crews of torpedoed vessels.

Just where a decent humanitarianism becomes a reckless disregard of national interest is often a nice question. Togo never permitted a tenderness of Japanese lives to thwart his country's purpose; he hardly could have been expected to allow the welfare of enemy combatants to clog the *Naniwa*'s military mechanism at the outset of the campaign. But at least he should have sacrificed the time necessary to have placed as many as possible of the Chinese on dry land.

As it was, the cruiser lingered in the vicinity during the afternoon and then steamed towards Admiral Ito's Korean base. There she arrived the following morning, her Captain wondering whether he was due for a Court honour or a court martial.

The few survivors of the *Kowshing* were treated with every consideration aboard the *Naniwa* and then transshipped for passage to Nagasaki, where the consular inquiry was held.

Only in 1911, when he was in England, did Togo learn of a personal tie that made him rejoice the more in Galsworthy's rescue. After the memorable *Worcester* banquet at London, the Japanese guest of honour received a letter stating that the writer regretfully had declined a place on the reception committee in deference to the Admiral's possible sensibilities, as the

Englishman had been Commanding Officer of the *Kowshing*. The signature was Thomas R. Galsworthy's. Its owner had graduated from the *Worcester* two years after Togo.

The *Naniwa*'s first shot at the *Kowshing* rang louder in London than within sight of the powder flash. The English press at first assailed Togo's destruction of the *Kowshing* as an "act of piracy" and an "insult to the British flag," meriting the "condign punishment of the Japanese commander."

There ensued, however, a more sober analysis by the international lawyers, in the spirit of objectivity that magnificently distinguishes British discussion of public affairs.

Thomas Erskine Holland sat down at a desk in the Athenaeum Club, disregarded the jingo jargon of the curbstone diplomats and penned one of his celebrated letters to *The Times*. He had awaited the establishment of "the facts of the case . . . beyond reasonable doubt," and his missive accordingly was dated nearly a week after the formal declaration of war.²⁸

"If the visiting, and eventual sinking, of the *Kowshing* occurred in time of peace, or in time of war before she had notice that war had broken out, a gross outrage has taken place," conceded this great authority. "But," he added, "the facts are otherwise."

Togo's conduct upon meeting the *Kowshing* constituted both an act of war and due notice, according to Holland. That being so, she was liable to seizure whether regarded as an isolated vessel or part of a hostile expedition, and the force employed seemed "not to have been in excess of what might lawfully be used. . ."

Expressly confining his "observations to the legal aspects of the question, leaving to others to test the conduct of the Japanese commander by the rules of chivalrous dealing or of humanity," Holland concluded that no neutral rights had been invaded.

Professor Westlake delivered a concurrent opinion. John Bassett Moore's authoritative *Digest of International Law* cites with at least implied approval the courageous opinions of Holland and Westlake, rendered, as Moore says, "in the face of much popular excitement."²⁹

Upon receiving the first reports of the *Kowshing* incident, Admiral Fremantle, commanding the British squadron in the Far East, had sent a sharp note to Admiral Ito, peremptorily

²⁸ August 6, 1894. Thomas Erskine Holland. *Letters To The Times Upon War And Neutrality*. (London, Longmans Green, 1914), pp. 85-87.

²⁹ Vol. VII, p. 414.

enjoining any further interference on the high seas with vessels of the British merchant marine. It was with enormous relief that the Japanese naval command learned that this menacing attitude was not supported in Downing Street, where the counsels of the international law experts had been heeded.

Considered criticism was levelled, not at Captain Togo, individually, upon whom in future years the British Empire was to bestow high honours, but upon the practice of commencing hostilities without a declaration or notice. This seems to be a Japanese custom. When it was followed in 1904 against Russia, the international lawyers of the world took alarm. At Ghent two years later the Institut de Droit International adopted resolutions condemning the practice. After the polynational signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war, there became sanctioned by conduct in both hemispheres the new and much more nefarious system of engaging in prolonged combat without ever acknowledging the existence of a state of war.

The Japanese reaction to Togo's handling of the *Kowshing* was one of hearty approbation. Professor Takahashi's subsequent writings gave to the propriety of the sinking a permanent endorsement that crowned the popular applause.⁸⁰

Togo Heihachiro now was known to the newspaper readers of the world. In the far-flung circles of his profession his was a name associated with boldness. Overnight an obscure Japanese naval officer had become an international personage. Among his fellow-countrymen, from Kagoshima to the northerly shores of Hokkaido, he was the first hero of the war.

GENERAL OSHIMA threw his soldiers against the Chinese expeditionary force, deprived of the *Kowshing's* re-enforcements, and scored an initial military victory⁸¹ that matched Admiral Tsuibo's success in the opening engagement afloat.

The *de facto* war was at long last given official recognition. The Emperor of Japan issued the declaration on August 1. From the beginning to the end of the controversy and the conflict, however one may allot the ultimate responsibility, the initiative always was taken by the aggressive Islanders.

Although the Navies had not yet joined issue over the decisive control of the sea, the troop movements continued. Japan's continental cohorts were swelling almost daily, and General Nozu, in supreme command, soon had a formidable army at his disposal. Unhurriedly he marched it against Ping-

⁸⁰ See *International Law During the Chino-Japanese War*.

⁸¹ July 29 at Songwhan.

Yank on the Taidong River, northwest of Seoul, the citadel which Hadeyoshi had occupied in 1592. Perched on rocky heights above the adjacent plains and near the port of Chin-Nampo, the Chinese had made it their chief military stronghold in Korea and had believed it to be impregnable. The encircling walls were stormed by Japanese troops rushing from three directions⁸² and, after a furious and sanguinary battle, the city fell. This gave Japan a firm grip on the Kingdom. It now became the Imperial Navy's function to enable the Army to retain what it had taken.

⁸² September 15.

CHAPTER IX

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU

AFTER the *Tsi-Yuen* hobbled into Wei-hai-wei from her drubbing off Asan, Admiral Ting decided upon the sortie for which Tsuboi's First Flying Squadron had been on the alert the day of that prefatory engagement.

Commander Philo N. McGiffin, the *Chen-Yuen's* American Captain, has testified that in the Chinese Navy at this time there was every confidence of victory.¹

Profiting by the experience of the *Tsi-Yuen* and the *Kwang-Yi*, the fleet made a thorough job of its stripping for action. Accordingly, each vessel was limited to one boat and the others were dropped. Abandoning ship would mean all hands dive and swim.

The gun-shields covering the main batteries of the ironclads were removed, as the *Tsi-Yuen* had found them more of a danger in their interception of shells than a protection against those which would have struck anyway. Hammocks, sandbags and coal were piled where calculated to afford the best shield. The readily dispensable woodwork and rigging were unshipped, but it will be seen that enough inflammable material was retained to facilitate the spread of fires on several of the vessels.

Finally prepared, the fleet of Li Hung-chang, in its battle-grey paint, put to sea. For three days it rolled and tossed in a midsummer storm and then returned to its base without having sighted any Japanese naval forces.

Upon the declaration of war, the landlubber laymen at Peking and Tientsin began to dictate the naval strategy. While the sailors were jeered by their comrades of the sister service for not sallying forth to challenge the foe, the latter was sweeping around the Yellow Sea eagerly seeking a decisive encounter. Admiral Ito paraded his fleet past Wei-hai-wei²

¹ *The Battle of the Yalu.* Century Mag., Vol. L, No. 4 (August 1895), p. 585.

² August 10.

and bombarded the outer forts in what was construed as a defiance to the harbour-bound Chinese squadron, whose movements were prescribed from afar.

The Chinese Foreign Office forbade any operations to the eastward of a line from the Shantung Lighthouse to the mouth of the Yalu River—in other words, enjoined any cruising in the Yellow Sea proper. Admiral Mahan denounced this remote-control. "It is inevitable and necessary," said the sage of strategists, "that the armies and navies should be subordinate to the general war policy of the civil government; but the latter should beware of too particular directions, and, above all, of absolute orders, fettering the discretion of the commander-in-chief. If the man *on the spot* cannot be trusted, he should be removed; but no one at a distance from the scene of operations can effectively direct them."³

Some contemporary commentators, crediting Li Hung-chang with too much sense not to realize the folly of "fettering the discretion of the commander-in-chief," found it easier to guess that his patriotism had succumbed to a Japanese bribe. There is no evidence to support such a preposterous charge and modern Chinese are confident that, however deep may have sunk Li's venality, he never would have sold out his country.

Ting's radius of operations thus restricted, he made various appearances within the permissible zone in the Gulf of Pechili and Korea Bay without ever brushing the enemy. The Chinese sailors, becoming accustomed to what seemed like wide expanses of ocean free from Japanese intrusion, began to doubt that the latter dared face those two big battleships whose specifications overshadowed those of any vessel in the Mikado's Navy.

As has been noted, a week intervened between the Flying Squadron's first action off Asan and the declaration of war; another six elapsed before the Battle of the Yalu. Each dawn found the Japanese fleet ready for *Der Tag* but their scouts could establish no visual contact.

What finally brought the fleets together and fixed the point of the collision were the troop movements of both armies.

The day that the Japanese soldiers were reducing Ping-Yang,⁴ the Chinese fleet arrived and coaled at Talien Bay on the southeastern shore of the Liaotung Peninsula near Port Arthur. During the night the fleet departed *en masse* to escort some troop-ships to the mouth of the Yalu River. When

³ *Lessons From The Yalu Fight.* Century Mag., Vol. L, No. 4 (August 1895), p. 629.

⁴ September 15.

they sailed, Ping-Yang had fallen. The armada reached its destination the following afternoon. The main body of warships anchored in the roads while the transports⁵ proceeded some fifteen miles upstream, where the soldiers, horses and field-pieces were disembarked on the Korean side.

The *Kowshing* calamity had demonstrated that transports crossing the Yellow Sea were in jeopardy of Japanese naval interception, and the Chinese Government did not see fit to court a fleet action, whereby alone the maritime passage could have been cleared. As a compromise between the slow and laborious overland route and the direct waterway, it was planned to send the Army's re-enforcements by sea to the further side of the Yalu and to let them march from there.

ON September 10 virtually the entire Japanese naval force in the war zone cleared its temporary Korean base to escort a vast convoy of thirty transports up the western coast to Caroline Bay. Vice Admiral Viscount Kabayama, Chief of the Naval General Staff, one of the two officers mentioned as having bolted the military council preceding the war and as having delivered that audaciously false report to the Prime Minister, was present aboard the converted merchantman *Saikyo*. The *Naniwa* was in her usual place as a part of Rear Admiral Tsuboi's First Flying Squadron.

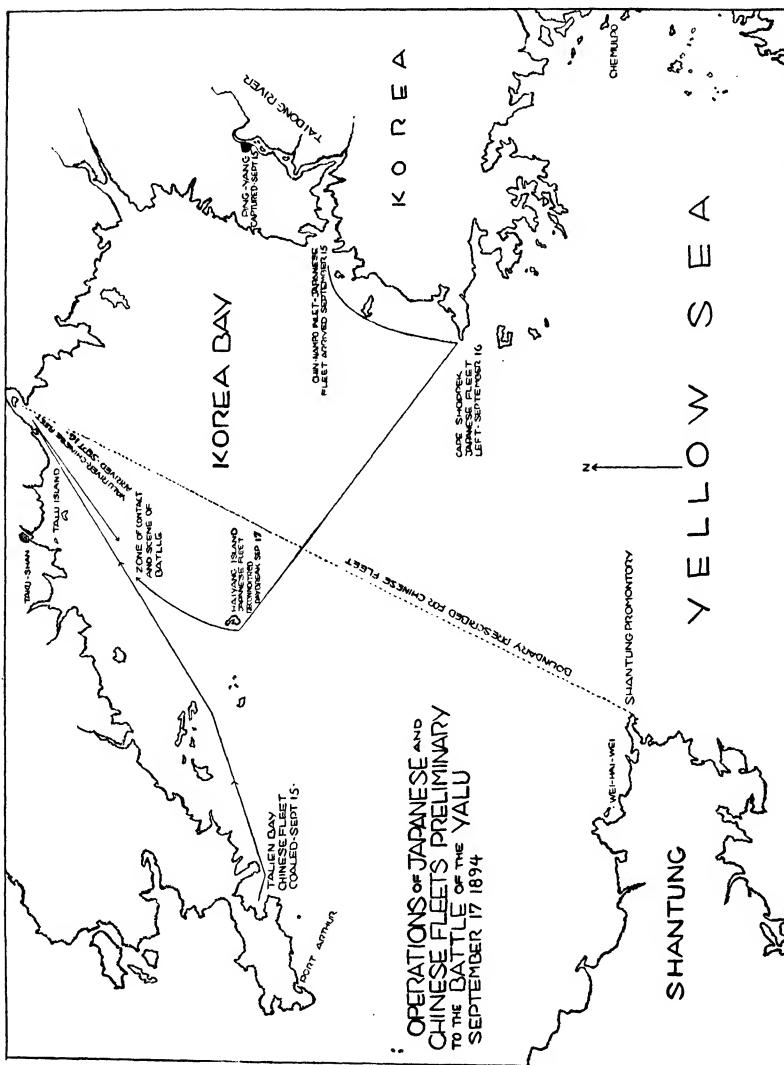
At the soldiers' destination, six of the lesser warships were detailed to cover the landing while the rest steamed on to the Ping-Yang district where the attack was about to be delivered. The fleet entered the inlet off Chin-Nampo⁶ as the Chinese were reaching Talien Bay. Admiral Ito detached four more of the smaller vessels to ascend the Taidong and support from the river the Army's triangular assault. He anchored his two chief fighting squadrons off Cape Shoppek, relieved that, for the present at least, the troop-chaperonage was completed. Like all of his officers, he was eager to revert to the prime naval objective. This desire became intensified by unverifiable reports that the phantom Chinese fleet was roving about in the upper portion of Korea Bay. The Japanese had nothing to lose by a wild-goose chase, and the Commander-in-Chief resolved to interpose his force between the enemy's bases and the latter's rumoured whereabouts. Accordingly he embarked upon the sweep which was to catch the Chinese fleet off the Yalu and project it into battle.

⁵ Accompanied by 8 of the light-draft naval vessels.

⁶ The morning of the 15th.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU

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First, Ito steered about northwest for the Island of Haiyang in the middle of the bay. The following daybreak he peered inside the harbours of Haiyang, discerned no trace of any hostile warship, and then headed for Talu Island to the northeast, in the general direction of the corner of the bay where it receives the current of the Yalu.

The Japanese lookouts by no means had such a combined

width of horizon that they could be relied upon to catch a glimpse of the Chinese fleet should it be returning on an opposite course. The hunting pack was not disposed in a wide-spread scouting line that would have ensured sighting any passing mastheads. It was not necessary. Admiral Ito and his staff beheld the immense smoke cloud riding high and black above their own fleet like a titanic captive balloon, visible far beyond the horizon of the crow's nests. The Chinese funnels could not steam back towards Port Arthur or Wei-hai-wei without similarly emblazoning their movement by a tell-tale smudge across the sky, bright blue after a nocturnal shower's cleansing of the atmosphere. This 17th of September "was a beautiful day, a light breeze gently ruffling the surface of the water."⁷

At 11:30 A.M., the Japanese espied with excitement, off to the east-northeast, creeping up into the cloudless heavens in a dense, expanding bank, the object of their long search. Nothing then afloat in those waters could have raised such a canopy of fuel-vapour excepting their own fleet or the assembled stacks of Ting's flotilla. Coming closer it was plain that the firerooms whence that smoke issued were not moving. Now separate streaks became distinguishable, leading down like streamers from the suspended mass to what the distant observers knew must be the various funnels. At 11:40 the vessels themselves loomed into view. Sure enough, there off the Yalu, at the boundary between China and Korea, was the Chinese fleet.

The curtain was rising upon what in Japan was to become known as the Battle of Haiyang (the island Admiral Ito had reconnoitred that morning) and abroad was to acquire the title of the Battle of the Yalu.

When on that occasion in the previous July the *Kowshing* had broken through the mist with her problems, Togo Heihachiro had met the demands upon individual initiative. Now he was facing the first professional test of major naval combat of his maturity. The vows at London to atone for his brothers' defection under Saigo had not been forgotten.

As his *Naniwa* kept station during this tense approach towards the enemy, the Captain's confidence in her was absolute, and, to a man, the complement had implicit faith in the sure touch of the skipper.

The fleet that was in motion at the instant of the sub-horizon

⁷ McGiffin, *supra*, p. 586.

visual contact to some extent had the choice of relative position. Ito elected a general northeasterly course directly towards the enemy. The Japanese ships were in line-ahead, the First Flying Squadron preceding the Main Squadron. The old *Akagi*, which had come along as a despatch-boat, and the *Saikyo*, the armed steamer still flying Kabayama's flag, were ordered to take cover to port on what would be the disengaged flank. These two encumbrances proved to be serious liabilities in the action. It would have been much better, as long as Viscount Kabayama insisted upon accompanying the fleet on this cruise, for him to have boarded one of the combatant units and thus to have enabled Ito to leave the *Saikyo* at a safe distance, together with the *Akagi*, as Dewey was to detach his vulnerable auxiliaries before engaging the Spanish fleet at Manila.

Togo's *Naniwa* was fourth in the column, the rear-guard of the Flying Squadron. In the van was Tsuboi's flagship, the *Yoshino*, then came the *Naniwa*'s sistership *Takachiho*, commanded by Togo's old friend Captain Nomura, and just ahead of the *Naniwa* was Captain Kamimura's *Akitsushima*. Supplemented now by the *Takachiho*, this was the group that had rendered the war's overture off Asan.

This fast quartette was followed by the slower vessels of the Main Squadron directly under the Commander-in-Chief, as usual in the *Matsushima*, which was directly behind the *Naniwa*. The Flag Captain was the future Admiral Dewa. Behind the flagship came the smaller *Chiyoda* and then the former's two sisters, the *Itsukushima* and *Hashidate*, and the English-built veterans, *Hiei* and *Fuso*, with whose pasts Togo's career had been intimately associated.

Thus, excluding the *Akagi* and *Saikyo*, which were of the nature of vessels of the train and were minus quantities from a combatant standpoint, the Japanese column consisted of ten fighting units divided into the four fast British-type cruisers of the First Flying Squadron, the three slower but more heavily-gunned vessels of French design, the belted and well-armed *Chiyoda*, and the two old tubs that Togo had watched being built in the Seventies. The *Hiei* found it a physical impossibility to keep station when the speed was increased above the cruising rate set by her limitations, and the *Fuso*, last in line, was only slightly less sluggish. The degree to which these two obsolete warships were to hamper Ito should have persuaded the Russians to leave at home the slow antiques

sent after Rojestvensky in 1905 to "re-enforce" the Baltic fleet.⁸

Off to the northeast, on the starboard bow, were first those distant smoke clues so pregnant with significance, then the toothpick masts, and finally as dots on the horizon, the hulls of the enemy. At last!

As those specks of waterscape grey expanded into bristling silhouettes, the Japanese recognized that the Chinese fleet was advancing slowly in line-abreast. When the types of vessels became distinguishable from one another, Togo's glasses sought the pair of aces which since 1891 he had expected to meet again some day in just this fashion. There they were, in the centre, with the next largest units on their flanks, the line tapering towards both ends and including a total of ten ships, the same number as the Japanese.

From the *Naniwa*'s bridge it was not yet possible to identify the individual ships of each class. As a matter of fact, the Chinese fleet, like the Japanese, was organized in two groups. Each was led by one of the so-called battleships. Admiral Ting's flagship, the *Ting-Yuen*, was fifth from the Chinese left end. Next to her, on her starboard side, was her twin, the *Chen-Yuen*, commanded by Captain McGiffin. From the Chinese left to right, the Admiral's own division, other than the flagship, comprised the *Tsi-Yuen*, still under Captain Fong, who had fought her at Asan, the sloop *Kwang-Kai*, the fast protected cruiser *Chih-Yuen*, swiftest craft in the line, and the armoured cruiser *King-Yuen* on Ting's port hand.

The other division, stretching from the *Chen-Yuen* off to her right, included, in order, the armoured cruiser *Lai-Yuen* (sistership of the *King-Yuen*), the protected cruiser *Ching-Yuen* (sistership of the *Chih-Yuen* but not quite so speedy), and, nearest the end, the small sloops *Chao-Yung* and *Yang-Wei*.

This listing is useful only for reference. It is neither easy nor profitable to memorize those names, so many of which become bafflingly similar in phonetic transition into a Western language. The chief point to grasp is that Ting concentrated his strength in the middle of the line and left his wings woefully weak. Summarizing the essential facts of the disposition, the two battleships were in the centre, flanked on either side by the pair of armoured cruisers which were next in size.

⁸ The same mistake was made by Admiral Sampson in taking two clumsy old monitors on the Porto Rican cruise in 1898, and by Admiral Scheer in dragging the slow *Deutschlands* on the sortie resulting in Jutland.

The next strongest ships, the two fast protected cruisers, were on the exterior beams of the armoured cruisers, and the old *Tsi-Yuen* and three sloops filled out the two extremities. This steaming order, so severely criticized ever since, undoubtedly was dictated by the conviction that China's chances afloat depended upon the few major units and that hence these should be kept close together and inseparable for the decisive moment of trial.

Naval experts have criticized adversely not only the arrangement of the individual ships but also the entry of the fleet into battle in line-abreast regardless of how that line was made up. In passing judgment one must try to evoke from the past those actualities that confronted Ting when he was surprised at anchor that mid-day off the Yalu River.

The forenoon routine and drills had been held as usual. Their escort mission accomplished, the Chinese warships soon were to start back to their base. The cooks were preparing lunch and mess-gear was about to be laid when the lookouts aloft on several of the vessels simultaneously shouted the espial of distant smoke towards the southwest. The volume of this smoke bespoke its origin as clearly as did the Chinese smoke proclaim its source to the Japanese observers. This bolt from the blue electrified the Chinese fleet. As in the case of Drake inside Plymouth Harbour when the Armada was sighted from the Lizard, the paramount necessity for Ting was to get his force out to sea where he would have as much elbow-room as his approaching adversary. With varying rapidity, the Chinese men-of-war shortened cable, got underway and, on divergent courses marking a fan-shaped set of wakes, advanced towards the enemy. This brought the Chinese automatically into line-abreast but a line so jagged as almost to suggest a squadron under sail. This spontaneous rush towards the foe in the open sea was to the westward, the irregular row of ships stretching roughly from north to south.

In marked contrast, Admiral Ito's white-painted warships, strung out at even intervals like buoys along a channel, steamed at a speed and with a uniformity that yielded no opportunity for the Chinese to smooth their excited ships into neat alignment.

The *Ting-Yuen* hoisted an enormous national ensign and an especially large admiral's insigne at her mastheads, and the rest of the fleet raised new flags reserved for this climactic occasion. The Japanese craft likewise plumed themselves in accordance with the old tradition of battle splendour when,

shortly after the eight bells of noon, there broke out on the *Matsushima's* mainmast the inspiring majesty of the Imperial Standard.

Admiral Tsuboi at first headed straight for the formidable Chinese centre but, as the intervening space narrowed, he veered slightly to the left, ships turning in succession, towards the further and northern extremity of the enemy line. The Main Squadron followed in the *Naniwa's* wake on the changed course. Almost invariably it has been taken for granted that Ito's subsequent manoeuvre in crossing the enemy front and crushing his weak port wing was planned at the first contact and with a correct intuition that Ting would not alter the line-abreast. This may have been so, but the more likely possibility is that Ito expected the Chinese line to make a ninety degree turn to starboard into line-ahead and that he prepared to fight on a parallel course after closing the range to the shortness most advantageous to his preponderance of rapid-firers.

In his classic history of the war, Zenone Volpicelli, writing under the pseudonym of "Vladimir," said that "The object of this skilful evolution of Admiral Ito had been to take advantage of his superior speed and circle round the Chinese; in following this course his ships kept at a distance from the large vessels and heavy guns of the centre and concentrated their fire, with fatal effect, on the small flanking vessels that they could approach without danger."⁹

It would seem that, were Vladimir's inference correct, Ito would have done much better to have attacked the Chinese port wing, the nearer one. If, as Vladimir believed, Ito's plan embraced a desire to remain "at a distance from the large vessels and heavy guns of the centre" such a manoeuvre, straight past the nearer wing and then circling around the Chinese rear from the south instead of from the north, would have been more logical than the diagonal run past the entire Chinese front before the attack on the further wing. For one important thing, the foreseeable plight of the *Hiei*, described below, thereby would have been avoided or at least deferred.

Had Ting done the expected and swung his line-abreast into line-ahead, Ito's method of deployment would have been not only the natural counterpoise but also the manoeuvre best calculated to head off the Chinese from any dash for Port Arthur. Ting's inferior speed would have nullified any effort to side-step a fight at this time, but there is no reason to

⁹ *The China-Japan War*. (Sampson Low, Marston, 1896), p. 170.

question his inclination to settle the issue with the Japanese fleet at the earliest opportunity. Various explanations have been offered for his omission to make the orthodox turn into column. The one generally accepted and which may be correct is that Ting learned only a part of the lesson taught by his British preceptors. They patiently had exercised the Chinese fleet in a line-abreast battle approach, but always with the idea that this afforded the logical flexible preliminary basis from which to swing into the most suitable battle formation before opening fire.

Others ascribe the Chinese line-abreast to an ill-advised misuse of the wedge-thrust successfully employed in 1866 by Tegetthoff at the Battle of Lissa.¹⁰

Imputing to Ting a deliberate intention of fighting in line-abreast reasonably takes into consideration the relatively strong end-on gunnery power of his big ships, designed during the post-Lissa era when line-abreast engagements were regarded as likely contingencies.

As against the indications that Ting's formation was preordained, it must not be forgotten that a line-ahead can be formed from a line-abreast only when the latter is really a line and that Ting's line-abreast was anything but straight.

Had the Chinese really planned to present a line-abreast to the Japanese fleet, if and when the latter should be encountered, there is no disputing Mahan's comment that the wings should have been stiffened, not necessarily by the two battleships but at least by the two armoured cruisers that Ting kept next to the former.¹¹

By design or by circumstance, the naval forces of Li Hung-chang came on in line-abreast and at a very low rate of speed. Far behind, near the shore, were some Chinese warships that had not been able to jump into the front rank when the alarm rang.

Like the other Japanese Commanding Officers, Togo intently watched every move of the enemy. He knew that the few hundred men aboard those twenty floating fortresses that were being propelled towards each other in that small circle of the Yellow Sea might determine within the balance of daylight the destiny for years to come of Asia's teeming millions. A defeat would shut off the Tsushima ferry and maroon the victorious Japanese expeditionary troops at the eventual mercy

¹⁰ See H. W. Wilson, *Battleships in Action*, *supra*, Vol. I, p. 101.

¹¹ *Lessons From The Yalu Fight*, *supra*, p. 681.

of the limitless manpower of the Chinese Empire, terminating the Korean venture exactly as Konishi's had been terminated three centuries before. Would Admiral Ting prove to be a reincarnated Yi-Sun, who, Admiral Ballard has said, "with a wide grasp of a strategic situation and a remarkable skill as a naval tactician . . . combined a spirit of leadership always animated by the principle of the uncompromising offensive, the only true spirit of war" and "resembled Nelson. . ."?¹² The Japanese Captain was confident from his observations in the past that Ting would not.

Togo's unquestioning assurance of success would not have been shaken had he known that aboard the Chinese flagship as Ting's adviser was that very Hanneken who nearly sank with the *Kowshing*. Perhaps there was a notion that the sum of one brave Chinese cavalry veteran and one brave Prussian drill-master equalled a competent admiral.

The *Naniwa*'s guns were trained towards the enlarging targets, the high angle of elevation indicating that the range still was long.

The cruiser's skipper noted that she rode at precisely the prescribed distance abaft the *Akitsushiu*. Behind him he saw, exhibiting with equal smartness the proficiency in keeping station mastered in the endless exercises, the six ships of the Main Squadron. Officers and men who could hold a column like that would be able to fight.

Minutes wrought drastic alterations in the relative positions of the two fleets as the Chinese line-abreast continued to steam towards the west at about six knots, and the Japanese, moving almost twice as fast, advanced from the southwest on their north-northeasterly course. At 12:50¹³ the Chinese centre was 6000 metres on the *Naniwa*'s starboard bow. Togo and his officers on the bridge saw a puff of white smoke on the forecastle of Ting's flagship and then heard the roar of the first shot as it threw up a geyser short of the *Yoshino*. Immediately the entire Chinese line took the cue and blazed away at the leading Japanese cruisers.

Disdaining to pamper the nerves of his trustworthy sailors, Ito refused to relieve the tension by releasing any return salvos until his rapid-firers could be expected to score hits. Nothing better demonstrated the supreme confidence of the Japanese command than this resolute passivity as the eyes

¹² *Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan*, *supra*, pp. 50-51.

¹³ Japanese reckoning.

**COMMENCEMENT
OF THE
BATTLE OF THE YALU**
12.50 P.M. - 17 SEPT. 1894
(SHIPS NOT TO SCALE)

**CHINESE FLEET
IN IRREGULAR LINE-ABREAST-
SPEED: 6 KNOTS**

YANG-WEI-SLOOP.
CHAO-YUNG-SLOOP.
CHING-YUEN-FAST PROTECTED CRUISER.
LAI-YUEN- ARMoured CRUISER
CHEN-YUEN-BATTLESHIP (MC. GIFFIN)
BATTLESHIP FLAGSHIP OF ADM.
TING-YUEN- TING - C. IN CHIEF.
KING-YUEN-ARMORED CRUISER.
CHIH-YUEN-FAST PROTECTED CRUISER
KWANG-KAI-SLOOP
TSI-YUEN-OLD PROTECTED CRUISER

YOSHINO-NEW PROTECTED CRUISER.
FLAGSHIP OF REAR ADMIRAL TSUBOI.
TAKACHIHO-SISTER SHIP OF NANJWA
AKITSUSHIMA-NEW PROTECTED CRUISER
NANJWA-PROTECTED CRUISER (TOGO)

6000 METERS
TING-YUEN OPENS FIRE ON YOSHINO
FLYING SQUADRON

MATSUSHIMA - FLAGSHIP OF V. ADM. ITO C. INC -
CHIYODA-SMALL PROTEC. CRUISER
ITSUKUSHIMA
AKAGI-DESPATCH BOAT
SAIKYO (CONVERTED
MERCHANTMAN FLYING
THE FLAG OF YADM.
KABANNA CHIEF
OF THE NAVAL STATE
PROTECTED CRUISERS OF FRENCH DESIGN
HASHIDATE
HIEI-CORVETTE
FUSO-OLD BATTLESHIP

N ↑
MAIN SQUADRON

PURSUANT TO ITO'S SIGNAL TSUBOI JUST
HAS ALTERED COURSE SLIGHTLY TO PORT
(SHIPS IN SUCCESSION) AND IS INCREASING SPEED
TO 14 KNOTS TO ATTACK THE CHINESE RIGHT WING

of all signal officers stared expectantly at the flagship's yard-arms.

Up fluttered the waving-colour order but it was not to open fire. It directed the Flying Squadron to increase its speed. Tsuboi pressed ahead at fourteen knots and continued on his diagonal track across the enemy front towards his further, his starboard wing, oblivious to the heavy bombardment from the centre at constantly diminishing ranges. Ting would have saved some wasted ammunition that he sorely needed later that afternoon had he held his fire until the Japanese were within striking distance. Even when the Flying Squadron drew within what should have been striking distance of the Chinese battleship's big 12-inch guns, their shots missed the targets.

Those few minutes during which the thin-skinned Japanese cruisers were exposed to this unilateral fire were fateful ones.

To realize how much depended upon those gun-crews it is necessary merely to indulge in the simplest of hypotheses contrary to the facts as they developed. If the fire control had been on a par with that of first class contemporary navies and the ammunition been up to standard, the *Ting-Yuen* and *Chen-Yuen* would have straddled the First Flying Squadron during its bold transit of the Chinese front. Suppose the *Yoshino* had been hit and disabled. The column would have been thrown out of its serene steadiness. The elimination of Admiral Tsuboi would have been bound to cause some confusion. The wisdom of the tactics would have been questioned and, where doubt enters, success is undermined. Then suppose that another of the cruisers had been shaken and damaged, perhaps blown up, by a subsequent salvo, all before the Chinese had been treated to any counter-attack. Their morale would have been given a great stimulant. The Japanese would have been off to a tragic start. Admiral Ito would have been obliged to alter course while crossing the enemy's bows. Such a beginning might well have been followed by the enthusiastic descent of an unbroken Chinese line-abreast upon scattering Japanese units that no longer comprised a fleet.

Fortunately for Togo Heihachiro and his compatriots, the few with him and the millions at home, those living and their unborn posterity, the event was very different.

The Flying Squadron, moving at fourteen knots in compliance with Ito's signal, saw the massive Chinese shells splash impressively but harmlessly in the surrounding water. The

Naniwa steadily was pulling away from the fleet flagship, opening a lengthening gap between the two squadrons.

At 1:05 the Flying Squadron was opposite the Chinese right and had cut the range to about 3000 metres. Then and only then the Japanese gunners were unleashed. They were close enough to make effective use of their rapid-reloading quick-firers. The full broadsides of Tsuboi's four cruisers crashed out their fusillades. The two sloops on the extreme Chinese right bore the brunt of this violent short-range assault. The decorative woodwork in their old-fashioned superstructures had remained undisturbed in the preparatory stripping for action at the base and was as fatally inflammable as the timber decking of Cervera's handsome cruisers was to prove four years later at Santiago.

Togo and his squadron were now past the enemy line and well ahead of the Main Squadron. The latter was heavily engaged with the Chinese centre, which, on account of the converging courses, found itself nearer to each Japanese ship than to the one ahead. The Japanese plan, whether or not it was conceived as early in the prelude as Vladimir supposed, presumably was for the column to double the Chinese right wing and then counter-march back along the Chinese rear. Certainly this was Ito's idea when he saw that Ting did not and probably, on account of the irregularity of his semi-haphazard formation, could not make the turn into line-ahead.

When, however, Tsuboi cleared the enemy right wing, leaving the two end sloops in flames, his attention was called to Chinese re-enforcements approaching from the northward on his port bow. These ships were an armoured cruiser *Ping-Yuen*, the sloop *Kwang-Ping* and some torpedo boats that had been up the Yalu River when the Japanese were sighted. Foregoing the projected turn to starboard around the Chinese end, Tsuboi led his squadron in a swing to port, a manoeuvre calculated to intercept the newcomers and then to permit a run back across the enemy's front instead of his rear. The Main Squadron was rounding the Chinese right as per schedule. Ito signalled to Tsuboi to disregard the inshore detachment and to fall in behind the Main Squadron in execution of the prime offensive against the principal Chinese force. The Flying Squadron, already committed to the port turn, completed the circle and, in obedience to that order of the Commander-in-Chief's, was preparing to take station behind the Main Squadron. This would have placed Togo in the

highly responsible position of fleet rearguard. Because such duties had been quite likely to devolve upon the commander of the cruiser that was fourth in Tsuboi's order of steaming, the *Naniwa's* assignment to that place had been one more mark of confidence in her Captain's dependability.

Before the manoeuvre rejoining the two squadrons in single column could be completed, another signal reached Tsuboi from the *Matsushima*. The Flying Squadron was directed to stand over towards what had been the Chinese front and to support the sorely-pressed *Akagi* and *Hiei*. These vessels, and also the *Saikyo*, unavoidably had become separated from the Japanese squadrons and were in desperate straits.

The *Hiei's* inability to keep up with the battle speed of the column had precipitated her into trouble early in the engagement. The black-gang in the torrid depths valiantly gave every ounce of loyal energy in their sweat-soaked bodies only to have the voice-tubes plead for more and more revolutions per minute. The old war-horse lashed herself along with panting breath but the officers on the bridge saw the stern of the *Hashidate* recede further and further away from the *Hiei's* jackstaff. As the column swept diagonally across the Chinese front in that battle approach, it was like a fabulous sea-monster, whose humps protruded above the surface but whose tail was unable to keep up with the head and body. The lagging appendage looked as though it were going to be run down by the advancing Chinese ships before it could be pulled clear of their paths.

The *Hiei*, realizing the situation all too well, sheered out of column and allowed the *Fuso* to "play through." The *Hiei* either had to retreat, which might or might not have been possible, or aggressively attempt to penetrate the Chinese line near its deadly centre, which was bearing down second by second. As the other Japanese ships moved rapidly to the northward, the *Hiei* found herself under the concentrated fire of the Chinese ironclads and armoured cruisers, and sustained a dreadful pounding at close quarters.

Observing his squadron rounding the Chinese right wing far ahead, Captain Sakurai boldly plunged the *Hiei* through the Chinese centre with the intention of recovering his station in column as the Japanese vessels should pass down the Chinese rear. This was a short-cut through the very heart of the enemy. Seemingly scraping the muzzles of the enemy's heavy artillery, the *Hiei* staggered under a point-blank bombardment. At one

time she was within a quarter of a mile of both the Chinese flagship and the powerful *King-Yuen* on opposite sides.

The little *Akagi*, likewise unable to keep up with the fighting fleet, perceived the *Hiei*'s plight and dashed to her assistance, the halt to lead the blind. Thanks to the enemy's inferior fire control and corruptly defective shells, these two Japanese vessels managed to remain afloat although the *Hiei* was almost destroyed by a raging conflagration. As McGiffin said, "it was impossible to miss" her as she ploughed amidst the Chinese vessels.

A barrage of projectiles apparently was pushed into her vitals by the flame-tongues of the Chinese firing charges that flashed from the big cannon. Even torpedoes were launched at her but these went astray.

The presumptuous *Akagi* found herself in a duel with the armoured cruiser *Lai-Yuen*, four times her size. The Japanese gunners swept the officers off the *Lai-Yuen*'s bridge but paid for this audacity. The despatch-boat was subjected to a violent chastisement. Captain Sakamoto was killed and several of his officers and many men were put out of action. Two of the smaller Chinese vessels from the port wing were approaching to help the *Lai-Yuen* finish the *Akagi*. The latter was almost done for, above and below decks. She made off in a southerly direction, trying by the frantic use of her stern batteries to stave off the hot pursuit while the crew held together the fragments of the shattered craft.

The *Lai-Yuen* had closed to a scant 300 metres and almost all of the *Akagi*'s senior officers were lying dead or wounded among her wreckage when a fortunate shot from one of her irrepressible after batteries saved her life. She had stabbed the big armoured cruiser in her quarter and started a fire that diverted the latter's attention from the *Akagi*. Not only did the *Lai-Yuen* drop behind but the other pursuing Chinese craft went to her aid and discontinued the chase.

During the first phase of the battle, just after the Japanese column had made its diagonal run across the Chinese front and had passed close aboard the latter's starboard wing, the *Saikyo* had reached the two sloops on that end of the Chinese line. They were battered from the terrific riddling they had sustained and, as previously mentioned, had burst into flames that fed on the woodwork in the superstructures.

That the marksmanship and ordnance of the Japanese, while superior to the Chinese, were not all that they should have been

is apparent from the fact that these relatively fragile sloops received the concentrated short-range fire of the Flying Squadron and then the Main Squadron but still were above water when the *Saikyo* came trailing along behind the warships. She proceeded to deliver the *coup-de-grace*. The *Chao-Yung* collapsed, dumped her howling Chinese into the sea and went to the bottom with them. The *Yang-Wei* reeled off, a floating torch, and flung her blazing hull upon a nearby beach on Talu Island.

The *Saikyo*, obliged to shift for herself, came under the central Chinese fire that had been unable to break the Japanese column. A shell from the flagship disabled the *Saikyo's* steering gear. She lunged out of control, directly towards the Flying Squadron, returning to relieve the *Hiei* and *Akagi*. Missing the *Akitsushiu*, the steamer cut across Togo's bow at a most uncomfortable proximity. Had she collided with one of those cruisers or had she but disrupted their formation, the mistake of bringing the *Saikyo* would have been magnified into a historic blunder. It conceivably might have blighted Togo Heihachiro's career, so important is the cold fact of failure, however blameless, in the subsequent selection of supreme command.

Luckily the *Saikyo's* mad, helpless intersection of the Flying Squadron's track had no more serious consequences than to bring that unarmoured merchantman into the perilous vicinity of her comrades, the *Hiei* entangled with the Chinese centre, and the *Akagi*, which had just sailed into the clear.

Into this mêlée now steamed those inshore vessels to repel which Admiral Tsuboi had deviated from his course until recalled by Ito. These late arrivals drew near the battle in time to fire upon the port side of the Main Squadron as it made its turn around the Chinese wing. The *Ping-Yuen* and *Kwang-Ping* shot at the *Matsushima* in particular as she swung around to re-engage the main Chinese force from its rear.

The torpedo boats then joined the *Kwang-Ping* in an attack upon the *Saikyo*, whose steering gear had been patched-up in a makeshift fashion and which was continuing to behave as aggressively as a full-fledged man-of-war. Again, in this assault upon the *Saikyo*, torpedoes were used, but again without effect.

It was at this critical juncture that the Flying Squadron, pursuant to Admiral Ito's order, bore down upon the big enemy ships that had been having a picnic with the three weakest Japanese units. All of the latter were near-wrecks and horrible shambles but miraculously still afloat.

Thus, at this time, the First Flying Squadron was returning across the enemy's original front and the Main Squadron across what had been his rear. Ting's ships were in confusion and complete disorder but those left still were fighting gamely. Besides the two sloops crumpled at the starboard wing, there had been two desertions.

The *Tsi-Yuen*, vividly remembering the punishment she had been dealt by this First Flying Squadron off Asan, slipped away on the pretext of minor injuries, and was seen fleeing towards the asylum of Port Arthur. There Captain Fong permanently was deprived of the head he had lost in the crisis, a tragic fate for the officer who had fought so bravely off Asan.

The *Kwang-Kai* had proved equally gun-shy and managed to run away before sustaining a scratch, her terror so acute, however, that in her precipitate flight towards the same haven she inexcusably piled herself upon a reef.

As the afternoon waned, the Chinese were left with only their best half-dozen ships. These were pouring a dense barrage at the Main Squadron, but again there were not many hits and those shells that struck did not always explode. Some had been filled with saw-dust so that, no doubt, certain feminine favourites of the light-fingered Peking politicians could display an additional bauble or two.

As the two Japanese squadrons passed on their respective arc-shaped courses around Ting's disorganized but not completely demoralized fleet, firing at the latter from both flanks, and then curved back towards each other, the danger of hitting each other became acute. One shell from Ito's flagship actually fell within a couple of hundred metres of the bow of the *Yoshino*.

This was the fiercest, bloodiest part of the battle. It seemed impossible for the Chinese ironclads and armoured cruisers within that ring of shell-fire to survive the storm of projectiles.

The Japanese, with much less protection, were taking plenty of blows. The *Matsushima* had a violent duel with the *Ting-Yuen*, Ito against Ting. As the fleet flagships blazed away at each other, both received many hits. A shot from the Chinese ironclad struck one of the *Matsushima*'s barbettes and exploded an ammunition pile on deck, killing and injuring some eighty men and raising havoc with that part of the ship. The vessel listed, some guns were out of commission, fire broke out. By quick-thinking bravery, two marines, at the peril of their lives, checked the flames from entering a magazine.

Several modern accounts of the battle declare or imply that at this stage Admiral Ito was obliged to haul the Main Squad-

ron temporarily out of range while he shifted his flag to the *Hashidate*. The Japanese records show that the transfer was not made until the battle had been broken off that evening.¹⁴ After the explosion, however, the *Matsushima* was obliged to signal: "Disregard movements of the Commander-in-Chief," so that her temporary inability to hold the battle line would not interfere with the continuance in action of the rest of the Main Squadron.

During that mid-afternoon hour of the most intense fighting, the Flying Squadron bore the brunt of the enemy fire. This was natural because the Chinese were trying to force their way through the positions occupied by the Japanese cruisers and away from the direction of the Main Squadron. Furiously the surviving Chinese units charged Tsuboi's quartette, which was still manoeuvring and operating in unbroken formation. The heavier Chinese vessels did what they could with the slow-loading guns and inadequate ammunition, and vainly sought opportunities to use their rams.

The swift *Chih-Yuen*, in such a dash at the *Yoshino*, exposed herself to the better-aimed and faster-firing batteries of the opposing group. Before she could get close to her objective, the Chinese cruiser was overwhelmed by the short-range barrage and was blown out of the water.

Not long thereafter her sistership, the *Ching-Yuen*, caught fire but did not sink.

The Japanese scored an even greater triumph. After Tsuboi found his ships dangerously near the "overs" of the Main Squadron, he eased out to starboard to avoid his compatriots' fire and also to pursue the Chinese vessels which, abandoning the two cumbersome ironclads, were breaking to the northward. On his reverse course he found his cruisers within effective range of the *King-Yuen*. This armoured cruiser attacked the head of Tsuboi's squadron, the *Yoshino* and *Takachiho*, and they poured their broadsides into her with irresistible rapidity. She exploded and sank, constituting the largest ship-loss of the battle.

This left Admiral Ting with only his two mammoth standbys, the armoured cruiser *Lai-Yuen* and one other vessel of the ten in his original line.

The ironclads withstood an amazing amount of gunfire. The upper works were shot away and some of the guns disabled.

¹⁴ See Inouye Jukichi, *The Japan-China War* (translation), (Kelly & Walsh, Yokohama), p. 8.

The topsides looked like iron targets that had been used on the proving grounds.

The fourteen-inch armour belts and the twelve-inch barbettes performed their defensive tasks with a proficiency that did credit to the Stettin builders of over a decade before.

The flagship *Ting-Yuen* caught fire and McGiffin rushed the *Chen-Yuen* to the former's succour. A contemporaneous Japanese narrative stated: "During the fire on the *Ting-Yuen*, the *Chen-Yuen*, which never left her side, ably aided and covered her. It was due to the *Chen-Yuen*'s skilful manoeuvres that the Chinese flagship did not suffer more. On these two great battleships the Japanese Main Squadron exerted its utmost." This corroborated McGiffin's own account.

Hanneken may have been deficient as a naval strategist but he was of value in directing the military handling of the flagship as a floating fort. When the spreading conflagration threatened to destroy the ship, he helped Admiral Ting maintain discipline and he found a way to extinguish the blaze.

Soon the miserable ammunition in the Chinese ironclads began to give out. There were no more shells in the *Chen-Yuen* and the flagship's supply was becoming exhausted.

This would have been the moment for the Japanese to drive home their final attack and rid the seas of the two big Chinese threats. The latter no longer could manoeuvre at much more than steerageway, their fangs almost were drawn and they were mere floating blockhouses. It might have cost the Japanese a ship or two to have run the combined squadrons smack against the *Ting-Yuen* and *Chen-Yuen*, but the subsequent campaign greatly would have been simplified had the victory, like Togo's final one in the next war, been pressed to annihilation.

This was not to be. The Chinese giants survived to remain the nucleus of a menacing fleet-in-being.

The Flying Squadron was distracted from the chief objective by the lesser Chinese units streaming off to the northwest towards Port Arthur. True, the *King-Yuen* was finished on this run.

The Main Squadron circled the Chinese ironclads "as they stood first in one direction and then in another, like a pair of wounded buffaloes worried by a pack of wolves," to quote Admiral Ballard's simile. The wolves barked at a respectful distance and, even when they saw that the buffaloes were hardly resisting the attack, omitted to strike at closer quarters.

Then there interposed a new factor, utterly beyond the con-

trol of a mere Commander-in-Chief. To his dismay, Ito perceived that the generously fair September day was fading into twilight.

Out of the dusk there crept across the Admiral's imagination the same spectre of a nocturnal torpedo attack that twenty springs later was to worry Jellicoe when opaque fog blackened into the short night off Jutland. The Japanese leader was uneasy about those shadows lurking in the mouth of the Yalu, about the torpedo-boats that might make a witches' ride from Port Arthur under cover of darkness, about the death-stings that might be delivered by the very Chinese ships a continued contact would seek to destroy. Like Jellicoe and like Togo in the early stages of the next war, Ito heard the mandate of caution and did not exercise his right of veto.

Before the Flying Squadron, upon its ill-advised detour, got beyond signal distance, Ito sent Tsuboi a message through the gloaming that he should rejoin the Main Squadron.

McGiffin wrote in his account that the Japanese withdrawal "has always been a mystery. . . Had they stayed with us a quarter of an hour more, our guns would have been silent and the ships defenceless. . . The Japanese claim a victory at the Yalu, and with justice. But with the going down of the sun on that day seemed to disappear the élan with which they broke our formation in the early afternoon."¹⁵

Not far away in miles, on August 10, 1904, Togo was to face a tactical situation similar to Ito's and handle it the same way, but there were distinguishing factors of strategy.

Excepting for the *Matsushima*, the *Hiei* and the two quasi-auxiliaries whose presence was without warrant, the Japanese ships emerged in fairly sound condition. Most of them, however, had been struck. One shell exploded at the *Naniwa*'s water-line, threw up a fountain of water that drenched to the skin Captain Togo and the others on the bridge, and then buried its nose harmlessly in the protective coal bunker.

Despite her hits, the *Naniwa* had not suffered a single casualty. The other Japanese ships reported a total of about three hundred. The Chinese, who lost five vessels, sustained about three times as many casualties.

Most of the Japanese deaths and injuries occurred aboard the fleet flagship when that shot from the *Ting-Yuen* landed amid the stack of shells on the topside. The *Matsushima* was badly smashed up. Shifting his flag to the *Hashidate*, Admiral Ito sent the crippled *Matsushima* to Kure for major repairs.

¹⁵ P. 601.

The *Hiei* and the *Saikyo* were ordered to the temporary naval operating base on the Korean coast. The next morning the *Akagi* followed them.

Ting's surviving units straggled along through the night, knowing that China had been whipped not only in a battle but in the battle that would mean the war. At first the big ships steered for Wei-hai-wei but this seemed too risky a venture and course was changed to the nearer fortified base at Port Arthur.

The next morning when Ito, like Jellicoe at daybreak after Jutland, hoped to resume the fight where nightfall had suspended it, there was no enemy in view. Opportunity had raised its smoke-cloud once . . . there had been some five hours of daylight . . . the deliberate surrender of overnight contact had been chosen as the lesser of the risks. . . Ito could not have his cake and eat it.

The Japanese fleet withdrew to its Korean base. The rapid-firing ships had performed splendidly. Japan's greatest martial triumph of centuries had been won.

THE nation received the news with wild delight. In the Mikado's congratulatory message to Admiral Ito he expressed the realization that the power of the combined squadrons "will command the enemy's seas." Commander Saito, the Naval Chamberlain, was sent to the fleet to convey His Majesty's personal felicitations to the officers and men for the "great victory" and to obtain full technical details of the battle.

Around the world flashed the news that the spirited island sailors had shot to pieces the mighty squadron of Li Hung-chang and the statistical demonstration of its superiority. There were bursts of rhapsodic admiration and there were cool appraisals of a new sea power. Few, however, grasped the revolutionary implications.

Typical of Western commentators, the *Deutsche Heeres Zeitung* moderately declared: "The battle of the Yalu was the most important event in the conflict between China and Japan. It secured to the Japanese Navy the supremacy in the Yellow Sea at the very outset."¹⁶

For the Imperial Navy itself there was much to digest, strategically and tactically, from the tremendous experience. The battle had been the first between modern fleets with modern weapons. How much China's weaknesses of training and

¹⁶ *Offensive And Defensive Weapons At The Battle Of The Yalu* (translation). U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. XXI, No. 4 (1895), p. 897.

materiel accounted for Japanese success could not be gauged. Togo was not the officer to exaggerate his own service's prowess. His critical eye had been observant of Japanese shortcomings. In every branch of operation: gunnery, engineering, navigation, communications, there was room—oceans of room—for improvement. The necessities that constituted the mothers of the many important naval inventions of the coming decade began to assert themselves that afternoon off Haiyang Island. Sailing tactics and muzzle-loading fire-control were as obsolete as war junks and poisoned arrows. A whole mass of new devices was needed to perfect the latest men-of-war and to render fully effective the handling of their propulsion plants and artillery.

Togo knew that the engines of war which had been ultra-modern in Restoration days were no more outmoded in 1894 than would be the fleets of the Yalu in another few years, when Japan again would call upon the Imperial Navy.

In that battle of September 17 the war was won despite its subsequent protraction over many months of anti-climax. The rapid-fire batteries that then established their effectiveness at ranges up to 3000 metres shattered the Chinese Empire although several years elapsed before its fragments fell apart.

The two immediate results of the action were the virtual conquest by the Japanese of the Yellow Sea and the survival of a non-negligible portion of China's North Fleet. Admiral Ting's vessels that reached Port Arthur converted the base into a hospital for damaged ships. Photographs taken of the latter, especially of the two battleships, excite one's wonder that repair was possible. Behind the coastal guns and protected from landward by the barrier-hilltop fortifications, the shipwrights and other yard workers ministered to the cripples with a will that ignored the hopelessness of recapturing the lost command of the adjacent waters.

CHAPTER X

WEI-HAI-WEI

THE fall of Ping-Yang left Korea in Japanese hands. The naval engagement off the Yalu two days later foreclosed the possibility of Chinese redemption; decisively Admiral Ito erased the interrogation mark from the end of the age-old question as to who would appropriate the ever-weakening Hermit Kingdom.

Japan's First Army under Field Marshal Yamagata Aritomo swept to the bank of the Yalu River, which divided Korea from China. Some of those French streams which attained world-wide military prominence in 1914-1918 astonished the foreigners who thereafter saw them for the first time, by their physical insignificance. The Yalu, however, flows down from the Manchurian mountains to the coastal plain, gathering tributaries along the route, with a swelling volume that, in the final miles of the course, expands the river to impressive width, depth and strength of current, and finally joins the sea via a widespread delta.

The hostile regiments now saw each other's encampments across this natural boundary. Had Japan been content to achieve the purpose for which she had resorted to arms, and had the Chinese oligarchy been ready to accept the altered situation, further hostilities might have been averted. The early successes of the Japanese venture upon the mainland, however, had aroused in the warlike nation a passionate desire for a complete defeat of China; and the Chinese, for their part, were not yet facing the facts as presented at Ping-Yang and at the Battle of the Yalu. As the tide turned against China, the Peking potentates decided that it was Li's war and they held him personally responsible for each stroke of misfortune. The naval defeat of his particular North Squadron was deemed the worst blow, and, in accordance with good Celestial tradition, Li officially was adjudged to be in disgrace. His punishment was severe. The prized three-eyed peacock feather,

symbol of exalted honour, was plucked from his hat, leaving a hole in the back of the rim that was as invidiously conspicuous as a cashiered army officer's blouse from which the buttons have been cut.

Instead of seeking merely to frustrate any Chinese effort to re-enter Korea, the victorious Japanese troops continued to maintain the offensive. By toil, ingenuity and heroism they effected the difficult crossing of the Yalu River, under the nose of the foe. The latter, surprised and confused, was dislodged from his positions on the north bank, and then was repulsed further by Yamagata's persistent soldiers, now on China's soil.

One invading division¹ advanced to the westward along the northern shore of Korea Bay and across the base of the Liaotung Peninsula. Another division² moved to the northward and eastward through the wild Manchurian foreground.

The next definite objectives were Port Arthur, the prime strategic base with the largest dry-dock and complete arsenals, and the Chinese fleet that was convalescing behind its heavy fortifications.

AFTER the Battle of the Yalu, Admiral Ito kept the Navy on its toes. There was no reclining on the laurels of September 17.

Captain Togo was ordered to reconnoitre the southern coast of the Liaotung Peninsula in company with the *Akitsushiu*. Two days after the battle,³ they espied a Chinese warship aground off Talien Bay. She proved to be the *Kwang-Kai*, which, it will be recalled, ran upon a reef when fleeing from the engagement. She still was stuck there.

The two Japanese cruisers stood in towards her and opened fire. The *Kwang-Kai* blew up. Controverting the Japanese inference as to cause and effect, the Chinese survivors claimed that the explosion was self-inflicted to prevent the ship's capture when the *Naniwa* and *Akitsushiu* were sighted.

The joint operations of the Japanese Army and Navy continued during the balance of September and October, with the Army again occupying the centre of the stage.

It was planned to hasten the seizure of Port Arthur by taking advantage of the newly-gained naval control of the

¹ General Tachimi's.

² General Oseko's.

³ September 19.

Yellow Sea and by short-cutting re-enforcements over its level highway.

Accordingly, a huge Second Army was assembled at Hiroshima on the Inland Sea, the Japanese headquarters. In supreme command was the recent Minister of War, Oyama Iwao, a clansman of Togo's from Kagoshima and five years the latter's senior. Oyama, a nephew of Saigo, had suffered the same emotional conflict that had distressed Togo in London upon receiving word that his brothers had joined their Satsuma hero in the insurrection of 1877. Oyama's elder brother followed the banner of his glamorous uncle but Iwao held firm to the Emperor and with great distinction led in action one of the loyalist brigades.

The Second Army was transported to the temporary Japanese naval base at the mouth of the Taidong River, and thence, under the escort of virtually the entire Imperial fleet, to Hua-yuan-kon (Flower Garden Port) on the south Liaotung shore some eighty-five miles northeast of Port Arthur. Here, just as Colonel Sato stealthily was leading the first advance-guard across the Yalu River, the Second Army began to disembark.⁴

The Japanese then committed a serious mistake. They left Port Arthur unblockaded. About four days before the Second Army reached its destination, Admiral Ting slipped out and transposed his mended fleet-in-being across the Yellow Sea to Wei-hai-wei. The Japanese fleet's omission to prevent that shift prolonged the war and cost many lives. When, under the Russian flag, Port Arthur again became the haven of a hostile squadron, Togo Heihachiro's experience and judgment were directing Japanese strategy and this grave blunder of 1894 was not repeated.

Oyama's Second Army and Tamachi's division of Yamagata's First Army now proceeded against Port Arthur. Chin-Chow was captured⁵ and, in this operation, the name of Major General Nogi came to the fore.

The Chinese defences of Port Arthur should have begun just south of Chin-Chow where the Liaotung Peninsula shrinks to a narrow strip, less than two miles separating the Gulf of Pechili from the Yellow Sea. But for this neck of land, the relatively broad end of the promontory, called the Regent's Sword, whereon Port Arthur is situated, would be an island.

⁴ October 24.

⁵ November 6.

Only one road traverses the isthmus and, as Captain Richard Wallach of the United States Marines wrote in his critique, "a few resolute men could have turned it into a veritable Pass of Thermopylae."⁶

The Chinese ignored the opportunity presented by this fortunate topography. The invaders were unchecked at this natural bridge that led to the Regent's Sword and Port Arthur.

Units of the Japanese fleet patrolled the shore as closely as navigational prudence permitted, and peppered the Chinese lines and fugitives whenever the range made it possible.

The next objective was Talien Bay, regarded as the Chinese naval base of chief importance after the two major ones at Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. It is situated near the strategic isthmus just referred to, has a good landlocked harbour whose entrance was mined, and was guarded by elaborate forts built under the supervision of the energetic Hanneken.

The Japanese carefully formulated plans for a combined attack by land and sea, on a large scale proportionate to the reputed strength of the defences.

The Imperial fleet was to participate in full force. The group arrangement was somewhat different from what it had been in the major clash of September 17. This time Togo's *Naniwa* was included in the Main Squadron.⁷

The fleet arrived off the coast⁸ while the troops ashore were occupying Chin-Chow across the slim peninsula. The mouth of Talien Bay was swept by steam launches for floating or moored mines, the latter then termed fixed torpedoes.

The joint assault was timed for the following morning. At six A.M., barely daybreak at that season and latitude, Admiral Ito sent into the harbour five of his lesser units, including the invincible little game-cock *Akagi*, patched-up after the Yalu. Cautiously they crept over the mined area, experiencing the same anxiety that Dewey's ships were to feel when their dim shapes penetrated the nocturnal shadows of Boca Grande.

As the sun rose over the Yellow Sea and clearly illumined the fortifications around the basin, the advance squadron fired challenging shots. Inexplicably there was no response. The

⁶ *The War In The East*. U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. XXI, No. 4 (1895), p. 709.

⁷ Also in the Main Squadron on this occasion were the *Hashidate*, *Chi-yoda*, *Itsukushima* and the repaired *Matsushima*. The First Flying Squadron consisted of the *Yoshino*, *Takachiho* and *Akitsushima*. Nine other

⁸ Afternoon of November 6.
warships were present.

complements of these ships and of those others still outside the entrance waited for some act of resistance and momentarily anticipated the explosion of the submarine mines or a flaming fusillade from the hillsides. Nothing happened.

Half-suspecting a ruse, Admiral Ito, at nine A.M., ordered his Main Squadron to advance towards the strangely passive stronghold. Even this tempting bait did not arouse Chinese opposition. It was all as peaceful as was to be San Juan, Porto Rico, when Admiral Sampson opened his bombardment of the Morro that May morning in 1898.

The Japanese rubbed their eyes at the incredible spectacle. It was as if a hard-driving football backfield, smashing the rival centre, met no check of any line or secondary defence whatever. The batteries constructed just to keep such hostile intruders at a distance uttered no remonstrance as the Mikado's men-of-war filed beneath their muzzles. Talien seemed to be the bay of the dead.

Binoculars on the bridges, however, began to discern in the works ashore moving figures garbed in the colour of Japanese field uniforms. Then, with a dramatic unexpectedness, there shone above each of the forts the waving Rising Sun of Nippon. Only a Japanese Francis Scott Key could have expressed the ineffable joy that emotionally surcharged the fleet.

Boats were lowered and appearances confirmed. The Army had seized the landward defences at daybreak, almost without encountering interference. Talien Bay now was a Japanese outpost. A few Chinese torpedo-boats found inside surrendered.

At last the invaders had a satisfactory harbour in that theatre of operations. The Army lost no time in continuing its sweep down the peninsula. For the Navy there was keen disappointment that counterbalanced the gratification of acquiring the new base. In Talien the intelligence was positive that the enemy fleet had removed from Port Arthur nearby to Wei-hai-wei. This altered the entire complexion of the campaign and retroactively rendered much more costly the escape of Ting's surviving units after the Battle of the Yalu.

In some respects the situation confronting Admiral Ito resembled what it had been before that action. Once more the Chinese force was at its Shantung base. The Japanese commander repeated the demonstration of the preceding August off Wei-hai-wei. With twelve ships, including the *Naniwa*, and six torpedo-boats he showed himself outside of the bay on November 11. The Chinese response was, of course, ex-

actly what it had been on the previous occasion. Battered warships hardly would rush out where, in the pink of condition, they had feared to tread.

Two weeks later the short-legged fast-marching Japanese Army was in position to launch the critical siege of Port Arthur.

Li-shun-kow, the native name of the basin, is four miles long and over a mile wide, and was the foremost harbour in Togo's life. A peninsula on the south, known as the Tiger's Tail, forms the outer side. The narrow tip of this promontory is bent back into the bay like a swinging door and flanks the three-hundred-and-fifty yard gut that is the only portal from the sea. Barren and rocky hills and mountains rise from the water's edge all around, providing a natural barrier upon which to mount dominant fortifications. In almost any hands not too feeble to jerk a lanyard, the tenure of this perennially ice-free harbour was impregnable against an exclusively naval assault. Capably defended it would have been a position costly to take in a joint attack.

The Chinese had crowned the semicircular chain of summits with numerous forts and had barricaded the interjacent valleys with redoubts.

Opposite these Chinese works was an outer parallel arc of heights. These should have been armed as the first line of defence but obligingly had been left clear for any invader. The Japanese found them admirable springboards for the final plunge.

The Japanese advance guards implanted two mountain guns on this range.⁹ Their infantry was massed in the rear, behind the cover of the slopes, and on the flanks. This time the Chinese did not merely sit back on their haunches and seek deliverance by introspection. Displaying unaccustomed initiative and aggressiveness, dictated by their appreciation of Port Arthur's significance, they despatched three columns of troops to dislodge the enemy before he could consolidate his dangerous hold on the opposite ridge. It was too late. Those two Japanese pieces already in position threw shrapnel amid the advancing troops, whose flash of martial ardour quickly was extinguished. The Chinese fled in disorder.

During the night the tireless Japanese hauled up the inclines their light and short siege guns, the new howitzers, whose relatively heavy projectiles, fired at a high angle, constituted

⁹ November 20.

the most notable technical feature of the following day's victory.

November 21 is a red-letter date in Japanese history. Although deprived of immediate enjoyment of the fruits of its conquest, the speedy capture of Port Arthur won international acclaim as a military achievement of the first magnitude. Dramatizing and emphasizing the penetration of Manchuria and of China proper, this smashing reduction of the Liaotung Gibraltar sent cold shivers up and down the rigid spines of the late-Victorian diplomats. Korea was one matter; the Mikado's crossing of the Asiatic Rubicon, the Yalu, seemed quite another. It *was* quite another—a pregnant portent.

In 1934 General Tojo Eiki, chief of the Intelligence Division of the War Office, speaking of the crisis with Soviet Russia, bluntly admitted again what foreigners so elaborately have sought to prove: "Japan's desire for expansion on the continent of Asia, as manifested by her Manchurian policy, has been the unalterable policy of this country since its foundation."

On that memorable November 21 the Japanese siege guns opened at dawn. The Chinese batteries fired away but without effect. Their aim was bad. They presented no serious obstacle to the determined advance of the Japanese infantry under the barrage of their own howitzers. Before noon the landward fortifications on the hills back of Port Arthur were in the possession of the sons of Nippon.

In places the terrain was soft and sluggish. Boots sank into mud and caisson wheels stuck. But nothing halted the engulfing tide of the Japanese Army. By nightfall the city itself was occupied. The coastal forts were deserted by their garrisons before the onrushing troops reached them.

It was like a holiday spree for the victory-crazed Japanese soldiers and the price in casualties was less than paid in those days by the United States for old-fashioned Fourth-of-Julys. Eighteen men were killed in action, almost exactly the same number as the victims of the Vera Cruz snipers among the members of the United States landing party under Admiral (then Captain) Anderson in 1914.

"The fall of Port Arthur," wrote Volpicelli under his pseudonym, "caused an immense sensation. The foreigners in the Far East had been inclined to discount the Japanese victories. These had been won in obscure corners of Korea and the Chinese frontier, and they suspected exaggeration in

the Japanese accounts. They also considered that China had not had time to put forth her whole strength, and imagined that with a few months of preparation the Chinese could repulse any Japanese attack on such a formidable fortress as Port Arthur. All these surmises were refuted by a day's fighting. . ."¹⁰

The entire world marvelled at the thoroughness and craftsmanship that characterized every Japanese move in the war. The most comprehensive preparation was manifest in the Army's amazing disintegration of enemy troops and works. Every road in Korea and the adjacent portions of China had been mapped by intelligence agents long before the war, and the necessary matériel for the campaign painstakingly assembled, down to the most Prussian detail. Even the timber for the bridges that were designed to span the various streams at precise locations had been cut to specifications.

The personnel of the Army gave an exhibition of training and spirit that sustained the highest traditions of the *bushido*.

The only untoward feature of the capture of Port Arthur was a wanton massacre of inhabitants by certain Japanese soldiers enraged at the sight of the mutilated corpses of comrades who had fallen into Chinese hands. There also were reports of the cold-blooded sinking of non-combatant junks in the harbour, but these have been proved to have been unfounded or certainly greatly exaggerated.

The victors themselves recognized no flaw in the achievement.

On the twenty-first, the Imperial Fleet was uproariously present outside of the Tiger's Tail but, although some torpedo-boats steamed around inside the harbour, the naval participation in the actual capture—as distinguished from the control of the sea which made it possible—was negligible. Some fleeing vessels carrying fugitive Chinese officers were stopped. Late in the day the weather roughened up and the valuable warships were withdrawn from the perils of the coastal shoals into deep water, where they remained for a couple of days. When they returned to Port Arthur, its investment had been completed.

JAPANESE banzais at home almost blew Fuji, Sakurajima and the other mighty cones off their bases. The Chinese potentates became correspondingly alarmed at the summary penalties being meted out by the destinies of war because of their utter

¹⁰ Pp. 235-6.

lack of preparedness. The Samurai were making the philosophers jump through hoops. Admiral Ito soon was to express himself on this topic to Admiral Ting in a philosophic epistle, to which reference will be made, about philosophers and other matters. The very confines of Peking seemed in danger. Japan exhibited no inclination towards moderation of ambition. She was on the march.

Even prior to the fall of Port Arthur the foreign diplomats at Peking had been trying to pull wires for a cessation of hostilities. The European powers, however, pulled with very gentle tugs. They were discreetly reluctant to intervene at the time. The United States, having no axe of her own to grind, was more openly active. Two days before the capture, Secretary Gresham cabled to Charles Denby, the United States Minister to China, that Tokyo had expressed a willingness to consider any direct overtures for peace made by China through Denby.

The latter conferred with the Tsung-li-Yamen, the Council of State, whose members readily conceded an inability to continue the conflict. The Chinese army, they asserted, "was not intended to fight, but simply to overawe the people."¹¹ Avidly they availed themselves of the good offices proffered for the conduct of negotiations. They were reconciled to acknowledging the independence of Korea and paying a war indemnity.

Japan replied that she was ready to entertain proposals for peace but would dictate the terms. She declined to grant an armistice. The negotiations through American channels proved abortive and the "I told you so" European diplomats winked at one another in derision at the blunders of the amateurs. Denby knew where the trouble lay. In his memoirs he said that "China was always trying to ascertain in advance what the demands of Japan would be, in order that she might procure the intervention of England or Russia."¹² The old rascals of Peking subsequently justified these wily tactics and proved the decadent Empire more skilled in negotiation than warfare.

In January 1895 Li sent two so-called plenipotentiaries¹³ to meet the Japanese peace commissioners¹⁴ at Hiroshima. When the Chinese credentials were examined, they were found utterly defective in conferring full authority to treat, and the Japanese, with a show of wounded sensibilities, politely

¹¹ Charles Denby, *China And Her People*. (Page, 1905), Vol. II, p. 181.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 182.

¹³ Chang Yin-huan and Shao Yu-lien.

¹⁴ Prime Minister Ito and Foreign Minister Mutsu.

returned the envoys whence they had come. The latter protested that their documents had been prepared under the advice of Minister Denby, who was presumed to know how to draft a diplomatic power of attorney. The Chinese delegates probably were not aware that, like many less exalted clients, the Tsung-li-Yamen had edited their counsel's language, with self-destructive consequences.

Denby tried to save the situation by wiring the Japanese that he would supervise the execution of undiluted and unimpeachable documents. But by that time the conquerors were about to pair Port Arthur with the capture of Wei-hai-wei, which would give them the two great naval bases of China and assure to the Japanese Navy complete control of the northern waters.

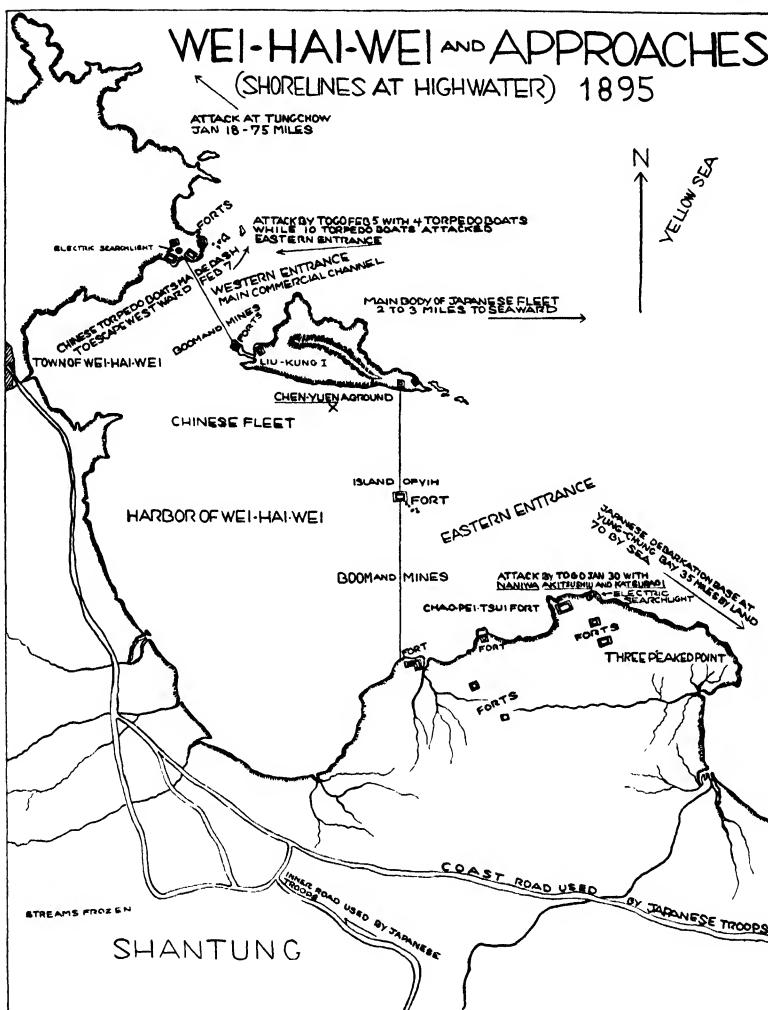
As long as the Chinese fleet remained in being and had a fortified base from which to operate, that base constituted a menace to the Japanese campaign. Had Ting's force been annihilated at the Yalu or caught within Port Arthur, seizure of Wei-hai-wei would not have been imperative or even important. Under the circumstances, however, there was no alternative if indeed the war was to be pushed towards Peking or the South.

Wei-hai-wei's capture involved no mere continuation of the Korean-Liaotung advance but a new and independent operation across the Yellow Sea. The ease with which Port Arthur had been taken did not lull the Japanese into any over-confidence. The same thorough preparations were made as had brought success to the previous campaigns.

Wei-hai-wei was protected by coast artillery. It also contained the fleet, which Admiral Ito was resolved should not give him the slip again as it had at Port Arthur.

The semi-circular bay of Wei-hai-wei is about six miles long and half as broad. It would be just one more exposed cove on the northern coast of Shantung were it not for the high and rocky Island of Liu-Kung, whose two miles of sea-facing palisades afford a shield against northerly winds. Between each end of the island and the opposite cape is an entrance to the bay. The one on the northwest, generally used for commerce, is deep and narrow; the other, the eastern, shallower but a generous three miles wide, is bisected by the small Island of Yih and surrounding rocks.

The two entrances were fortified on both the Liu-Kung and the mainland sides, and there also were four guns on Yih. Behind the easterly coastal batteries was a secondary



supporting group to afford protection on the landward side. These fortresses contained heavy breech-loading rifles, rapid-fire guns and a generally formidable array of artillery. Some of the mounts were of the disappearing type.

As additional emergency safeguards against the intrusion of the enemy fleet, minefields had been laid and booms strung across the two portals. These booms were constructed of three strands of 3-inch steel hawsers suspended from floating buoys.

The garrison included about seventy-five hundred soldiers. Admiral Ting had some four thousand officers and men. His ships were the flagship *Ting-Yuen*, her sistership the *Chen-Yuen*, the armoured cruisers *Lai-Yuen* and *Ping-Yuen*, the notorious *Tsi-Yuen*, and the sloop *Kwang-Ping*, all of which had been at the Yalu, and numerous smaller craft. Their anchorage was in comfortably deep water just behind and completely obscured from seaward by the Island of Liu-Kung. The *Chen-Yuen* had struck a reef entering the harbour and was useful only as an immobile fort, like the old *Kwaiten* during Enomoto's last stand at Hakodate.

For this venture the Japanese marshalled a Third Army, commanded by Oyama,¹⁵ and, of course, utilized the entire Imperial fleet. This new expeditionary force,¹⁶ whose ordnance included some of the howitzers that had proved so valuable at Port Arthur, embarked at Taliens Bay upon fifty transports, which sailed in three convoys.¹⁷ Some of the warships acted as escorts but the main body concentrated upon the blockade of the Chinese fleet.

West of Chefoo¹⁸ on the Shantung coast, some seventy-five miles from Wei-hai-wei, was Tungchow, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, situated near several good landing points. On January 18, as the Third Army was being loaded upon the troop-ships at Taliens, Tungchow was experiencing a common midwinter snowfall and going about its business with little thought of the distant war.

The storm lifted late in the afternoon and, as the sea once more emerged from behind the curtain of flakes, three strange men-of-war were discerned in the offing. They were the *Yoshino*, *Akitsushiu* and *Naniwa*, sweeping in past the local fort, with which they exchanged salvos. Darkness soon suspended the firing. In every direction sped word by telegraph and by coolie-broadcast that the Japanese were about to force a landing at Tungchow. From all over the Shantung hinterland rushed Chinese to resist the invasion.

There was another thick snowstorm the following morning but later on in the day, when visibility improved, the Japanese cruisers closed in again and renewed the demonstration.

Togo thereupon beheld one of the queerest exhibitions of pacifist faith that ever graced his experience. In the midst of

¹⁵ Comprising the Sendai division, fresh from home, and the Kumamoto division of the Second Army, flushed with victory.

¹⁶ 25,000 soldiers, 12 field guns, 86 light mountain pieces, 12 howitzers.

¹⁷ On January 19, 20 and 21, respectively.

¹⁸ Present summer base of U. S. Asiatic Fleet.

the firing between the squadron and the fort, in which neither sustained any damage, there bobbed out over the waves a tiny boat, flying the Stars and Stripes and a white flag of truce. The Japanese supposed that the single occupant of the dingy was seeking a ringside seat at the battle, but long afterwards they learned that he was an American missionary bent upon repulsing the attack by moral suasion.

Before long the three warships did indeed haul off and disappear, leaving Tungchow unmolested.

This operation was a feint to divert Chinese attention from the actual disembarkation at a place in the opposite direction from Wei-hai-wei. The artifice was eminently successful. The native troops dashing into Tungchow to defend the seaboard found themselves far from the point of violation.

The next day,¹⁹ the first transports from Taliен were off the shores of Shantung, and the others followed within the next three days. They rounded the Shantung Promontory and anchored in fairly smooth water in the Bay of Yung-Chung, sheltered from the prevailing boreal blasts by the out-stretched tip of the peninsula. The landing was on a beach, in a snowstorm. About three hundred Chinese, armed with four guns, fired upon the boats, but a few well-aimed shots dispersed them quickly, leaving the Japanese to contend against only the frigid weather and the natural obstacles, which were plenty.

The Third Army found itself stamping on the snowy ground and exhaling frosty vapour, thirty-five miles from Wei-hai-wei.

The difficult watch over that harbour was maintained with unrelaxed vigilance. Admiral Ito had learned his lesson at Port Arthur and did not propose to allow the enemy fleet to escape him again. The blockade duty in those Arctic-like waters was of a nature about the most onerous that sailors can be called upon to perform. Many suffered frostbite. Several lookouts became seriously injured and some died of exposure. The spray froze torpedoes to their tubes and coated guns and decks with ice.

H.M.S. *Severn*, which was off Wei-hai-wei, carried from Admiral Ito to Admiral Ting on January 25 the celebrated and remarkable letter previously referred to. After pledging his sincerity to his old personal friend, the writer blamed China's misfortunes in the war upon her pacifism and her government by men of letters. "A country," declared Ito, "can never preserve its independence in that way. You know what difficulties

¹⁹ January 20.

Japan encountered thirty years ago, what perils she had to surmount. She owes her preservation and her integrity today wholly to the fact that she then broke away from the old and attached herself to the new. In the case of your country also that must be the cardinal course at present; if you adopt it, I venture to say that you are safe; if you reject it, you cannot escape destruction. In a contest with Japan it has long been fated that you should witness results such as are now before you."

Ito then made the amazing suggestion that, pending an opportunity to serve his country again, Ting should wait—in Japan. He cited the temporary exiles of Marshal MacMahon and Osman Pasha, defender of Plevna, and expressed confidence that the Chinese Admiral would be received graciously by the Mikado, whose forgiveness of Enomoto and other rebels was mentioned. "In the case of men of note who are not His Majesty's subjects, his magnanimous treatment of them would certainly be more marked."

The letter closed with a plea for an opportunity to arrange the details.

Admiral Ting vouchsafed no reply at that time nor until, after an extended assault, further resistance was impossible.

On the day following the delivery of Ito's missive,²⁰ the Third Army hit the trails at Yung-Chung for the hike over the snow-covered hills. The troops marched along two parallel roads, one skirting the Yellow Sea and the other a few miles inland. The snow was piled over the miserable roads in deep drifts and slides. The temperature hovered around twelve degrees Fahrenheit.

The third day brought the columns within half-a-dozen miles of the southeasterly side of Wei-hai-wei Bay. An outpost line was run from the coast, near Three Peaked Point, to a lofty inland summit overlooking the entire locality.

The actual assault upon the stronghold itself was opened on January 30. By nightfall the besieging troops occupied the row of forts along the eastern entrance of the bay. Too late had Admiral Ting sent sailors from the fleet to disable those guns. The result was that the invaders possessed the batteries commanding the situation from the east. Japanese marines, brought with the Third Army for that specific duty, now trained the captured coast artillery upon the Chinese on Yih Island and shut off the southeastern quarter of the bay from the Chinese fleet.

²⁰ January 26.

In the operations of that profitable day, the Imperial Navy had co-operated effectively. On the last easterly cape visible from the harbour stood the Chao-pei-tsui batteries,²¹ the furthest seaward of the littoral forts that flanked that entrance. Captain Togo was ordered to attack this position with a detachment under his command that included, besides the *Naniwa*, the *Akitsushiu* and the *Katsuragi*.²² He delivered a bombardment that materially aided the Japanese troops advancing over the hills from the rear. One of Togo's shells exploded the magazine of Chao-pei-tsui, whereupon its garrison made a lively exit.

The rest of the Japanese fleet devoted its attention to Liu-Kung Island, but the sheer stone façades of the sharp pyramids proved to be admantine shields against long-range fire.

Admiral Ting was doing all he could to fight off the siege. Familiar with the weakness of his old service ashore, he counted the troops no help whatsoever and feared that the western forts soon would fall into enemy possession as had the eastern. The narrowness of the western passage made this contingency a grave one. Army officers rebuffed a suggestion that these batteries be manned by volunteers from the fleet. Subsequently, upon actually observing the desertion of the garrisons, the Admiral sent over a detail of bluejackets, but all that could be done at that stage was to spike the guns.

During the enveloping movement of the Japanese troops around the bayside, an operation retarded but not stopped by the storm, the Chinese warships steamed about the western end of the harbour, shelling the enemy columns as they trudged through the snow and shelling from afar those eastern forts held by the Japanese marines.

Admiral Ito was eager to try out his 14-inch torpedoes against the bottled-up fleet-in-being and he delivered a series of notable night raids by torpedo-boats. These tactics were dictated, of course, by the desire to dispose of the Chinese ships without undue risk to the large Japanese units.

As soon as the Army controlled the eastern gateway forts and thus the boom and minefields obstructing that entrance, the first of these attacks was ordered. Fifteen torpedo-boats stood in towards the eastern portal the night of the thirty-first.

The Army had not been apprised of this project. Upon detecting the silhouettes of the sneaking marauders, the newly-

²¹ Consisting of three 24-centimetre and two 28-centimetre guns.

²² 1500 tons.

installed Japanese gun-crews in the flanking forts mistook them for enemy craft and drove them off with shell-fire.

FEBRUARY opened with another blizzard. The streams were frozen. The sleet-laden wind penetrated the soldiers' uniforms. Discomfort meant nothing to the impatient Japanese commanders, but the heavy weather forbade inshore naval operations and there was little visibility. Reluctantly Admiral Ito sent his torpedo-boats behind the lee of a nearby island off the coast and withdrew his main force to the protection of Yung-Chung Bay, where the soldiers had landed. Never for a moment, however, storm or no storm, did he leave the Chinese fleet unguarded. The difficult sentry duty during this blizzard was entrusted to the First Flying Squadron. It was a task demanding the most proficient seamanship for the cruisers to maintain their station in the teeth of those northerly gales and on that raging ocean, without losing sight of the entrances and without being hurled on the treacherous lee shore. Togo felt the twitches and often the painful aches of rheumatism, but he ruthlessly suppressed every complaint of his physique against the mistreatment to which it was being subjected day after day, night after night. He was passionately determined not to lose the post on the firing line that had been regained after those years of indisposition.

Admiral Ting took advantage of the respite afforded by the storm to complete the demolition of the western forts on the mainland and destroy the junks in the harbour. The Japanese troops braved the weather and continued their encirclement of the bay, occupying the entire waterfront, including the city. All that remained to the Chinese were Liu-Kung Island, the fleet lying at its inner base, and the tiny Island of Yih, surrounded by the iron ring of the Japanese Army and Navy.

There was a great temptation for the blockading naval force to close in, hammer its way into the basin and smother the enemy fleet beneath the protecting guns of Liu-Kung. That, however, would have involved the risk of losing valuable warships—and thus Japan's newly-won place in the maritime world—merely to indulge impatience. Admiral Ito exercised the same restraint that, three years later, under analogous circumstances courageously was to be displayed by Admiral Sampson at Santiago despite the nescient nagging of General Shafter. The factors that dissuaded Ito from essaying a foolhardly lunge against the coastal batteries of Liu-Kung were similar to those

which constrained Lord Fisher to denounce the naval assault upon the Dardanelles and kept the Grand Fleet at a respectful distance from the insular rock of Heligoland.

As Lieutenant Commander W. L. Rodgers, U.S.N., wrote in *A Study of Attacks upon Fortified Harbors*,²³ "the success of Farragut's principal actions and their important consequences have much misled unreflecting opinion; and the fact that his assaults were followed by a passage to the other side of the defenses, has led most persons in this country to think that 'forcing the passage,' as it is called, is the normal form of naval attack upon a fortified harbor. . . But a fleet's duty is to occupy a region and control the sea communication therein, and so it is poor policy to gain a desirable seaport by the sacrifice of ships which are the very means of utilizing the capture. In other words the ships of a fleet should actively assist in the capture of a seaport only when their probable losses will not affect their control of the sea."

As when he held his fire at the Yalu until his rapid-firing broadsides were close enough, Admiral Ito contented himself with the exacting, unspectacular pressure of an unremitting bombardment from a prudent range. Had he possessed more thickly-armoured vessels, such as Sampson's battleships or even the two Chinese ironclads, Ito might have permitted them to venture somewhat closer and thereby perhaps have shortened the siege.

The blizzard blew off²⁴ and the return of clear weather was celebrated by this resumption of the bombardment. For nine days and nine nights it was delivered by the Japanese fleet and the Japanese usurpers of the eastern coastal batteries, without the mercy of intermission.

The Chinese fleet and the forts on Liu-Kung fought back with a determination that contrasted sharply with the weak resistance that had been offered at Port Arthur or by the troops here.

The nocturnal torpedo assaults were renewed. Nothing occurred the next time because the steel hawsers of the booms proved to be impassable and, when finally a gap was found under the eastern bank, dawn was too near for entry to be attempted.

The following night some sappers were detailed to chop away

²³ Chapter on *The Capture of Wei-hai-wei and the Chinese Fleet in the Japanese War of 1895*. U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. XXXI, No. 1 (March 1905), p. 97; *Conclusions*, p. 112, at p. 113 and p. 117.

²⁴ February 8.

a section of the boom. Although they were unable to sever it near mid-channel, they managed to hew out a piece about a hundred yards long near shore.²⁵

An unwelcome moon shortened the duration of darkness to the hours just preceding daybreak. When, in the last hour of the mid-watch on the morning of February 5, the moon finally set, four Japanese torpedo-boats made a false thrust as if to enter the northwestern passage. This was a dangerous and delicate business because of the weather and the perilous nature of the rocky shores. Its leadership demanded not only coolness and general naval proficiency but also a thorough familiarity with the conformation of the coast, the exact position of the batteries and the twist of the channel. Because of his peace-time observations, Togo Heihachiro was regarded as the best Chinese pilot in the Japanese fleet. To him Ito entrusted this diversion mission at the western approach.

Simultaneously ten other boats steamed silently towards the eastern entrance, aiming for that breach cut through the boom.

The sea was rough and the night bitterly cold. The advancing craft were tossed about by the off-shore billows like Eskimo kayaks in a polar tempest. The crews found it difficult to avoid being washed off the icy decks that slid beneath them through three dimensions like gyrating skating rinks. An officer and two men were frozen to death. Hardly could the quartermasters control the wheels.

Eight of the boats accomplished the prodigious feat of surf-riding themselves through the narrow aperture in the hawsers. Two were swept on the rocks.

The eight that ran the narrow gauntlet of storm and reef found themselves half-blind and confused within the harbour, where the Chinese fleet and forts turned on their searchlights and opened fire. The boats whirled around in bewildered and colliding circles. Three more were forced out of action and another's torpedoes were locked in the tubes by layers of ice. The remaining four discharged their lethal "cigars." One of these automobile projectiles struck the stern of the flagship, the *Ting-Yuen*, which settled on the shoals, her guns above water and still firing angrily at the phantom assailants. Three other Chinese warships were hit. The torpedo was asserting itself.

The armoured cruiser *Lai-Yuen*, one of the victims, turned

²⁵ The difficulty of this feat, performed under cover of darkness, emphasizes the extraordinary heroism of Winslow's and Anderson's broad-daylight cutting of the three Cienfuegos cables in 1898, within a hundred yards of the Spanish infantrymen behind the foliage on the Cuban beach.

turtle, imprisoning alive and dry many of the crew, who pounded frantically on the hull for days, like those trapped in the sunken American submarine S-4 off Provincetown in 1927. In both tragic cases, death won the race against rescue.

The light cruiser *Ching-Yuen* was disabled but still could use some of her guns.

The only ship left to Admiral Ting was the battleship *Chen-Yuen* and, as has been mentioned, her mishap in striking a reef had impaired her propulsion plant.

Togo's attack of the western entrance was executed successfully and without mishap to his detachment.

The bombardment thundered on, affording the Chinese no rest or sleep. The battery on the Island of Yih was blasted into submission by the Japanese marines in the former Chinese forts across the channel.²⁶ The Japanese fleet lay two to three miles off Liu-Kung and indulged in target practice against Ting's last stronghold.

During the heat of the firing that day, the Chinese Admiral made a desperate attempt to save his torpedo-boats, à la Cervera, by a mad dash to Chefoo. Twelve or thirteen slipped through the narrow northwest passage but they were sighted. The First Flying Squadron, including the *Naniwa*, sprang off in pursuit and only two of the lot escaped, the rest being sunk, driven ashore or captured.

During this day of exceptional naval activity the *Matsu-shima*, *Yoshino* and *Naniwa* were hit but none of them seriously damaged.

Some of the field pieces that had been hauled from Yung-Chung were mounted on the mainland overlooking the northwest entrance and dropped a destructive fire upon Liu-Kung. Ting was being pressed hard from all angles but the Japanese still were unable to gain lodgment on that seemingly impregnable island. Bold efforts of landing parties to storm the heights were repulsed.

The crippled *Ching-Yuen* was sunk by a shot from shore.²⁷ A dud from the *Chen-Yuen* struck the *Itsukushima*. It almost seemed that whenever the Chinese naval gunners caught one of the enemy ships within range and found the target, the projectile failed to explode.

Chinese nerves were snapping. The crews and Liu-Kung garrisons had undergone a dreadful ordeal. The noise, the

²⁶ February 7.

²⁷ February 9.

devastation, the hopelessness of victory, the defective ammunition, the persistent aggressiveness of the enemy, the lack of sleep combined to break their bodies and their spirits.

The time had come²⁸ for Admiral Ting to send his belated answer to Admiral Ito's communication. As with the great majority of all letters, business and social, this one opened with an explanation for the delay in writing: "because our countries were at war." Then the weary leader said that, "having fought resolutely, having had my ships sunk and my men decimated, I am minded to give up the contest, and to ask for a cessation of hostilities in order to save the lives of my people." He made the offer of surrender conditional only upon the liberation of all of the soldiers and sailors present.

To Captain Chang of the *Kwang-Ping* this message was entrusted.

The growling of the guns and the bursting of the shells continued as usual throughout that night and the following morning. In the midst of the bombardment, the Japanese fleet perceived the small gunboat *Chin-Pei* puffing out of the harbour under a flag of truce. Admiral Ito had been awaiting some such break. Gratefully he signalled his squadrons to cease fire. The despatch-carrier pulled up alongside of the *Matsushima*. Captain Chang and another Chinese officer came over the side. While the Japanese Commander-in-Chief studied the letter, the envoys were given the hospitality of the wardroom. An officer of the *Matsushima* subsequently told Jane that, upon seating themselves there, in the sudden quiet of the suspension of artillery fire, the two visitors slumped over in sound sleep, exemplifying the Chinese exhaustion.²⁹

Captain Togo and the other officers and sailors of the fleet, anxiously awaiting word, watched the *Chin-Pei*'s white flag rising and falling with the seaway, next to the flagship.

With difficulty Captain Chang and his companion were aroused from their slumber to return with Admiral Ito's reply. The victory letter was gracious in the extreme. Admiral Ting's terms were accepted, but, for his own safety, he was invited to seek safe and dignified asylum in Japan pending the duration of the war. "But if you prefer to return to your own country," added Admiral Ito, "your wishes shall be respected." A case of champagne and other well-meant gifts were sent along as a kind of consolation prize.

The Chinese Admiral received Captain Chang and drafted

²⁸ Evening of February 11.

²⁹ *Imperial Japanese Navy, supra*, p. 164.

another short letter to his conqueror, asking that the entry of the harbour be deferred for a few days to permit the evacuation of personnel in "travelling garments." He was concerned about the safety of his subordinates, and both Admirals realized the formers' danger at the hands of their own despotic Government, which had prepared them so inadequately. Ting also was aware of the sanctimonious suspicion with which the magnificent grafters of Peking and Tientsin regarded the acceptance of petty largess by their subordinates; Admiral Ito's well-meant gifts were returned with thanks.

Then, writing a telegram to Li Hung-chang, Ting Ju-chang retired to his cabin about midnight, thought his last forlorn thoughts, and drank a poisonous overdose of opium. The Flag Captain and the Commandant of the Liu-Kung garrisons followed their leader's example rather than survive the surrender.

With that last letter, there came to the *Matsushima*'s flag-quarters the oral report of Ting's suicide. The Japanese Commander-in-Chief was moved profoundly by the loser's lot of his late friend. The latter's ante-mortem request, for the postponement of the occupation, was granted. When the blockading squadrons entered Wei-hai-wei⁸⁰ and appropriated the remnant of the once-troublesome enemy fleet, homage was paid to the hapless soldier who nobly had died an admiral's death. The Japanese officers filed past the bier and in every way accorded to Ting the full honours due his rank and bravery. The body was sent in state to Chefoo aboard one of the captured vessels that had served under his command. As this funeral-ship cleared the harbour, she was given the Admiral's salute in minute guns by the entire Japanese fleet, whose flags drooped at half-mast.

An even finer tribute to the fallen adversary was the fidelity with which the stipulation of surrender was performed in strict adherence to its terms. The tyrannical overlords at Peking, however, seeking to shift from themselves the responsibility and blame that were their own, condemned to execution the men released by Admiral Ito.

The price paid by the Japanese Navy for Wei-hai-wei was twenty-nine killed, thirty-six wounded, and two torpedo-boats lost. The Army suffered more casualties but, considering the nature of the operation, even these were relatively few.

The Chinese fleet no longer was in-being. The indisputable control of the sea rested with Japan. The war was won. The

⁸⁰ February 16.

afternoon's work between the mouth of the Yalu and the Island of Haiyang had been completed by the sequel at Wei-hai-wei.

By way of booty, the victors got the *Chen-Yuen*, which they put in shape to use as a part of their fleet. The other vaunted battleship, the *Ting-Yuen*, was wrecked beyond repair. The *Ping-Yuen* and the *Kwang-Ping*, also veterans of the September battle, were additional trophies, along with half a dozen gun-boats, and most grotesquely of all, the *Tsi-Yuen*, whose use of the Japanese ensign the day of that first engagement against the Flying Squadron off Asan proved to have been ironically prophetic.

CHAPTER XI

THE PESCADORES AND FORMOSA

THE Japanese advance in Manchuria was pressed through the winter. The First Army¹ and General Nogi's division of the Second Army, which had not been withdrawn for the Wei-hai-wei campaign, fought the Chinese troops and the almost unendurable cold. In one battle, at Tai-ping-shan, there were fifteen hundred cases of frostbite. The move against New-chwang was made through two feet of snow.

At various interior strongholds the defenders offered courageous resistance, but the superior military machine that was rolling inexorably towards the Province of Chihli could not be stopped. The Chinese yielded mile after mile until at last their backs were at the edge of the Liao River.

China, of course, had the overwhelmingly preponderant population, but Japan seemed to be an inexhaustible fountain of trained re-enforcements. A new contingent² was assembled at Port Arthur for transshipment to Shanhai-Kwan, where the Great Wall dips down from its mountainous trail to the Gulf of Liaotung, a scant one hundred and seventy miles from Peking. The Japanese planned to land this force at Shanhai-Kwan for a spring push across the plains of Chihli to the Imperial capital, whose seizure would crown the invasion of the continent and seal China's humiliation.

After the capture of Wei-hai-wei Japan sent word to Minister Denby that the situation was ripe for a peace parley but that this time China must send a full-fledged plenipotentiary whose personal prestige was of the first magnitude in the Celestial Empire. There was, of course, only one such luminary in that firmament. Denby set about procuring the indicated appointment of Li Hung-chang. Oddly enough, the latter's fading lustre at home was the very means of overcoming his natural disinclination to associate his name forever with a pact that promised for China the same sort of territorial excision as

¹ Under General Yamagi.

² Under the supreme command of Prince Komatsu.

within his clear recollection the Treaty of Frankfort had imposed upon France. To be his country's Jules Favre, to sign on Japan's dotted line, however protestingly, was certain to prove a thankless job. The patriot whose pen would spare China further bloodshed well might expect the fate that befell the Chinese sailors after Wei-hai-wei.

Besides having been plucked of his cherished peacock feather, the proud Li had been disgraced further during the months of national adversity by the deprivation of his yellow jacket. Denby persuaded Li that only after his re-elevation to the most exalted place in the Imperial favour could Peking present him to the Mikado's delegates as the spokesman of China.

Logic prevailed. In full adornment, yellow jacket, peacock feather and all, Li sailed from Tientsin.⁸ There was, however, a spirit of simplicity about this delegation that contrasted sharply with the pomp of the earlier one. This time, moreover, the credentials were in perfect form. China's hitherto imperturbable self-assurance had been ruffled. The long Japanese harpoon had plunged its tip close to the heart of the Chinese Leviathan.

The conference was set for Shimonoseki, where, as no observer failed to note, Japan herself had been compelled to face a few facts just over thirty years earlier.

The Mikado again was represented by Count Ito and the more liberal Minister of Foreign Affairs, Viscount Mutsu Munemitsu.⁴ During the negotiations the latter became ill and his moderating influence thus was lost in the final and decisive stages.

As the statesmen settled down to their game, the Japanese Navy proceeded to gather another stray trump or two for the diplomatic hand.

On the very day of Li's departure from Tientsin, a substantial portion of the Imperial fleet cleared Sasebo. No armistice had been declared as yet and the map could be given some addi-

⁸ On March 15, accompanied by his adopted son Lord Li Ching-fong, who had been Minister to Japan, and by Wu Ting-fang, who had been with the previous mission. As expert adviser upon international law, Li brought along John W. Foster, former United States Secretary of State, who previously has been mentioned in these pages in connection with the submission to the Senate of the proposed Hawaiian annexation treaty in the last days of the Harrison Administration.

⁴ One of the Saigo insurrectionists redeemed from treasonable sin and restored to grace. During five years of expiatory imprisonment, he had read extensively in English, studied political economy and translated some of the works of Jeremy Bentham, whose tract on universal peace had been one of the prologues of the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars.

tional Japanese colouring before the conferees at Shimonoseki scrutinized the *status quo*.

Tokyo had decided to swallow the Chinese islands to the southward. Before implanting herself upon the mainland, which she was resolved to do, it was desirable to extend the Japanese archipelago down through Formosa, a valuable tea, camphor⁶ and rice producer, and thereby flank the continent from Hokkaido to below the Tropic of Cancer. Port Arthur, Wei-hai-wei and Formosa constituted a strong maritime frontier along the Chinese littoral.

Rumours of such southerly ambitions on the enemy's part had reached Peking and Formosa. When the time came for the post-treaty divestment of this only-nominally-held dependency, China shed few tears. In a sense it was a case of good riddance.

The Portuguese, enamoured of the scenic glories of the eastern shore, where Alpine summits higher than any of the peaks in Japan arose from lush tropical verdure, had bestowed the name Ilha Formosa, Beautiful Island, upon what the Chinese, facing the less glamorous rice-cultivated western side, knew as Taiwan, Terraced Bay. Li gave Count Ito fair warning at the conference that the acquisition of this titular dependency meant the voluntary embrace of a land accursed by nature and by man. Strangers attempting to reside there were plagued by the intolerable climate and the wild lawlessness that defied any authority. Only the stanchest wills could resist the opium temptation to which most of the inhabitants had succumbed, and only the strongest constitutions could defeat the mosquitoes in the constant malarial warfare. If, however, those perils were avoided, there lurked in the hills an even more terrifying menace. The alien head that did not droop with fever, spin with the narcotic or become disastrously involved in the political chaos was in constant danger of detachment—as a piece of interior decoration for a savage hut. The natives, indulging this eccentric fancy, pursued it with that passionate zeal peculiar to collectors. Chinese heads crowned with queues were preferred, Japanese and white were acceptable, and even simian served as inferior substitutes. There was no taint of cannibalism or other utilitarian motive behind the practice; it was sport for sport's sake, art for art's sake, as utterly free from malice as moose-hunters' quests for choice antlers. But there were no closed seasons or other thwarting

⁶ Before the recent development of synthetic camphor, the Formosan trees were of much more importance than at present.

regulations to minimize the risk, and Formosa always had been a place dreaded by mariners. Despite subsequent campaigns of suppression under Japanese colonial rule, these ardent hobby-riders to some extent overcame electrically-charged barriers that cut off their salt supply, and every other effort to confine their activities within bounds. Even bombardment from aircraft failed to squelch completely these headstrong people. As recently as 1931 some of them perpetrated a violent outbreak that cost several hundred lives.

Face-saving being even more important in the Orient than head-saving, Chinese plans were made to defend Formosa. Lu Yung-fu, the Black Flag chieftain, who had distinguished himself in the warfare against the French in Annam, was sent across the straits with troops to re-enforce the regular garrisons.

Japan knew all about these preparations and made her own counter-moves to seize Formosa. The first requisite was a local base of operations. Accordingly, the otherwise intrinsically unimportant Boko Retto or Pescadores Group, lying athwart the typhoon-tracked and gale-ridden Straits of Formosa, were to be occupied as the preliminary step to Formosa proper.

General Headquarters, intent upon the Peking project, directed that the transports to be employed on the southern expedition must be back and ready for the major campaign when the ice broke in the Gulf of Pechili.⁶ This meant tackling the Pescadores at the equinoctial storm season, about the worst possible time, but the Navy felt obliged to subordinate the vagaries of the climate to the exigencies of the military programme. As soon as the fleet was able to refit at Kure, Nagasaki and Sasebo, and assemble at the last-named base, the mission was undertaken.

Vice Admiral Ito once more set forth in the *Matsushima* at the head of Japan's naval forces.⁷ Besides the flagship, his Main Squadron consisted of the *Itsukushima*, *Hashidate* and *Chiyoda*. The *Yoshino* again led the First Flying Squadron, which included also the *Naniwa*, *Takachiho* and *Akitsushima*. A torpedo-boat squadron⁸ and five transports carrying troops and field equipment completed the force. There was carried along everything that might be needed, from livestock to coffins. The assorted personnel included chaplains, reporters and an

⁶ The dead-line was set at April 5.

⁷ March 15.

⁸ The 4th.

entire civil administration for the prospective colony, including Governor-designate Tanaka, a retired Rear Admiral.

The *Naniwa* sailed under a strange skipper. The familiar tread of Togo's feet was missing from bridge and quarterdeck. But the cruiser still responded to his orders because that flag on the main truck of the *Yoshino* no longer was Tsuboi's but was the new insigne of Togo Heihachiro, promoted to Rear Admiral.⁹ Then and for ever after the sole surviving son of Togo Kichizaemon was and will be—Admiral Togo. Higher ranks he subsequently attained and honours that exhausted the ingenuity of his sovereign to contrive, but never was he addressed by a more cherished title than on the day when first he was called Admiral Togo.

That cruise during the Franco-Chinese War was paying another dividend. Togo's familiarity with Formosan and neighbouring waters was utilized to full advantage. The Commander-in-Chief assigned the advance scouting duty to the First Flying Squadron.

The large flotilla steamed against the Kuro Siwo down to Formosa, then along her eastern shore to the southern tip. The weather got hotter and the sea rougher. The soldiers were sick. Togo in the van doubled Cape Goaram at daybreak of March 19. While the main body steamed slowly to the temporary base which had been selected at an anchorage off Ts'ang Island, the *Yoshino* and *Naniwa* proceeded towards the Pescadores. The following morning they were near that conglomeration of low rocks and flat excrescences of land.

The driving rains of that locality pause just enough during the dismal year to permit the Chinese inhabitants to dry the fish that they catch. The sole industry explains the name given by the early Portuguese voyagers to these forty-eight islands which, with a total area of less than a hundred square miles, are indeed nothing but bleak platforms for the fishermen folk who eke out their lives there like sea-gulls.

It would have been a double coincidence had Togo been favoured by one of the rare days of fair weather upon his arrival at the Pescadores almost at the exact hour of the sun's crossing the equator—a greater miracle than that which was to give Sir Doveton Sturdee a south sea of December sunshine when, at the equally beclouded Falklands, Von Spee happened along with the sought German squadron. Togo, the dependable master of the ordinary, found conditions quite normal for

the time and place: moisture and murk above turbulent tideways and currents between the rocky islands. The skies preventing an observation, he had to approach on dead reckoning, and the first landmark that was identified showed the calculations to be twenty miles in error.

Togo's orders were to have two of the ships reconnoitre the inlets of Ponghou,¹⁰ the central and largest number of the group, and Fisher Island¹¹ and report to Admiral Ito, at the end of the first day, what vessels and defensive works had been observed and what seemed to be the landing facilities. The principal harbour of the Pescadores is Makung, which lies at the southwestern end of the main island and opens towards the northwest.¹² The passages between the islands are dotted with protruding islets and submerged reefs. With modern Japanese charts and aids to navigation it still is a delicate business piloting an oceangoing vessel through those channels; in 1895, under hostile circumstances, it was a feat for the most adept of mariners.

High waves prevented the use of boats, and delay having been enjoined, the Admiral penetrated with his flagship and his trusty *Naniwa* as closely as their drafts permitted. Togo and his officers stood upon the rocking deck and, through unsteady glasses, scanned the cloud-darkened shorelines.

There were sighted three French warships, various forts and certain other structures that tentatively were identified as additional fortifications. The presence of the tricolour was disturbing. Since Admiral Courbet and the Foreign Legion invaded Formosa in 1884, the French have maintained an intermittent interest in the region. Indeed, it developed subsequently that these very warships observed by Togo at the Pescadores were hinting that, if France were given a kind of loan of Formosa and the minor archipelago, they would be saved from Japan. As recently as 1933, other French men-of-war hoisted the Republic's flag over some still smaller rocks to the southwestward¹³ that acquired a value in the eyes of the world only after this assertion of ownership and Japan's protest.¹⁴

Togo found it optically impossible to peer inside of Makung

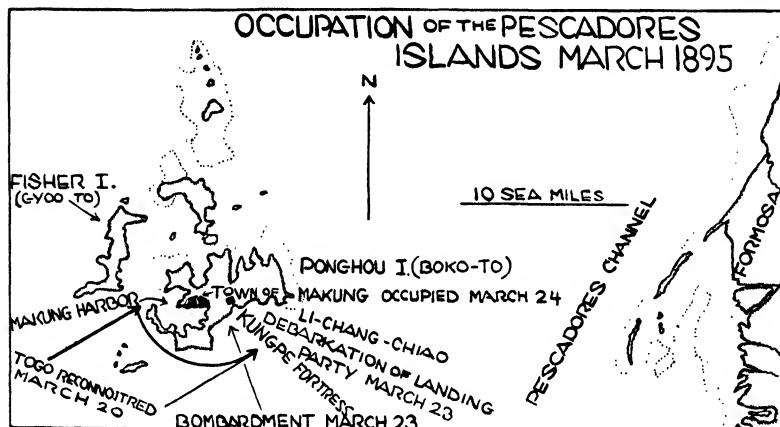
¹⁰ Boko To.

¹¹ Gyoo To.

¹² The town of Makung, principal settlement in the Pescadores, is on the northern side of Makung Harbour.

¹³ Nine islands of less than 800 acres total area, between the Philippines and French Indo-China.

¹⁴ August 21, 1933.



Harbour. He did, however, locate at Li Chang-chiao Harbour an apparently satisfactory place for debarkation.

All that he saw on this circumnavigation of the group was incorporated in the written report rendered to the Commander-in-Chief within the specified time.

The latter, relying upon Togo's remote appraisal and judgment, planned to land the troops at the point indicated. The Flying Squadron was to bombard the outer works. Upon their being silenced, the *Akitsushiu* was to steam as far inside the harbour as she could get and then anchor as a signal and marker for the transports, and cover the landing with her guns.

As the Flying Squadron stood out of the roadstead,¹⁵ there occurred an incident that drove home to the new Rear Admiral, standing on the bridge of his flagship, the change in his sphere of activity. The *Yoshino* struck one of the uncharted rock-ridges that corrugated the passages.

Togo's experience dictated instinctive orders, just as, by second nature, the foot of a habitual motorist seated next to the chauffeur depresses the brake pedal when a collision seems imminent. This time, strange as it seemed, the veteran seaman responsible for the entire squadron was a mere passenger in the ship. His authority was supreme, but an invasion of the Captain's functions would have manifested a lack of confidence or actual disapproval.

The Captain handled the situation with full competence and his superior watched¹⁶ in an approving and reassuring variant

¹⁵ March 22.

¹⁶ Ogasawara.

of the expressively versatile silence for which he already had a service reputation. The vessel was floated that evening at high tide, her hull seriously damaged but still seaworthy. Meanwhile Togo could not delay the operations of the fleet and, when it became apparent that the *Yoshino* might be stuck for several hours, shifted his flag to the *Naniwa*.

He must have derived a particular thrill as his former crew proudly beheld, breaking out aloft, the diminutive Rising Sun with the horizontal bars at the upper and lower borders that denoted the promotion of their recent Captain. To grasp once more the railing of the familiar bridge and see the signal boys bend on the bunting in obedience (through the Flag Lieutenant) to the voice they knew so well, for him was coming home.

With the *Akitsushiu* and *Takachiho*, Togo sailed towards Li-Chang-Chiao, followed by the Main Squadron and the transports. Rounding Point RISEI on the southeastern corner of Ponghou Island, the Flying Squadron came upon Kungpe Fortress, which had three small calibre guns. For the first time as Rear Admiral, Togo ordered his ships to hoist their battle flags, as the signal to the pelagic community that the war, which had not interested those fishermen who had heard of it out there, was being carried to their stony perches.

Commencing at 6000 metres and gradually closing to 4000, the squadron made four runs past Kungpe, delivering a heavy fusillade each time. The fort returned the fire but without effect, due, according to Togo's official report, to erroneous range-finding, which contrasted with the enemy's admirable lateral training of the guns. By the end of the second sweep the batteries ashore seemed subdued.

As per arrangement, the *Akitsushiu* thereupon entered the bay and crawled as far towards its head as safety permitted. When she dropped her hook, the transports acknowledged this agreed signal and moved up to the cruiser's position. Disembarkation was commenced at once.

There now proved to be some life left in the supposedly scotched snake; the silenced fort, as if in *rigor mortis*, reopened upon the landing troops. From his temporary flagship and the *Takachiho*, Togo delivered a close bombardment and the rest of the fleet supported with salvos from afar.

The ensuing operations were ashore.¹⁷ A mixed brigade of soldiers and marines, using some field pieces that had been carried to the beach, encountered little effective resistance.

¹⁷ Under Colonel Ishijima.

The Japanese warships were able to lend a helping hand and soon the weak opposition was crushed.

Makung was occupied¹⁸ and on the following day Governor Tanaka began governing the bewildered fishermen. The British cruiser *Leander*, which had passed and had duly saluted Admiral Ito at sea, entered Makung Harbour and officially recognized the conquest of the Pescadores by firing a national salute of twenty-one guns to the Japanese flag ashore.¹⁹ The great naval alliance was in its period of gestation.

On the first of April the Commander-in-Chief received news that an armistice had been declared, and this phase of the southerly campaign was terminated.

ADMIRAL ITO's gunfire might be stayed during the peace-making truce but his propellers were not stopped nor his powers of observation suspended. He decided to improve the interlude by making a survey of the adjacent waters. Rear Admiral Togo was deputized to chart certain of the small islands off the Chinese coast.

He departed with the *Naniwa* and the *Hashidate*²⁰ for a two day cruise, skirting the Wuchiu and Hui Ch'uan Islands and the shore of Fukien Province. The only incident that was at all noteworthy was the stoppage and search of an English merchantman. No contraband was found and the vessel was permitted to proceed on her way.

Eleven days later, Ito sent Togo on another trip, lasting five days, to reconnoitre the Fukien coast between Amoy and the mouth of the Min River. Still in the *Naniwa*, the Admiral was accompanied by the *Akitsushiu*, the *Itsukushima*, a transport and three torpedo-boats. The second day out a heavy fog was encountered and subsequently the detachment found itself in the teeth of one of those northeasterly storms that roar through the Straits of Formosa, driving all before them. Luckily Togo got his flock into the lee of an island, where each ship hugged the ground with both anchors. When the wind and rain subsided, it was time to rejoin the main force.

A large sailing vessel was sighted. Upon being approached by one of Togo's torpedo-boats, she hoisted a British flag. An examination disclosed nothing suspicious or warranting her detention.

¹⁸ March 24.

¹⁹ March 26.

²⁰ April 4.

One of the transports had been acquired from a British ship-owner on the eve of war. She had been engaged in the East Indian trade and accordingly was disinfected for cholera. When this terrifying plague made its macabre appearance among the expeditionary force at the Pescadores, it was evident that the prophylactic job had not been done properly. In its horrible way, the disease killed and spread, rapidly exhausting the supply of coffins that Chinese bullets had been unable to call into wholesale use.²¹ The epidemic proved to be a far more serious factor than the enemy or the equinoctial storms. The first task of the new insular Government was to combat this cholera, which accompanied the invasion.

The fleet learned²² that a treaty had been signed by the conferees and that the armistice had been extended pending ratification of the peace, but Admiral Ito still continued his surveys. Four days later, however, while he personally was engaged in this work, the *Saikyo* overtook his flagship at sea and delivered a summons from headquarters to bring back the fleet to Japan. The entire force was reassembled at its temporary island base and stood out for home.²³ At daybreak of May 5 the fleet re-entered Sasebo.

THERE was a lot to ask and a lot to hear, because the tidings that had reached the expeditionary force had been meagre.

While Togo and his colleagues had been bombarding the Kungpe Fortress with their big guns, a pistol shot in one of the narrow old streets of Shimonoseki had rung out much louder and much further.

A fanatical jingoist²⁴ ambushed the palanquin of Li Hung-chang as he was being carried back to his quarters from one of the official sessions. The weapon was thrust close to the Viceroy's face and the bullet lodged in his left cheek.

Li retained his self-composure and behaved as splendidly as did Theodore Roosevelt when he was shot in Milwaukee. This display of fortitude, especially in a man of his years, won for the previously-hated Chinaman a spontaneous admiration on the part of the Japanese populace that could have been acquired in no other way. Besides proving to the sons of the *bushido* tradition that he was endowed with at least one of their own virtues, and perhaps the most revered, the cowardly

²¹ *L'expédition Japonaise Aux Iles Pescadores. Revue Française du Japon* (Tokyo), 1895, p. 456.

²² April 24.

²³ April 30.

²⁴ Named Koyama.

attempt to assassinate an invited diplomat wounded not only the victim but the sensibilities of the entire nation, whose standards of hospitality were the highest. The outraged and embarrassed hosts outdid one another in seeking to make amends. Li's bandages were prepared by the Empress of Japan with her own hands.²⁵ The solicitude for Li's personal recovery and comfort could not but to some extent thaw the frigidity that he had encountered prior to the shooting. And across from China came plaudits for the national leader restored to popularity.

The injury proved painful but not serious, and Li resumed the parleys as soon as the physicians gave their sanction.

How much the imponderable factor of the reversal in attitude towards Li affected the final treaty, in square miles of territory and in thousands of taels, no one can say. Whereas, at the outset, he had been treated as coldly as Brockdorff-Rantzau and the other Germans at Versailles in 1919, there was at least a show of courtesy at the later Shimonoseki meetings and a personally friendly regard for the zeal and resourcefulness of his advocacy in seeking to mitigate the harshness of the terms.

There were no real negotiations, however, as between equal parties, but a series of demands, supplications for modifications, and mostly refusals. The document that emerged and which Li had no choice but to accept, was signed on April 17. Ratifications were exchanged²⁶ three days after the fleet's return to Sasebo.

The treaty proclaimed China's (but, notwithstanding Li's persistent and logically unanswerable objections, not Japan's reciprocal) recognition of Korean independence. It imposed a heavy indemnity, payable in instalments over seven years, pending which Wei-hai-wei was not to be evacuated. It opened new Chinese ports and the Yangtse-Kiang, and granted other commercial privileges to Japanese traders.

The world had taken for granted that China would be excluded from Korea. The financial penalty was incidental and, by throwing Li into Russia's arms in order to pay off the indemnity by means of a French loan negotiated through St. Petersburg, proved to be a diplomatic boomerang to Japan. The provisions of the treaty that occasioned the most widespread comment and international consternation were the terri-

²⁵ The Imperial Family had established a wartime residence near the military headquarters at Hiroshima.

²⁶ May 8.

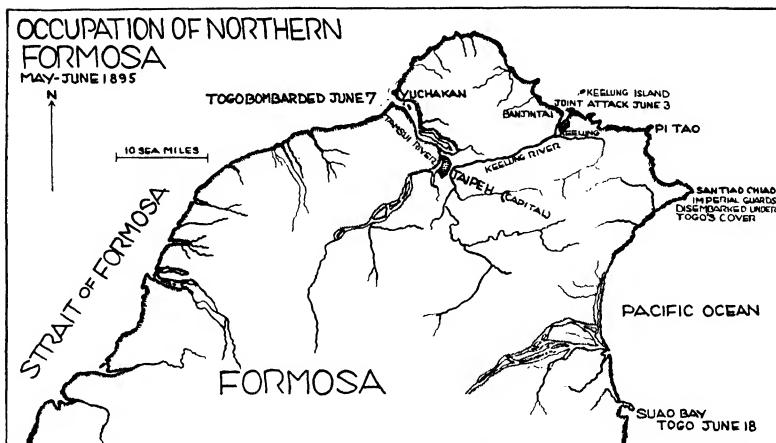
torial cessions. The victors had expropriated Formosa and the Pescadores, in no way related to the avowed *casus belli*, and, most shockingly, the entire Liaotung Peninsula with the adjoining portion of Southern Manchuria between the Yalu and Liao Rivers.

The Grand Dukes of St. Petersburg and Moscow were incensed and worried, evidently realizing for the first time the relationship between their own Far Eastern designs and Japan's recent excursion to the continent. Shortly after the publication of the treaty, Russia filed a protest in which France and Germany joined. Great Britain and the United States held aloof; they were not inclined to antagonize Japan nor, on the other hand, could they lend her any comfort in this undisguised territorial aggrandizement by force of arms.

Russia's attitude was viewed as the natural one of a rival—the rival—in Manchuria, and France's entente with Russia was accepted as embracing world-wide interests. What Japan could not understand was Germany's joinder in this move. It was impossible to reconcile the young Kaiser's avowals of friendship with this open and seemingly unnecessary alignment on the side of the opposition. It was an alignment with Germany's principal enemies and was regarded in Japan as a gratuitous insult. After the seizure of Kiaochow two years later, the indignation became intensified into a resolution for vengeance. This was satisfied in full when, in 1914, Germany found herself sorely in need of a friend in that same region and was ousted from Kiaochow, pursuant to an ultimatum pointedly couched in the same phraseology that had been employed in the "advisory" note of 1895. We now know that Germany's attitude towards the Treaty of Shimonoseki was attributable to William II's pet fear of the Yellow Peril, which was expressed indiscreetly in his conversations and inspired the notorious pictorial gift to the Czar.

For the present, however, despite the indignation of the people, the Government prudently submitted to the duress.²⁷ Seppings Wright tells the story that, when some of the Japanese ministers traced on a map for Admiral Makaroff the boundaries of the Chinese territory ceded by the treaty, he threw

²⁷ The full odium of the Emperor's having "yielded to the dictates of magnanimity and accepted the advice of the three Powers" loyally was assumed by Count Ito. His life was in constant danger of fanatical chauvinists, but the sagacious leaders of the nation appreciated his notable conduct of affairs throughout the entire war and the absolute necessity for this final act of renunciation. He was elevated to the rank of Marquis, awarded other honours, and guarded from assassins.



his sword across Port Arthur and exclaimed: "Never!"²⁸ Nine years later his flagship, the *Petropavlovsk*, chased back to that refuge by Admiral Togo's forces, struck a mine, blew up and carried Makaroff to the bottom.

To retain permanent possession of the trophy, Japan had to win Port Arthur twice.

THE dubiously desirable appointment as the first Japanese Governor-General of Formosa fell to the intrepid, outspoken and experienced Admiral Kabayama. For him to assume authority in fact over his charge, it was necessary to do something more persuasive than exhibit China's bill of sale. The Army and Navy were expected to saddle the mustang which the diplomatic horse-traders had corralled.

Admiral Ito, well-meriting a rest ashore, had been succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by Vice Admiral Arichi Shinanosuke. The latter remobilized the fleet. He used the repaired *Yoshino* as his flagship, and Togo remained aboard the *Naniwa*. Perhaps no other officer of any navy has had such varied and important service, as Captain and Admiral, in a single ship.

Late in May an obscure island²⁹ in the Ryukyus witnessed a mammoth rendezvous. There arrived Rear Admiral Togo from Nagasaki with the *Naniwa* and *Takachiho*, leading the advance guard, and then the rest of the Imperial fleet. Sixteen transports brought from Port Arthur the Imperial Guards, who had not seen much action and were to constitute the shock

²⁸ With Togo (Hurst & Blackett, 1905), pp. 2-3.

²⁹ Chujo.

troops of the Formosan campaign. Finally there joined the assemblage a vessel from Yokohama carrying Admiral Kabyama in quest of his viceregal throne.

The latter was eager to crack the Formosan nut without delay and asked Arichi to proceed at once. The first objective was the occupation of the capital and principal city, Taipeh.⁸⁰ It was situated in the northern central region not far from the coast. The seaports and gateways of Taipeh were Tamsui, twelve miles to the northwest, and Keelung, nineteen miles to the northeast, the two points attacked by the French squadron in 1884.

Three days after Kyushu dropped out of sight astern, Togo was off Tamsui. He lowered boats to glean the feasibility of penetrating the interior from that angle.

It happened to be a climactic moment. That very day there was issued a declaration of independence of the Republic of Formosa and a plea for the recognition of Western nations. This step had been taken after the London Foreign Office privately declined an unofficial application for admittance to the British Empire. The ex-Governor-General⁸¹ was proclaimed President. The Chinese troops that had crossed over under Lu Yung-fu before the peace conference and the demobilized garrisons did not accept the treaty. They prepared, in unauthorized Chinese fashion, to ward off the Japanese just as if hostilities had not been terminated. Many additional recruits were obtained by exhortations of patriotism, by terrifying portrayals of "the horrible yellow dwarfs" who would rape and ravage, and by sliding-scale offers of cash bounties, graded by rank, for all Japanese army and navy scalps, attached or detached.

At noon the fort on the high hill behind Yuchakan, at the mouth of the Tamsui River, barked a national salute of twenty-one guns, and Togo beheld ascending the flagstaff the handiwork of the Formosan Betsy Ross. The waving bunting disclosed a ferocious yellow tiger rampant on a blue field.

This was an answer to the question as to how Tamsui might regard a Japanese landing force. To remove any possible ambiguity, Togo's boat crews were fired upon. The information that was snatched from the bushes pictured the hinterland as seething with unrest and lawlessness. The exact facts were impossible for Togo to ascertain. They are not known with certainty even today. The Admiral believed and Japanese his-

⁸⁰ Nipponized as Taihoku.

⁸¹ Tang Ching-sung.

torical accounts assert that Formosa was a chaotic mad-house of demoralized Chinese soldiers, bands of outlaws and murderous savages, all running amuck. The opposition was less articulate and has left scant records of its version. Undoubtedly there was an element of sincere patriotism in the resistance to Japanese acquisition, and equally surely was the Island in the throes of disorder scarcely susceptible of domestic suppression.

So far as concerns the independent State, the project proved to be as abortive as the one established by Enomoto's group at Yezo during the Civil War. Dr. Nitobe has written: "The Republic of Formosa lasted three weeks, during which mobocracy and deviltry in all its forms reigned supreme, leaving behind no evidence of its existence other than some postage stamps valuable for collectors!"⁸²

Togo left the *Takachiho* and *Chiyoda* off Tamsui and with the *Matsushima* steamed around the northern end of the Island, towards Keelung, to appraise the troop-disembarkation prospects there. He passed Keelung, rounded Pi Tao and scrutinized the coast to Cape San Tiao, the extreme northeastern corner of Formosa. At the latter promontory, some thirty miles from Keelung, he found a suitable spot. From what he could learn, it would be less difficult to drive an opening wedge into the turbulent Island via Keelung than via Tamsui.

A report of this extensive reconnaissance was made to the Commander-in-Chief, who personally relayed it to the Governor-aspirant, anxiously awaiting word aboard one of the transports. At this conference between Kabayama and Arichi the anticipatory misgivings that the newly-acquired Japanese subjects might fail to appreciate their good fortune were recognized as having been justified. It was decided to subjugate the entire Island.⁸³

Togo's recommendation of San Tiao Chiao was adopted and the transports moved over there to disgorgé. The landing brigade, headed by the Imperial Guards, marched upon Keelung, and Togo prepared to render naval assistance.

The joint attack was set for June 3. On the preceding day the two ships that had been stationed at Tamsui met the *Naniwa* and *Matsushima*, coming from San Tiao, at a rendezvous near Keelung Island, which is situated two miles straight seawards from the harbour. On a line towards the mouth,

⁸² *The Japanese Nation* (Putnam's 1912), p. 237.

⁸³ In many respects the situation was not unlike that which a few years later confronted the United States in the neighbouring Philippines, when Aguinaldo, mistaking Spanish withdrawal for independence, had to be disillusioned by a tropical guerilla process of pacification, as it is called.

there is a bar across which the water rips and foams. The squadron formed single column and stood in from the western flank of Keelung Island, along the shoal and tide race, to the rocky islet⁸⁴ at the eastern side of the principal entrance, which is some half-mile wide. Veering slightly to starboard, the Rear Admiral led his vessels across the channel and past Cape Banjintai, the jutting point of the mainland on the western side of the passage.

The guns on the warships did not fire and neither did those on the heights above Banjintai, in the fortress which Togo had inspected after the French demolition eleven years earlier. The purpose of this preliminary parade was to look over the theatre of operations much as a visiting football team practises in the unfamiliar stadium the day before the big game. And as the latter customarily retires to a country club for quiet slumber, the Japanese men-of-war withdrew for the night, beyond the reach of the coastal artillery.

The combined assault was delivered promptly at the zero hour. Togo swung in from sea and at a range of 3000 metres bombarded the elevated positions of the batteries. All proceeded according to programme until a typical Formosan down-pour burst upon the scene. The spotters afloat were unable to see the target or, for that matter, more than a few yards from the muzzles of the naval guns. The Army splashed ahead, however, conquering the tropical rain as in Manchuria and Shantung it had conquered the blizzards. The city was occupied and the fortress seized from behind. Keelung became a Japanese port in fact.

The Admiral and his staff went ashore. Again the former studied the defensive works from top to bottom. In 1884 he had surmised that one day his own Navy would repeat the French triumph but, of course, he had not guessed that the officer in command would be himself. Looking down from the parapet to where the *Volta* had been anchored when he was received aboard so cordially by Admiral Courbet, he now saw the *Naniwa*, flying a rear admiral's flag and an absence pennant, both his own.

The diversion operation at Tungchow that had proved helpful in the Wei-hai-wei campaign now was duplicated at Tamsui, in an effort to draw to that vicinity—and thereby from Keelung—as many as possible of the motley forces ashore that were resisting the Japanese occupation. With his flagship and her steady companion of late, the *Takachiho*, Togo re-

⁸⁴ Toban Sho.

appeared at Tamsui⁸⁵ and attacked the fort which had flaunted the tiger. He did more than make a feint, however, reducing this sentinel of the gateway river, and opening up another approach to Taipeh and the heart of Formosa.

The *Akitsushiu* arrived from Japan and reported to Togo, who immediately ordered her south, to the open roadstead off Anping, the so-called port of Tainan, Formosa's second largest city, and to Takao, a small harbour some twenty miles further down the western coast. Upon this vessel's return four days later, her Captain was obliged to report the presence in that southerly region also of benighted elements of the population, passionately hostile to the Mikado's exercise of sovereignty.

The Japanese troops, still wearing the winter uniforms issued for the Manchurian campaign, trudged through the torrid jungle at burning temperatures that rarely dropped below a hundred degrees Fahrenheit and rendered the torrential showers a blessing.⁸⁶ The Imperial Guards sweated their way into Taipeh and planted the Imperial Standard above the capital city.

The formal transfer of Formosa took place in a unique setting. Fearful of landing on this turbulent Island, the Chinese commissioners performed the ceremony of enfeoffment to Admiral Kabayama aboard the transport *Yokohama*, anchored off Keelung at a safe distance from shore. Later⁸⁷ the new Governor-General was installed officially at Taipeh with studied pomp that delighted the perspiring Japanese but failed to placate the insurgents, who could not see the sceptre for the bayonets. The warships that were scattered at the harbours around the coast full-dressed, fired salutes and, in the traditional fashion of naval vessels on distant duty, participated in *absentia*, as circumstances permitted, in the patriotic celebration.

The Army sent its prisoners to the seashores, where they were embarked upon steamers and ferried across the straits to Fukien, to find or to lose themselves in the swarming land of their ancestors.

The fleet conducted these deportations and made constant surveys and inspection cruises along the Formosan coast.⁸⁸

⁸⁵ June 7.

⁸⁶ With less excuse, the United States War Department was to send the soldiers down to Cuba in 1898 to struggle through the tropical summer in heavy clothing adapted to Indian campaigns in Northwestern winters.

⁸⁷ June 17.

⁸⁸ Togo went to Suao Bay on the northeastern side of the Island, below San Tiao Chiao, on one of the latter missions, between June 18 and 23.

Togo had marines aboard to use when and where the campaign of terrorist suppression made this advisable. The inhabitants had learned the potency of a warship, and the mere presence of one had the effect of a sedative upon rebellious nerves in the locality.

Thus passed the broiling summer. Malaria and dysentery plagued the aliens. Each week seemed more mercilessly fiery than the preceding one. Togo suffered severe pain in his limbs and joints but refused to grant them any concessions. Day after day he sat on a chair on the quarterdeck, personally directing his command. The members of his staff and the other officers, from whom he could not conceal his suffering, marvelled at the moral stamina of their Old Man. This kind of heroism was as valuable in the Navy and as precious anywhere as bravery in action.

The task of subjugation was a mighty one because the opposition was so nondescript, so elusive, so determined. Its very lack of organization was its strength. The Japanese beat through the alien jungle playing hide-and-seek with its human denizens, but groping as if the game were blind-man's-buff. There were military executions and ruthless displays of Nipponese indignation and vexation, but somewhere else on the large Island the insurgents always would strike back.

July steamed itself out. Admiral Arichi in the *Yoshino* supervised the campaign. In August he and Rear Admiral Togo visited the Hsiang-shan Bay district. The harbour fort and native troops there were bombarded by the warships as the Japanese soldiers attacked on land.

September passed. In October, with the wooden *Kaimon* and the *Saien* in addition to his flagship, Togo supervised the evacuation of the Pescadores landing brigade, which had completed the task of tranquillizing that misty and mystified archipelago, and the troops' removal to Formosa. The actual transit was the easiest part of the operation, commencing at daybreak and the nineteen transports being off the Formosan coast in the mid-forenoon.

The preliminary preparations ashore had apprised the insurgents of the debarkation point.³⁹ The flotilla found a reception committee waiting on the beach. Togo ordered the three warships to manoeuvre independently and fire upon the hostile infantrymen, who were observed prancing around beneath madly tossing banners.

Under the barrage from the detachment, the soldiers were

³⁹ Putai-tsui.

landed and, in a two hour action, drove off the enemy. In place of the refractory standards that had been carried by the Formosans, there now waved over the temple that dominated the vicinity an ensign of the Imperial Navy.

Five days later the fleet bombarded and, in conjunction with marines, reduced Takao, and shortly thereafter,⁴⁰ the two flagships, and the *Akitsushiu* and *Saien*, again working with a landing party, captured Anpin, whose fortifications were garrisoned by five thousand insurgents making a gallant last stand.

At the end of the month, Admiral Arichi was recalled to Japan and temporary command in Formosan waters devolved upon Rear Admiral Togo. To get around as the changing situation made necessary, he flew his flag from time to time on vessels other than the *Naniwa*.⁴¹

On November 16 the long and tedious tour of duty in that sweltering climate, directly following the arduous war service in the Yellow Sea, came to a welcome termination. Togo was ordered home and ashore, to reunite with his family and to share in the honours bestowed upon the Imperial Navy by a grateful sovereign and a cheering populace. Emperor Mutsuhito decorated him with the Order of the Golden Kite, Fourth Class, and the Order of the Rising Sun, Fourth Class.⁴² Togo Heihachiro was recognized as one of the foremost officers of the young sea service which now was the pride of every inhabitant of Japan.

In Formosa the Japanese set about their first task of colonial administration. It was a huge one and, in the course of its performance, many a career was made and many another broken.

Kabayama was called home to the Cabinet in 1896.⁴³ The exacting duties of directing the regeneration of the alien-tongued tropical Island passed into the hands of a series of viceroys destined thereafter to attract international attention during the Russo-Japanese War. First at Taipeh after Kabayama was the conservative Choshu soldier, Prince Katsura Taro, who had won his laurels in the snowy march upon Newchwang and was to be the Prime Minister steering Japan

⁴⁰ October 21.

⁴¹ Once he used the *Saikyo* of Yalu fame; at another time, the despatch-boat *Yayeyama*.

⁴² As of August 20. He also was awarded an annual honorarium of 500 yen.

⁴³ This may have been a kick upstairs but the elevation did not deposit the Admiral on any shelf. Successively he became Home Minister, Minister of Education, Member of the Privy Council, and Fleet Admiral.

through the coming war. Then came General Nogi, followed by still another Choshu-born warrior, General Kodama Gentaro, who as Marshal Oyama's Chief-of-Staff was to be the arch-strategist of the 1904-5 campaigns.

Other notable Governor-Generals followed, some better and some worse, all wrestling with the complex problems of the office. Four hundred miles of railroads were laid down, posts and telegraph systems established, illiteracy and opium-smoking and disease diminished, and the resources exploited. Whether or not the Formosans became happier under these improved material conditions depends upon the same philosophical definitions that are involved in the contemplation of every compulsory introduction of the Industrial Revolution to a languid, laissez-faire people of what Westerners call backward tendencies.

CHAPTER XII

THE BOXER UPRIISING

THE next four and a half years of Togo's life were spent ashore, mostly on active duty, which sometimes was of prime peace-time importance.

It was a rich period of quiet enjoyment. He was able to take proper care of himself. In the summer of 1897 it was necessary to obtain a fortnight's leave in order to rest at the Yugahara Hot Springs near Tokyo, but on the whole his health was good.

The Admiral pursued his hobbies of bird-shooting, solitary walking, putting in the garden, and was able to spend a great deal of time with his wife and growing children.

His services and prestige were utilized on numerous naval boards and committees. He frequently sat as a member of a general court martial, he helped apportion honours and decorations to the younger naval heroes of the war, he devoted his experience and technical training to the problems of the expanding fleet, he was instrumental in achieving all manner of modernization in matters of tactical moment and in such secondary matters as uniforms, and he represented the Navy at the funeral of the Mikado's mother and at other national ceremonies.

The most significant posts that Togo filled during these years were as President of the Higher Naval Academy¹ and as Commandant of the Yokosuka and then the Sasebo Naval Stations. These latter responsibilities enabled him to keep abreast of the advances in the fleet. The late Nineties were years of active invention among the students of maritime warfare throughout the world, a period of rapid obsolescence for warships and armament.

In Japan Togo was a celebrity of the second class but, excepting for the *Kowshing* incident and among close followers

¹ At Tokyo, for officers ; more of an advanced technical college than a war college ; i.e., there was little work in strategy or tactics.

of the Chinese War, he was not yet known abroad. Had he died then, the New York papers might have omitted any obituary and the London dailies probably would have contented themselves with a note about the officer who had sunk that British vessel under controversial circumstances and had graduated from the *Worcester*.

Exactly two weeks after the American naval triumph at Manila Bay, Togo received his promotion to the grade of Vice Admiral.²

The Imperial Navy emerged from the Sino-Japanese War in better shape than it had entered the conflict, an apparent anomaly that often has attended maritime victories. The losses in this case were a few torpedo-boats. The sole useful gain by conquest was the *Chen-Yuen*, which became an integral unit of the fleet against which she had battled.

Towards the end of hostilities the *Izumi*³ arrived from Chile. After the peace there came from internment en route at Aden, an Elswick torpedo gunboat⁴ that had been thrown together hastily in a futile effort to have her participate in the war.

In May 1894, a few weeks before the opening engagement off Asan, the *Akashi* and *Suma* were laid down at Yokosuka.⁵

Simultaneously two battleships were ordered in England, the *Yashima* and *Fuji*.⁶

The delivery marked the receipt of the first modern units of that type, and the end of the planless year-to-year acquisitions. Now for the first time the Japanese Navy formulated and adopted a definite programme of construction to the logical end of building a homogeneous battle fleet. This was the conception of the force with which Togo was to vanquish the Russians.

The programme called for four battleships, six armoured cruisers, and proper auxiliaries, all of the latest design and built to operate together in a concentrated attack upon an enemy fleet.

This was the age of cruiser development. At the great celebration held in honour of the opening of the Kiel Canal in June 1895 it was the new United States cruisers *New York*

² May 15, 1898.

³ Ex-*Esmeralda*.

⁴ *Tatsuta*, under 1000 tons.

⁵ 2700 tons, steel, 20 knots, native design.

⁶ 12,450 tons, four 12-inch guns, roughly comparable to the *Royal Sovereigns*, after which they were modelled, and to the *Iowa* of future Santiago fame, launched at Philadelphia on March 28, 1896, exactly a month after the *Yashima* glided into the Tyne at Elswick and three days before the *Fuji* slid off the ways of the Thames Ironworks.

(Admiral Sampson's future flagship) and *Columbia* which seemed to fascinate the Kaiser, Prince Henry of Prussia and the other students of naval construction, more than did any of the battleships in the long rows of squadrons. In providing that six of the proposed capital ships should be armoured cruisers, Japan merely was conforming to contemporaneous doctrine.

There was, however, a diversity of opinion as to the details of construction, inevitable and healthy in an experimental period. The Tokyo authorities shopped around to catch all of the prevailing styles, with a conservative emphasis, nevertheless, upon the trusty British pattern and workmanship. Elswick got the order for four of the cruisers, while the other two were built in France and Germany, respectively.

The English ships were the *Asama*, *Tokiwa*, *Izumo* and *Iwate*. Their respective profiles were distinctive but their specifications fairly uniform.⁷ The *Yakumo*, a product of Stettin, and the *Azuma*, of St. Nazaire, were similar.⁸

Each of the four battleships called for by the post-war schedule was laid down in a different yard, but all of these yards were in Great Britain. They took to the water at intervals over a two-year period, from 1898 to 1900. As in the case of the cruisers, the variations in the appearance of the individual battleships concealed their substantial similarity.

The *Shikishima* bore the plate of the Thames Ironworks, the *Asahi* was built in that row of shipyards along the Clyde below Glasgow, the *Hatsuse* came from Elswick, and the last of the series, the *Mikasa*, Togo's flagship at Tsushima and hallowed Japanese counterpart of the *Victory*, was the product of Vickers, Sons & Maxim's works at Barrow-in-Furness.⁹ These vessels compared favourably with the *Maine* (new) class of post-Spanish-War American construction. Indeed, they almost could have held their own against most of the battleships prior to the revolutionary *Dreadnought*, whose creation

⁷ 9750 tons, 21 knots or better (about the same as the battleships of today), 408 feet long (with minor variations), main batteries of four 8-inch and fourteen 6-inch guns, submerged torpedo tubes. The belts that made them armoured cruisers tapered from 7 down to 3½ inches.

⁸ They were longer and narrower but, although of the same draft, not only no swifter because of this more slender shape but actually a trifle slower than the fastest of the Elswick quartette. There were two fewer 6-inch guns but, on the whole, only the technician would be concerned with the other distinctions between the pair of vessels launched on the continent and those launched on the Tyne.

⁹ They were heavily armoured, about 15,000 tons, 400 feet in length, four 12-inch rifles with 6-inch secondaries, some 3 knots slower than the armoured cruisers.

Lord Fisher ascribed largely to the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War in which the *Mikasas* demonstrated the general soundness of their design.¹⁰

In April 1934 a trial balloon ascended from the Foreign Office at Tokyo.¹¹ It had been released by the official trial balloonist, Amau Eiji, linguist—and spokesman. The anti-aircraft shafts of foreign diplomacy blazed away from almost all capitals but, despite its being perforated by punctures, the balloon seemed to remain miraculously aloft to proclaim the logical effect of Japan's naval supremacy in the Orient, capping the "special interest" recognized in the Lansing-Ishii Treaty of 1917. Nippon virtually proclaimed herself arbiter of China's contact with the outside world and her actions in 1935 followed logically. Disclaimers and modulations fail to alter the significance or the effect of the demonstration that the Open Door has a lock whose key is kept on the Kyushu side of the Straits of Tsushima.

The few years remaining of the nineteenth century after the disastrous Japanese War witnessed serious invasions of China's sovereignty by the major European sea powers. Every time China yielded some part of her territory she not only lost that much but invariably encountered new demands by other nations stimulated by the concession. In the East, where history had moved with stately slowness, these rude aggrandizements followed one another in unbecoming haste.

While Togo and his comrades were subduing Formosa during the heat of that summer after the war, France was consolidating her position in the hinterland. To employ the acme of euphemism, she "rectified" the Makong Valley boundary and obtained additional industrial "rights" in Kiang-si and Yunnan. This "rectification" ran afoul of Britain's construction of the Burma Boundary Convention of the previous year.

Far up the Yangtse—at the great inland seaport of Hankow—France and Russia carved out urban settlements, insulated zones of extraterritoriality.

In 1896 the anointment of Nicholas II, featured by the Russian débüt of his newly-imported German bride and by the ill-omened Khodynka Massacre, found Li Hung-chang adorning the coronation setting at Moscow. When he repacked his belongings for the circuitous trip home, he carefully stowed away a paper whose existence was to be denied often and never

¹⁰ See *Memories and Records* (Doran, 1920), Vol. II, pp. 118-4.

¹¹ See N. Y. Herald Tribune, April 19, 1934, p. 1.

acknowledged fully until after the last of the Romanoffs and his dynasty had followed Li and the Chinese Empire into the dust of the ages—until the document wriggled out of the portmanteaux of the Chinese delegates to the Washington Conference in 1922,¹² confirming a scoop by the *London Daily Telegraph* in 1910.¹³

Li had been cajoled into signing an offensive and defensive alliance with Russia against Japan. Incidentally, as the Russian negotiators made it seem, and by their argument that it was a strategic measure for consummating that alliance in the event of war, Li had been persuaded to approve the construction of a railway across the Manchurian Provinces of Heilung-kiang and Kirin to Vladivostok, a short-cut of the trans-Siberian system which had followed the international boundary, within Russian territory. Manchuria bulges northward into Siberia, behind the Pacific coast, very much as Maine protrudes its hump into Canada, behind the Atlantic. This proposed new trackage straightened out a devious bight in the line.

The secret treaty expressly provided that the rail concession was not to be abused as a pretext for gaining other easements over Chinese sovereignty. Words pledging future good faith were cheap; Russia got the steel rails, which proved more tangible and effective in moulding their own use. They became what the Russian nobility and capitalists intended that they should: the highway for Russian imperialism into the heart of Manchuria.

In the meanwhile the relatively new German Empire had been suffering growing pains. William II was burning the midnight oil memorizing his new Bible: the works of Alfred Thayer Mahan, prophet of sea power, who foresaw the naval ascendancy of Great Britain, Germany and the United States, and the shift of maritime interest to the Pacific.

Within a few weeks of the German endorsement of the Franco-Russian protest against the Treaty of Shimonoseki, the Kiel Canal was opened. Obedient to the tendency of the hour and to the dictates of his American mentor, the Kaiser looked towards the Far East. As a symbol of the world-wide situation, the fact that his warships in the Orient had to await their turn for docking in Grandma's Hong-Kong yard irked his pride.

When Heyking was ordered to the Peking post there was

¹² J. V. A. MacMurray, *Treaties And Agreements With And Concerning China*. (Oxford Univ. Press, 1921), Vol. I, pp. 81-2.

¹³ February 15. See *Ibid.*

confided, in his farewell audience at Potsdam, the royal ambition to acquire the best Chinese seaport not yet *besetzt* by another foreign power. The then Rear Admiral Tirpitz was placed in command of the Eastern Asiatic Cruiser Division, with similar information.¹⁴ The Emperor declared his satisfaction at having sent to China his best diplomat and his best Admiral.

Almost every one of the "available" harbours had an influential champion in the inner circles of the Wilhelmstrasse. Merely to avoid the embarrassment of appearing open-minded, Heyking recommended Amoy, sight unseen. Chefoo, Samsah Bay (near Hong-Kong), the Chusan Islands (near Shanghai) had their respective advocates. To the expert eye of Tirpitz, however, each of those places was deficient in some naval attribute.¹⁵

His professional fancy was caught by the deep and hill-ringed basin of Kiaochow on the southern coast of Shantung. For years it had been characterized by the foremost German authority on Chinese geography, the great explorer Baron Ferdinand von Richthofen, as the finest seaport in North China.

The climate was excellent and, condescending to view the commercial aspects, the Admiral argued that Kiaochow's distance from the main trade routes was more than offset by the possibilities of exploiting the rich Shantung interior, which the French, British, Dutch, Portuguese and Russian capitalists had neglected.

The heights sheltering the anchorage seemed to have been formed especially to support Krupp cannon. Several years later, when Prince Henry of Prussia had erected such fortifications and had built the splendid model City of Tsingtao, Fighting Bob Evans, commanding the United States Asiatic Squadron, said of Von Tirpitz's choice: "Its value as a naval base cannot be overestimated; its possession simply puts Germany in a better position for military operations than any other nation, with the single exception of Japan."¹⁶

Kiaochow having been stamped with the Prussian eagle by the official cartographers at Berlin, there remained certain amenities to be observed in the seizure, even under nineteenth century codes.

The slightest pretext would have served as a peg upon which to hang the Kaiser's steel helmet at Kiaochow. It was pro-

¹⁴ Tirpitz, *My Memoirs* (Dodd Mead 1919), Vol. I, p. 90.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 91 ff.

¹⁶ R. D. Evans, *An Admiral's Log* (Appleton, 1910), p. 120.

vided involuntarily and unknowingly by certain hapless martyrs as far removed from the Kaiser's genuine affection and solicitude as they were from his person. In a remote village¹⁷ was a German outpost of the Roman Catholic Church, spreading the gospel over the region hallowed for the natives by the sacred relics of Confucius. One night a gang of bandits descended upon the community, broke into the mission and violently attacked the occupants. Two missionaries, whose names long since have been all but forgotten,¹⁸ were so obliging to their strutting sovereign afar as to succumb to the injuries they sustained during that night of riot and bloodshed.

This assault occurred on November 1, 1897. News of it soon issued from the depths of Shantung. All was in readiness. On the 14th of that month there steamed into Kiaochow Bay the German Asiatic Squadron under the command of that pompous and exasperating Rear Admiral Diedrichs, whose arrogant impudence was to exhaust the patience of the affable Dewey the following spring.

A German landing party took possession of Kiaochow and made evident the intention of remaining permanently. Diedrichs had relieved Tirpitz, who was back at Berlin as Secretary of State for the Admiralty.

"While I was in Eastern Asia," the latter wrote in his memoirs,¹⁹ "I had already worked out the form of the lease, so that it looked as little as possible like forceful intervention. . ."

After some preliminary diplomatic fencing, Germany confessed to China that the former's grief for the slain missionaries could be assuaged only by the execution of that lease.

Li Hung-chang remembered that in Berlin, en route home from the Moscow coronation, he had heard some intimate hints about a German seaport in the Orient.

Peking gazed hopefully about the chancellories of Europe to behold the expected outbursts of indignation. There was almost complete quiet on the diplomatic front.

Russia did interpose a perfunctory "first anchoring" claim to Kiaochow but this was no brief for China; on the contrary, it was a move in furtherance of Russia's own designs in Manchuria.²⁰ Most of the campaigns of the Commander-in-Chief

¹⁷ Chang-Chia in the Prefecture of Tsaochow.

¹⁸ Nies and Henle.

¹⁹ *My Memoirs*, supra, p. 98.

²⁰ The Czar previously and privately had assured his cousin Willy that Russia would not object, and at least in this instance Nicky's promise was made good, despite the remonstrance of Count Witte.

of the Navy, Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovich, concerned the conquest of boudoirs, but by translating into Russian some of the writings of Mahan he had stimulated sea power consciousness on the steppes.

Japan, still furious over Germany's unfriendly interference in 1895, which Tirpitz now called "the mistake of Shimono-seki," fumed at the brazen inconsistency of Kiaochow but had to defer action.

Instead of official protests against Germany, China heard only the rattling of anchor chains as the other European squadrons in the East prepared for menacing missions of their own. China began to grasp the full implications of her recent defeat by Japan.

The aggressive imperialists in St. Petersburg, having fore stalled any interference with Germany's acquisition, now dis dained further hypocritical nonsense concerning the Liaotung Peninsula. The month after Diedrich's arrival at Kiaochow Bay, the Russian Far Eastern Squadron entered Port Arthur, not merely to celebrate Christmas but with the bland announcement that it was there to enjoy the entire ice-free winter. When a couple of British cruisers had the temerity to poke their noses into this private preserve, the Czar's Ambassador at London asked their withdrawal "in order to avoid friction in the Russian sphere of influence."

To the amazement of the Orient, which put prestige first and British first in prestige, the cruisers flying the White En sign actually withdrew. Great Britain had been regarded as Russia's chief obstacle to the acquisition of Port Arthur. Japan watched this contest over her own rightful prize. In March 1898 a Russian demand was presented to China for a lease of Port Arthur and Taliens Bay. London protested, but merely to make a record. The *fait accompli* she accepted and likewise a new concession to Russia, permitting a branch railway to be built from Harbin on the Chinese Eastern down to Port Arthur and Dalny (Taliens), at which latter place the Russians planned a synthetic Western metropolis along the same lines as the German Tsingtao. Russia now had Man churia. Troops and capital poured in over the long railway.

The British were pioneers in Chinese waters and, although well intrenched in their own spheres of influence further to the south, watched with concern these encroachments of Russia in Manchuria and Germany in Shantung. The late Nineties hardly was the time when England might be expected to have remained aloof from the scramble.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, in the mufti of a representative of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, toured the Orient and significantly entitled the narrative of his trip *The Break-Up of China*. He said of Wei-hai-wei: "It is an easy place for shipping to make, and with some dredging and wharfing might become by far the finest and safest harbour in the North of China."²¹

The Franco-Russian financing, for ample consideration, had enabled China to pay off the Japanese indemnity and discharge the mortgage on Wei-hai-wei. As astonished at the loser's prompt remittance as was Bismarck when France paid him off after 1871, Japan was obliged to surrender the coveted security and evacuate the place.

No sooner had the last transports cleared the once-blocked passages than there arrived a British squadron from Hong-Kong and in moved some new tenants, subjects of Queen Victoria, on her seventy-ninth birthday.²² To Japan this seemed like a satisfactory checkmate to Russia at Port Arthur—for the time being.

This Wei-hai-wei lease to the British was remarkable in having no fixed date of termination; it was to run as long as Russia held Port Arthur. Thanks to England's future ally Japan, this period was to prove short, but the lease was amended in 1905 to substitute Japan's occupancy of Port Arthur for Russia's as the measure of the Wei-hai-wei tenancy.

The British were to find Wei-hai-wei a white elephant and, after the Washington Conference of 1922, as part of the general deal and as a *beau geste* towards the illusion of Chinese integrity and international amity, voluntarily surrendered the lease. It had cost her a pretty penny and proved that a seaport remote from a sphere of influence and naval necessity was a costly luxury. It took England's statesmen many years and many pounds to realize this. Some money was spent fortifying Liu-Kung but, in 1901, Captain Percy Scott and others assured the Admiralty that the money was wasted, and work was stopped before the guns were mounted.²³ Wei-hai-wei became a Far Eastern British holiday resort.

France again was standing in the handout line and in April 1898 drew Kwangchow Bay.²⁴ It is a protected roadstead

²¹ (Harper, 1899) p. 72.

²² May 24, 1898.

²³ Admiral Sir Percy Scott, *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy* (Doran, 1919), pp. 167-9.

²⁴ The estuary of the Ma-Tse River on the eastern side of the Lienchow Peninsula in the Province of Kwangtung.

almost surrounded by natural barriers and, by virtue of nearby coal mines and its location, constituted an important fueling station.

The British thereupon reached across from Hong-Kong to the mainland and obtained Kowloon.

Italy now coveted a Chinese harbour; no European maritime nation seemed complete without one. The other powers, however, reminded Rome that a prerequisite for admission to the plunderbund was a strong navy, and the good-natured King Humbert was invited to content himself in the Mediterranean.

Even if the voice was not Oriental, China thus at last said "No" to a demand. This ended the period of foreign aggrandizement that commenced with the Treaty of Shimonoseki. Japan had exposed China's impotence but, excepting for Formosa, the spoils had gone to others. Only one of those many seizures met with her tacit approval: Wei-hai-wei. With the adoption of Western mechanics and technique, Japan did not lose her Oriental perspective of time. For the inconsequential present she would play along with the Ruler of the Waves, against the Big Bear.

When Commodore Dewey reached Hong-Kong on February 17, 1898, (and learned by cable of the *Maine*'s destruction two days earlier), he found the harbour crowded with warships of many nations. The atmosphere was tense. "Aside from the crisis of our relations with Spain," he wrote, "it was a critical period in international relations in the Far East. . . The dismemberment of China seemed imminent to many observers."²⁵

A few weeks later he sailed down to Manila Bay and, as an incident of a Caribbean war, made the United States another Asiatic colonial power. His destruction of the Spanish fleet was examined for Japan by an acute naval observer—the future Admiral Viscount Saito Makoto.

After the war, Secretary Hay despatched his famous Open Door notes and preached the doctrine which in 1922 found formal expression and verbal crystallization in the Nine Power Treaty, whose words, however, proved to have been writ in water dominated by the Imperial Navy of Japan. Hay's friend on the diplomatic side-lines had more foresight. At least by the time that the Boxer Uprising occurred, a few months after the first Open Door note, Henry Adams perceived what in *The Education* he called "the inevitable struggle for

²⁵ *Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy, supra*, p. 181.

the control of China, which . . . must decide the control of the world.”²⁶

In April 1898 the gathering war clouds in South Africa did not obscure England’s view of the Orient, and there was signed the Great Wall Agreement, apportioning the Russian and British commercial hunting preserves in North China.

As Europe encroached from the west, the United States advanced from the opposite direction into Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines.²⁷ The Old World sea powers cynically regarded America’s pronouncements of unselfishness as mere diplomatic mouthing, garbing in fair insincerities acts of imperialism identical with their own.

THIS was the great age of the railway. The Industrial Revolution adopted the locomotive as its symbol. The economic development of a continental region was measured by its track mileage. With the foreign-financed and foreign-built railways bringing the interior of the Celestial Empire within easy access of the godowns at the wharves, it looked as though China might suffer the fate of India, with a political partition like that inflicted upon Africa. The cheap coolies laid down the ties in creeping curves along the river banks and through the mountain passes. The Iron Horse pranced into retreats where within living memory even mere wheels had been novelties. It galloped rough-shod over the stagnant provincialisms of the hinterland and not only outraged the spiritual heritage of the generation alive but also ground underfoot the cemeteries in which reposed the sacred remains of the sanctified ancestors.

The inevitable reaction to industrialization occurred in China just as it had in Japan and in Korea. The conflict of 1900 arose in much the same way, springing from sources deep in the past, as had the Tong-Hak insurrection seven years earlier in Korea. China was offered the same Hobson’s choice: either to embrace the Western mechanization altogether or to embrace it temporarily for the paradoxical purpose of excluding it permanently.

²⁶ (Houghton, Mifflin, 1918), p. 891.

²⁷ With Hawaii, the U. S. acquired the Midway Islands. On January 17, 1899 the American flag was hoisted by the U.S.S. *Bennington* on Wake Island (see *Old Glory on Wake Island*, reprinted in *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, Vol. LXI, No. 6 (June 1935), p. 80. Howland, Baker and Jarvis Islands, mere specks, were colonized in 1935. These mid-Pacific coral atolls far west of the Hawaiian group are outposts along the present Japanese-American naval aviation frontier.

The lesson Japan so aptly had learned at Kagoshima and Shimonoseki took longer to percolate back from the seashore into the limitless interior of China, and the people were far less responsive.

Li Hung-chang had grasped the significance of railroads and he accurately appraised the freight, tangible and intangible, carried in the rolling stock. But his counsel was missing from Peking. Once more he had relapsed into disfavour and the Boxer Uprising found him down South, as Viceroy of the two Kwangs, with his residence in Canton, far from the national hub.

Canton was, as it since has remained, the centre of political and cultural radicalism. Scholars intellectually suggestive of the type that had sprung up in Japan half a century before, now raised their learned heads and voiced their challenging inquiries in this region. Sun Yat-sen was in exile but many other independent thinkers of various shades of liberalism were boring from within and from without.

Whether individually they regarded the Industrial Revolution as a net blessing or as a net curse, as a parade of progress or as a vulgar trampling upon hallowed tradition, they all strove to follow Japan's example and to adapt China to the resistless March of Time, on wheels. They saw no possibility of extirpating the railroads—many of them advocated more—but they did want the new régime to be under native control and for domestic welfare. They intellectually kidnapped Kwangshu, the young nonentity on the throne, and rallied about his banner, casting upon its Imperial yellow a strange hue that to the reactionaries of the powerful North had a suspiciously pink tinge.

Viewpoints clashed with interests; the unsubmerged elements of all China became enmeshed in a web of cross-purposes and entangled conflicts.

In the name of the Emperor, edicts of reform were issued in rapid succession. The Chinese counterparts of Lord Mori of Choshu staged a *coup*. Aided by the treachery of Yuan Shih-kai, then an official in Chihli, they dethroned Kwangshu²⁸ and restored to power the mossback old shrew, Empress Dowager Tzu-Hsi. She could be relied upon by the sincere conservatives and by the peculating parasites of the Government not to disturb the existing order. Towards all aliens she thrust an ardent Manchu hatred.

Anti-foreign sentiment swept the land. The penetrating

²⁸ September 22, 1899.

railroads caused friction at every point of their rights of way, from the time of the initial surveys to that of the ultimate operation of traffic. The greedy concessionaires poured into the previously inaccessible recesses of the interior and disgusted the soil-rooted folk with the crude barbarisms of modern big business. The personally repulsive Russian ruble-adventurers impudently presumed to bring to China the industrial system with which their own agrarian country had not become familiar.

As usual, the advance of the commercial pioneers under the protecting arms of their governments stimulated the creed-propagandists to bolder behaviour. The missionaries caused the native dislike and distrust of the white intruders generally to be intensified by a reawakened fervour of religious self-defence.

While the Russians were the most numerous and unscrupulous of the foreign promoters, the gruffest and most offensive to the sensitive Chinese were the Germans. It is not surprising that the brewing trouble should have broken out first in Shantung, where the newcomers were proceeding with Prussian efficiency to erect an Oriental Düsseldorf and to convert the hinterland into a coolie Ruhr. Mutual protection associations were formed by the natives of this section. They adopted the name I-Ho-Chuan, (Patriotism, Harmony and Fistic Exercise), Society of Harmonious Fists, a sort of *mens sana in corpore sano* title. The last Chinese character in the name, meaning fist, suggested the term Boxers and this was the sobriquet by which the organization became registered in history.

Like so many other effective movements, this one sprang from the emotions and disdained the retarding influence of any appeal to the mind. The Boxers were fanatics. They mixed some absurd supernatural pretensions with their agitation to drive out all foreigners. Violence broke out and conditions became serious. Yuan Shih-kai was sent as a strong man to Shantung to assume the post of Governor and quiet the troublesome foment. He dramatically disproved the theory that membership in the new order conferred invulnerability—by following a dinner to a Boxer committee with a firing-squad party.

The betrayed guests fell in a heap, convincing Shantung that immortality lay elsewhere, but the movement, not based on reason, did not collapse under the volley of leaden logic. Boxer societies sprouted like mushrooms and spread like the plague.

The Germans engaged in building the railroad to Tsinan

were chased back to Tsingtao. An English missionary was murdered in Germanic Shantung just before the end of 1899.

The Europeans scattered sparsely throughout the country were terrified at the growing hostility, but within the apparent security of the legations at Peking paper-work and parties went on as usual, the dull imaginations discounting the many warning signs that by hindsight were to appear unmistakable.

Immediate causes were sought to explain specific outbreaks, although the sources of the gathering storm lay deeply embedded in the divergent civilizations of the East and West, which were clashing on a field that, unlike Japan, lacked the talent or the weakness, as one's philosophy prefers, of cultural compromise.

China for Chinese was the cry. It echoed into Chihli and beyond, to the gates of the ancient capital.

It was in accord with Western law and logic that the Government should heed the diplomatic protests and strive to suppress the uprising, but it was contrary to the racial and national instinct. The legations suspected that the Empress and her Manchu clique were not entirely sincere in their avowed strictures against the Boxers, but they failed to perceive the certainty that these suspicions were well-founded.

The Chinese Empire was making what future observers so clearly identified as its last aggressive stand against the Industrial Revolutionists of the West, against locomotives and high-pressure salesmen, against bathtubs and alien shrines.

CURVING down from the mountains, passing Peking, the yellow Pei-ho crawled its serpentine course over the coastal plain towards the Gulf of Pechili. Seventy circuitous river miles from the sea (thirty overland) the waterway was joined by the Hun-ho, which was connected by the Grand Canal with the Yangtse. At this confluence of the Pei-ho and Hun-ho stood Tientsin, the commercial metropolis of Chihli, a sort of Shanghai of the North, where the combined rivers formed the Hai-ho.²⁹

For some distance from the gulf, the Hai-ho had a substantial depth, but eleven and a half miles out from the mouth there stretched a barrier bar that nullified the value of the channel beyond. Only small craft could venture across this threshold. The foreshore consisted of mud flats strewn with shells, and a shelf of silt sloped seaward at such a slight angle

²⁹ Sometimes the river is called the Pei-ho below as well as above the confluence, all the way to the mouth.

as to keep at a considerable distance any deep-draft vessels and render impracticable a landing excepting up the river.

Just before dumping its saffron current into the gulf, the Hai-ho indulged in a magnificent contortion, forming what the white strangers recognized as a three-mile capital S. Along the inner bowl of the letter, on the south shore, was the navy yard. Further upstream on the same side but well back from the water was a small fort. The others were near and at the mouth. Their function was to check from proceeding upstream any hostile craft not excluded by the delta bar.

The ancients who had poised Peking on the edge of the mountains, and the Tartars, Mongols and Manchus who successively had rebuilt it, had been lucky or prescient in their approval of a site beyond reach of maritime enemies.

Any move against Peking or even Tientsin involved a joint operation. Admiral Seymour behind his turrets might be monarch of all he surveyed, so far as the natives were concerned, but when the mighty sea fighter stepped ashore and marched at the head of his relief column, he became just another soldier.

The heat and dust of approaching summer began to descend upon the fabulous Chinese capital, as unwestern and colourful as in the days of Marco Polo. Closer and more menacingly, its path lighted by incendiary flames, swept the fanatical Boxer Uprising. The outlying missions and entrepreneurs drifted in to the legations like American pioneers seeking refuge within a military stockade from Indians on the war-path.

Drawn to the nearest point of entry by the diplomatic reports from Peking, there began to assemble off the Taku bar the various Asiatic detachments of the Western sea powers.

Vice Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour hurried over from Wei-hai-wei in the battleship *Centurion* and was Senior Officer Present. He was familiar with the locality, having participated in the assault upon the Taku forts under another Seymour, his uncle Sir Michael, five years before the bombardment of Kagoshima.

When the conclave was in full attendance a little later, the roadstead took on the aspect of a naval regatta. There flew from a widely assorted conglomeration of warships the flags of Russia, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, the United States and—Japan. The Commanding Officers went into frequent conferences and strove sincerely to act jointly—with qualifications. The British pointed out the limitations of mere naval protection for Tientsin and Peking and that

the proximity of Japan made her the logical ally to rush over troops, but the Russians feared the possible effects of the Anglo-Japanese team-work and insisted upon assuming her full share of any military burden.

The co-operation in Asia of European nations that scowled at one another across common boundaries at home was less noteworthy than the alignment with the mechanized white barbarians of China's inimical cousins from just across the straits. This was rubbing some more salt water in the wounds of '95. China knew only too acutely that Tokyo was watching every move.

For the present these sessions aboard the *Centurion* did not result in any action.

In the Peking legations the paper-work rustled along by day and champagne flowed under the lanterns in spring garden parties by night. The British compound on the side of the empty canal that ran perpendicularly into Legation Street, the enclosure that soon was to be the scene of the besieged foreigners' last stand, was aglow on the evening of May 24 with the celebration of the Queen's last birthday. The gaiety was unspoiled by the French Minister's conversational references to the ominous reports that had been gathered over the clerical network⁸⁰ concerning "les Boxeurs."⁸¹

The situation continued to get as much hotter as did the weather. Red cloth, the material used in the Boxers' regalia, was becoming scarce. A foreigner writing home said: "The whole province of Chihli is shaking; North China will soon be in flames; any one with half a nose can smell rebellion in the air."⁸²

The railroad from Peking to Tientsin already had become indispensable in its three years of existence, and was the envoys' single avenue of rapid transit to the outside world. The Boxers terrified the immured foreigners at the capital by striking at this lone means of possible escape. A mob at Paotengfu razed the depot.⁸³ Burning was their specialty and it was much less effort to fire the wooden structures than to tear up the roadbed or displace the rails. The destruction of the station at a junction in the outskirts of Peking brought the flames close to the diplomatic corps.

⁸⁰ By the well-informed Bishop Favier.

⁸¹ Anon. (edited by B. L. Putnam Weale, pseudonym for Bertram Lennox-Simpson), *Indiscreet Letters from Peking* (Dodd Mead, 1907), pp. 12-18.

⁸² *Ibid.*, p. 18.

⁸³ May 27.

The Old Buddha, as the Dowager Empress was called, sat within the Forbidden City, emitting to the envoys messages of assurance that they had no cause for alarm, but the latter finally had been driven to the desperate point of desiring armed protection against the rising horde even at the risk of affronting the Benign Countenance. Urgent appeals were wired to the respective squadron commanders.

The United States protected cruiser *Newark*, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Louis Kempff, reached the Taku bar just in time to receive Minister Conger's despatch. Aboard was an extra company of marines,⁸⁴ transshipped from the famous *Oregon*. Captain B. H. McCalla of the *Newark*, who had distinguished himself in the Cuban campaign, led a landing party to Tientsin, joining some British guards who had wintered there. These Americans were the first armed Westerners to land from the warships, but ahead of them was a contingent of Japanese.

Up to Peking went a trainload of interallied troops, including Captain McCalla and some aides. The latter conferred with Minister Conger, a man not equipped to handle a situation so utterly beyond the analytical experience of an ordinary Main Streeter of pre-Rotarian days. McCalla saw the handful of a thousand blanched whites huddled up in the teeming midst of a million assorted Orientals, whose values regarding law and order, diplomatic immunity and governmental fidelity were not even expressible in Western code groups.

McCalla and his aides returned to Tientsin on what proved to be the last train that got through.

Prophetic of her action upon the eve of Japan's next and great crisis, the Department, as the first measure in placing the Imperial Navy upon a war basis, called Togo Heihachiro from his duties ashore to service in the line afloat. He was appointed Commander of the Standing Squadron.⁸⁵ The Satsuman clique was dominant in naval affairs and Togo was its ace.

Two days after the *Newark's* arrival off Taku, Togo ordered Captain Nagamino of the American-built cruiser *Kasagi* to proceed to that place.⁸⁶ She sailed in twenty-four hours and made the crossing in five days. Immediately upon anchoring, a landing party was sent to Tientsin. The Boxers celebrated the occasion by exerting themselves at last to the extent

⁸⁴ Under Capt. J. T. Myers.

⁸⁵ May 20, 1900.

⁸⁶ May 29.

of cutting the railroad between Tientsin and Peking, the long-feared stroke.

Nagamino represented Japan in the conferences of the naval commanders. They had scant information, no instructions, and were confronted by an emergency beyond the range of their batteries. They frequently went or sent subordinates to Tientsin, met the foreign residents there and kept informed as to developments.

Even the anti-alarmists abroad, who had been cautioning the safely-remote outside world to avoid exaggerating the Chinese disturbance, began to realize that matters were fulminating to a dangerous climax.

More and more men-of-war crowded the Hai-ho entrance. The Japanese cruiser *Suma* cleared the Pescadores⁸⁷ and two days later the destroyer *Kagero* left Sasebo, both bound for that latest international rendezvous.

Amidst the polyphonic discussions in the various European languages on the subject of ways and means, there came a wire from Conger to Admiral Kempff,⁸⁸ asking that the naval jacks-of-all-trades repair the railroad to Peking and have traffic resumed—nothing less. Minister Sir Claude Macdonald sent a simultaneous appeal for protection. Captain McCalla and Captain John Jellicoe, the respective American and British Flag Captains, received these telegrams at Tientsin. The former, who had been urging an expedition to Peking, now declared bluntly that he was going there regardless of what the others might or might not decide to do. The imperturbable Jellicoe conservatively carried the British despatch down to his superior on the *Centurion*.

The latter's mind was made up for him by the report of McCalla's attitude. If there was to be an expedition, insisted Admiral Seymour, he would take his place at its head.⁸⁹ He boarded the destroyer *Fame*, commanded by Lieutenant Roger Keyes, future dictator of the Dover Patrol,⁴⁰ hastened across the bar and up the river to Tongku, whence he made connections for Tientsin. Jellicoe went along.

The other senior naval officers jumped on the Peking band-wagon. When the column set forth it numbered some two

⁸⁷ June 7.

⁸⁸ June 9.

⁸⁹ In his memoirs, which lauded the spirit of co-operation pervading the international force, Seymour said that any other British officer would have been outranked and that he was "anxious that his own officers and men should not be under foreign command." *My Naval Career and Travels*, (Smith, Elder 1911), p. 343.

⁴⁰ During the World War.

thousand of whom about half were British. The Japanese contingent numbered fifty-five.⁴¹ Among the Americans was a youngster named Joseph K. Taussig who in 1917 as a Lieutenant Commander was to lead the first destroyers into the war zone and in 1934 to become Assistant Chief of Naval Operations.

The day after the departure of this interallied expedition there arrived off the Taku bar from Wei-hai-wei the British battleship *Barfleur*, flying the flag of Rear Admiral James A. T. Bruce, Second-in-Command on the China Station. His Flag Captain was the future Admiral Sir George J. S. Warrender of World War distinction. The handsome black-haired young Executive Officer, whose three stripes were due to promotion for recent gallantry on the Nile, bore the name of David Beatty.

Bruce was surprised to learn of his superior's absence, on account of which the Russian Vice Admiral Hiltebrandt was S.O.P.

On this same day⁴² an outrage was perpetrated at Peking which thrust to the fore Japan's interest in the Chinese upheaval.

The isolated foreign colony at the capital, excited that at last armed assistance actually was on the trail, hoped that the marines and sailors had managed in their resourceful manner to restore the railroad to operation and would glide up without undue delay. The legations, which had been slow to perceive the degree of the uprising, now realized that hours counted, and a group of optimistic equestrians rode to the terminal outside of the city⁴³ on the day of Admiral Seymour's departure from Tientsin, to bid him welcome. No train arrived. The empty-handed reception committee brought back, with its disappointment, news of hostile Chinese soldiery encamped outside the walls, cursing and menacing those few white men who galloped past in the dusk.

The next day it seemed desirable to the legation group to send representatives to the depot but no one relished the prospect of such a trip. As usual throughout the emergency, there were plenty of eager Japanese volunteers. The Counselor of the Legation, Sugiyama, won the argument and the assignment.

All day the foreigners at Peking waited in vain for Sugiyama's triumphant return at the head of Admiral Seymour's

⁴¹ Commander Mori, the Naval Attaché, 2 other officers and 52 men.

⁴² June 11.

⁴³ The native reactionaries had not permitted any tracks to desecrate Peking proper.

detained force. Just after dark, the driver of Sugiyama's carriage appeared in Legation Street, crazed with terror and, to quote one who saw him, "covered with dust and bespattered with blood." He hardly could sputter out the story. The alien-hating troops outside of the gates had been expecting other visitors to the railroad station. When they saw that the delegate of the white barbarians was a yellow Japanese, their fury was whipped into sadistic madness. Sugiyama was torn limb from limb, decapitated and otherwise mutilated. Word of this inhuman defilement and violation of diplomatic immunity reached Tientsin and beyond. In Japan it caused a furore.

The *Suma* reached the Taku bar within a few hours of the *Barfleur*, the day of Sugiyama's butchery. The Captain, Shimamura Hayao, who had done good work in the Chinese War, landed with some⁴⁴ of his men and proceeded to Tientsin. He found the Boxers rampant and general conditions most alarming.

Shortly after the gory news of Sugiyama's slaughter was transmitted, all communication with the capital was cut off and the Seymour column had disappeared from Tientsin and the fleets, into this dusty zone of sudden mystery.

Seventeen hundred Cossacks under Major General Stoessel, future defender of Port Arthur, arrived at Taku just as hell seemed to break loose ashore.⁴⁵

Then, although the foreigners in neither city knew what was transpiring in the other, the lid blew off in both Peking and Tientsin.⁴⁶ The capital was treated to a scourge of burning vandalism, and hordes of Boxers ran amuck in Tientsin, setting their torches to the Christian churches, including the French cathedral, which only recently had been restored from the demolition of 1871.

The *Toyohashi* brought three hundred marines from Sasebo and these were rushed to Tientsin, where the revolt now was raging in unrestrained violence. The Japanese leaders there cheerfully detailed their troops wherever from time to time they most sorely were needed. One night they fought shoulder to shoulder with the Russians in resisting an assault upon the foreign section. Although the Japanese garrison was attacked repeatedly, help was sent to the French concession. When a cavalcade of bandits raided the German quarter, the Japanese

⁴⁴ 72.

⁴⁵ The Russians had been intended for Port Arthur but diverted to the defence of Tientsin.

⁴⁶ June 18.

diminished their small force still further and sent aid to the rescue of the Kaiser's outpost.

As the anxious naval officers off the Taku bar were devising means of re-establishing communication with the Seymour expedition and the legations, there came alarming rumours that they might lose contact even with Tientsin. They had seen the result of the diplomats' delay in taking preventive measures. To leave the Hai-ho forts in Chinese control might prove a costly deference to the amenities. What was international law among imperilled allies? The forts always could be returned; it seemed imperative to seize them while the opportunity was open—or at least at its best.

Admiral Bruce, naturally disturbed and angered at his superior's absorption by the uprising in the interior, pressed for vigorous action. He called upon Admiral Kempff aboard the *Newark*⁴⁷ and argued the case for attacking the forts. The American was squeamish about committing an overt act of war when there was no war. It was annoying enough to the Europeans to hear American idealism proclaimed but to have it translated into behaviour seemed quixotic. Kempff quietly pointed out that his instructions were to protect the interests of his nationals and that these were not being infringed or menaced by the forts. From a practical aspect, he perceived no military necessity to reduce them, and he warned Bruce that such an unprovoked attack would rally all China to the Boxer torches.⁴⁸ The American Admiral did not know and had no basis for assuming that Tzu-Hsi, in perfidious duplicity, was on the fanatics' side already.

Two days later a council of war was held. Despite Kempff's dissent an ultimatum was despatched by boat to the Commandant of the forts⁴⁹ and to the Viceroy at Tientsin.⁵⁰ It demanded the evacuation of the forts by two o'clock the following morning.⁵¹

Admiral Kempff's refusal to join in this peremptory message and the ensuing engagement won the commendation of the Navy Department for what Secretary Long characterized as the former's "wise conduct."

Captain Nagamino signed the ultimatum for Japan.

The forts had been constructed with a care befitting the

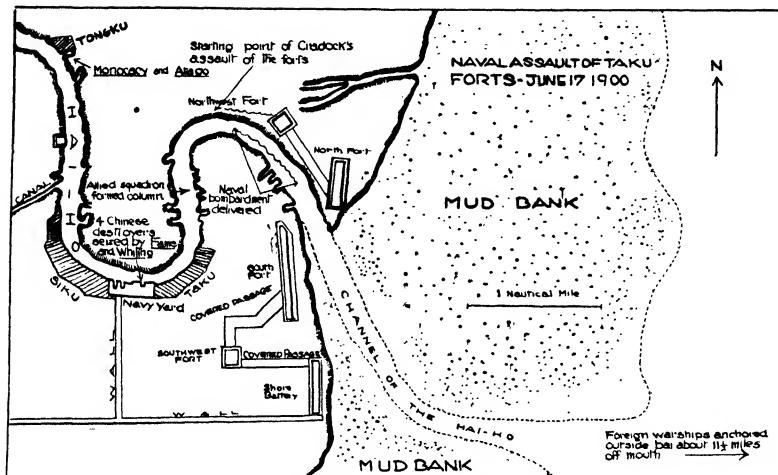
⁴⁷ June 16.

⁴⁸ See Kempff's official reports, printed in N. Y. Herald July 26 and 27, 1900.

⁴⁹ General Yang.

⁵⁰ Transmitted by Lt. Bakhmetieff, accompanied by a pilot-interpreter.

⁵¹ June 17.



main gateway to the Chinese capital. They were the product of German engineers who knew their business and performed it with Teutonic thoroughness. In properly trained hands they should have been able to fulfil their function of excluding hostile ingress to the Hai-ho. There were four forts, two on each side of the river. The largest was on the southern bank at the entrance, and another was directly across the river. These were called the North and South Forts, respectively. At the end of the last reach of the river on the northern bank, was the Northwest Fort. Below the South Fort and some distance back from the high-water mark was the Southwest Fort. At the water's edge, in front of this latter, was the Shore Battery, really a fifth fort but not so denominated. The forts on each side of the river were connected by covered passageways.⁵²

The guns were of assorted sizes and types but adequate to deal with any ships that could cross the bar and bring their own guns within striking distance. The forts were placed to take full advantage of the soft, sticky foreshore, which rendered a seaward infantry assault impossible.

The squadron selected to support the ultimatum was not impressive. There were three Russian vessels: the outmoded "flat-iron" *Bobr*, the old gunboat *Korietz*, which was to fire

⁵² Plan 6. *Einnahme der Taku Forts am 17/11 1900. Die Kaiserliche Marine während des Wirren in China.* Issued by the German Admiralty. (Mittler, Berlin, 1903).

the first Russian shot of the next war, and the gunboat *Giliak*. The gunboat *Iltis* represented the Kaiser's navy. France detailed the *Lion*, which it will be remembered had rescued the survivors of the *Kowshing* in 1894 after her destruction by Togo. The Japanese unit was the small old *Atago*. When engine trouble held her fast at Tongku, she was assigned the task of guarding the nearby railroad terminal. The British sloop *Algerine* completed the force. They were all unprotected and faced the uncomfortable necessity of operating in a river about two hundred yards wide, where manoeuvring was out of the question.

The American *Monocacy*, an antique wooden side-paddler with smooth-bore, muzzle-loading guns, looked ancient even in China as she lay at Tongku near the *Atago*. The other ships of the bombarding squadron moved upstream in the evening and a conference took place aboard the *Bobr*, under the presidency of the Russian officer who was the senior present. Captain Wise of the *Monocacy* there saw a copy of the ultimatum, and the omission of Admiral Kempff's name constituted the former's implied orders. Accordingly, the *Monocacy* gave asylum aboard to the foreign residents of the vicinity and contented herself reluctantly with a passive role.⁵⁸

There were five Chinese warships at the navy yard. One was a gunboat in dock and not able on short notice to cause any trouble as a mobile vessel. The other four were small, swift, modern destroyers of German manufacture, moored alongside the outer wharves. Lieutenant Keyes's *Fame* and another British destroyer, the *Whiting*, were charged with the duty of preventing these Chinese destroyers from torpedoing the allied ships.

The latter were to form column above the Northwest Fort and, if the garrisons did not withdraw by the specified time—midway in the mid-watch—were to stand downstream in a running attack. The landing parties, to be disembarked on the north shore near Tongku, were to storm the forts on that side.

In plain view the squadron steamed up the Hai-ho under the noses of the overhanging batteries. The decks were crowded with the armed detachments for the brigade. The Chinese had only two sensible courses: to submit to the demand for evacuation or to fire upon the passing gunboats. Instead of adopting either, they just watched the naval parade.

⁵⁸ See Wise's official report, printed in N. Y. Herald July 26, 1900.

As the warm night wore on, the silence became more and more ominous. The ultimatum stood unanswered and the forts unemptied. The allies prepared to open fire "on the bell."

A few minutes before one o'clock the signal to fire was given, not by the ship's bells, but by a salvo from the forts. The shadowy craft snapped into instant action, guns flashing and bows moving slowly downstream. There was a furious fight. The Russian *Giliak* was stupid enough to oblige the Chinese gunners with a searchlight target and was driven aground. The German *Iltis* took a heavy pounding. The column sustained severe casualties and material damage in running the gauntlet, but its fire blasted the garrisons away from their stations.

Meanwhile the *Fame* and *Whiting* crept up the river, each towing a whaleboat full of picked sailors. Opposite the navy yard, the lines were dropped and the four Chinese destroyers were boarded in a piratical rush. The vessels were taken in tow by the British warships and hauled to Tongku, to be distributed among the captors as the first naval loot of the campaign. The Japanese got one of these prizes.

Strangely, the first foreign man-of-war struck that night was the *Monocacy*, the only non-combatant one in the Hai-ho. No damage was done but Captain Wise later found the shells again falling too close and too thick for comfort or the safety of the civilian refugees. He shifted his berth further upstream.

The mixed brigade ashore, with British and Japanese composing the major portion of the front ranks, had followed the naval bombardment with a charge that reduced the Northwest Fort. Pressing on, the sailors and marines swept over the North Fort, then ferried across the river and occupied, without meeting resistance, the works on the other side. This force of fewer than a thousand men was led by Commander Christopher G. F. M. Cradock of the *Alacrity*, whose flag atop the *Good Hope* followed him into the rough seas off Coronel in 1914. In charge of the German contingent was Hugo Pohl, World War Commander-in-Chief.

Just as dawn broke, those aboard the *Monocacy* saw gleaming above the distant Northwest Fort against the eastern sky the Rising Sun of Japan, emblematic of allied success.

Admiral Kempff's predictions were fulfilled. Despite a proclamation by the naval commanders that they would use force against only the Boxers and those who aided the Boxers, the bombardment of the Taku forts catapulted the populace and the Government openly into the arms of those fanatics. At

Peking—as the West took years to learn—Old Buddha summoned a midnight council in her chamber deep in the dark Forbidden City and dictated a death warrant for aliens. The envoys were tendered their passports and told to make their exit via Tientsin, through the hordes of unleashed brigands, as best they might—a grim jest.

The legation staffs and their dependents and nationals dug in for the siege, with the odds strongly against survival.

The diplomatic corps happened to consist of a mediocre lot of job-holders, but the law of averages was honoured by the presence of one outstanding personage of recognized strength of character, the intelligent and intrepid German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, tall, handsome, energetic, forceful, an aristocrat by grace of nature and the genealogical tables. Scorning the indecision and caution of his colleagues, he set forth along the turbulent, mob-ridden thoroughfares for the Tsung-li-Yamen. He would shake their departure-ultimatum in their senile, craven faces.

The result was another Sugiyama atrocity. The Peking legations were bereft of their one real leader.

The dreadful weeks of the long siege fell upon this helpless group, isolated in a strange world of another century, cornered by infuriated rabbles of implacable foes. The utterly incredible events and situations of that tragic melodrama were locked within the gates of Peking until in mid-August there was wafted over the walls the welcome aroma of the sweating Sikhs.⁵⁴ Then, as Ching-Shan wrote in his famous diary,⁵⁵ a flag of truce was hoisted at the Chao-Yang Gate⁵⁶ to signal surrender “to the dwarf-barbarians”—the Japanese.

But that was reserved for the late summer. There intervened bloody days and nights, week after week, not only in Peking but over all North China.

Re-enforcements continued to augment the alien forces off Taku: warships, troop-ships, from near and far.

On the day between that of the bombardment of the forts and that of Ketteler's assassination at Peking, the Japanese authorities weighed the Sugiyama outrage and the other reports. They would not take any but a leading part in the allied operations. Rear Admiral Dewa Shigeto, Second-in-Command, already was speeding towards the scene of trouble but this was not sufficient. The situation called for the pres-

⁵⁴ Literally. See *Indiscreet Letters From Peking*, *supra*, p. 297.

⁵⁵ Translated and published by J. J. L. Duyvendak, Leiden (Apud E. J. Brill, Lugduni Batavorum, 1924).

⁵⁶ In the centre of the East Wall.

ence of the Commander of the Standing Squadron. Togo was ordered to proceed.

His Vice Admiral's flag flying from the new armoured cruiser *Tokiwa*, and accompanied by the Elswick cruiser *Takasago* and the veteran *Akitsushiu*, he cleared Sasebo just as Dewa was reaching Taku.⁵⁷

On June 22, having detached the *Akitsushiu* en route to peek into another port on the Gulf, Admiral Togo hove into sight of the imposing array of warships off the Hai-ho. He discerned the *Yoshino*, the *Kasagi*,⁵⁸ and the *Suma*. The *Atago* was out of view upstream and the destroyer *Kagero* was steaming back and forth over the bar with messages to and from the former.

Dewa repaired aboard the *Tokiwa* and gave Togo a full report of the current situation, including the important negative news that Peking was *incommunicado* and that the Seymour party had lost contact with Tientsin.

The next day the Japanese Commander-in-Chief attended the conference aboard the *Rossia*, that smart-looking four-stack triple-screw specimen of the modern armoured cruiser type, larger but not more powerful and somewhat slower than Togo's flagship. The talk talk talk appealed to Togo no more than usual, and to most of the subsequent sessions he sent Dewa as his deputy.

What did arrest the Admiral's interest were the foreign warships on display. Regarding the Russian vessels as Japan's most probable future antagonists, he scrutinized them very closely with the same attention to detail that he had bestowed upon the Chinese battleships during their pre-war visit to Japan.

Some time later he confided to one of his junior officers that, in his opinion, these Russian specimens were not as dangerous as generally considered. He noted a laxity of discipline and a readiness to misuse these men-of-war for transporting troops and munitions, a practice offensive to any good naval officer's professional instinct.

In the meanwhile the Japanese Expeditionary Force properly equipped and suitably conveyed in eight transports without encumbering the fleet, began to arrive, and Togo utilized the running boats of his warships to expedite the landing.

His squadron was re-enforced by the tiny *Tatsuta*, the cruiser *Murakumo* and the torpedo-boat *Hayabusa*. The two

⁵⁷ June 19.

⁵⁸ Sistership of the *Takasago*.

latter were useful inside the bar. Togo took a trip up the river as far as Tongku⁵⁹ and inspected the *Murakumo* lying off the Taku forts, returning to his flagship the following day.

To complete the gathering the important Vice Admiral Eugene Alexeieff himself arrived on the scene⁶⁰ in the battleship *Petropavlovsk*. He was senior to Togo and rated the first official call but, without giving the Japanese Admiral a chance to meet the conventions, Alexeieff's barge pulled up alongside of the *Tokiwa*'s gangway and the Russian Commander-in-Chief was piped over the side. He was in a very friendly, talkative mood. Either seeking to prod Togo into a parley about Russo-Japanese relations, during which Alexeieff might glean some useful information regarding the Japanese naval doctrine, or being just loquacious, the Russian chattered along, getting merely the most meagre of responses, in polite monosyllables. Togo had no small talk for such occasions and his big talk was not for Alexeieff.

General Fukushima assumed the active Japanese military command at Tientsin and earned the praise of his colleagues of the allied nations. He released Captain Shimamura of the *Suma*, who had been on duty ashore, and the latter relieved Captain Yoshimatsu Shigetaro as Togo's Flag Captain and Chief-of-Staff.

The Department sent over some additional units. Togo directly supervised the Japanese naval dispositions and activities in the Hai-ho operations.

Two days after the arrival of the *Tokiwa* flying Admiral Togo's flag, there stood in at dawn the British cruiser *Terrible*, commanded by Captain Percy Scott, that pioneer of modern gunnery practice whose recent achievements with dismounted naval ordnance afield had been very effective at Kimberley and Ladysmith. Ever rebellious against bureaucratic inertia he was a pet of Lord Fisher's but the bane of the Admiralty stand-patters.

He brought along three companies of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and four long 12-pounders mounted for field service. The troops were welcome, but Admiral Bruce, senior during Seymour's absence, frowned upon the cumbersome pieces that were difficult to move. He consented to land one, and then shooed the persistent Scott off to Chefoo with the other three guns. The latter was exasperated at what he considered professional inanity but, after expressing his irate opinions in confidence

⁵⁹ June 25.

⁶⁰ June 29.

to several friends among the British and the American officers, there was nothing to do but obey orders.

While at Chefoo, said Scott later, "occupying ourselves once more with the dances and dinner parties, we learned of Tientsin's very severe bombardment. . . Later on, when the European settlement at Tientsin had been mostly destroyed and many lives lost, the other three 12-pounders which I had prepared were sent for in a great hurry."⁶¹

The four pieces did such good work that the second and successful relief expedition to Peking would not dispense with them despite the difficulties of the haul. Their distant rumble was destined to be the first announcement to the beleaguered foreign survivors in the shambles of the legations that their deliverance was at hand.

At last word seeped through to Taku from the missing expedition. The reports of the Taku bombardment had found them about halfway to Peking. Their advance hitherto had been impeded by Boxers and bandits, but now they were attacked also by soldiers wearing the Imperial uniform. It plainly was impossible to proceed. Reluctantly, the leaders agreed to retrace their route—if they could. Commandeering some junks on the upper Pei-ho and embarking their wounded and supplies, they floated downstream until, under renewed assaults, Admiral Seymour and the other survivors found refuge in an arsenal at Hsiku, not far from Tientsin. Enemies were on all sides but somehow a message was slipped out.

A volunteer rescue squad⁶² forced its way to Seymour's exhausted force and procured its release. Commander Beatty led the British contingent despite the fact that he had sustained two painful wounds in previous fighting near Tientsin, and he won another special promotion which catapulted him so far up on the list that in 1911 he became the youngest British Rear Admiral in a hundred and thirty years.

Jellicoe also was wounded in the campaign and he too received advancement for extraordinary service. Had there been no Society of Harmonious Fists in 1900, Scheer and Hipper would have encountered different adversaries at Jutland in 1916.

As soon as Admiral Seymour was back on the flagship his colleagues from the allied squadrons paid their respects. Togo combined such a visit with attendance at a conference of squadron commanders aboard the *Centurion*, and his desire to

⁶¹ *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy*, supra, pp. 140-1.

⁶² Under the command of Colonel Shirinsky, a Russian.

express felicitations upon Seymour's rescue and congratulations upon his bravery may account for Togo's willingness personally to participate in that particular conclave.

The foreign quarters of Tientsin were assaulted by the allies, who liberated their entrapped compatriots and dispersed the Chinese soldiery and Boxers.⁶³ The victors entered a ruined city, whose principal streets were masses of débris between occasional walls of demolished buildings.

A fortnight later, Togo and two aides went up the Hai-ho to survey the situation. First he visited the old Taku works and that far he was accompanied by a military inspection mission⁶⁴ which had come over in the cruiser *Chitose* and was about to sail home.

The members of the mission returned to their ship and Togo proceeded to what had been Tientsin. Everybody but the natives rode horseback and now it was the only way to get around the littered streets. When, as a matter of course, Togo's party was offered mounts, he did not mention his ineptness in the saddle. Even his fellow-officers somehow were not aware of it. Cautiously walking his horse, the Admiral started off well enough, but one of his aides, the future Admiral Takarabe, attributing the gait of his chief's horse to stubborn laziness on the part of the animal, whipped the latter from behind, started it off at a gallop and nearly caused the distinguished sea fighter to be tossed overboard. Togo barely managed to hang on. He refrained from mentioning his embarrassment to Takarabe at the time and the topic was considered tabu by the respectful juniors, but much later the Admiral, in one of his reminiscent moods, laughed about his discomfiture that day in Tientsin and uttered the magnificent understatement: "I really had a difficult time of it."⁶⁵

In Japan it looked as though the Chinese crisis either was past or would become much more serious, eventuating in a possible scramble by the sea powers for the fragments of the disintegrating Asiatic Empire.

Admiral Ito Yukyo, as Chief of Staff, was mindful of the task that might devolve upon the Navy. If the worst really was over, Togo surely could be spared from the Taku theatre; if the graver trouble lay ahead, it was desirable for the Commander of the Standing Squadron personally to participate in

⁶³ July 14.

⁶⁴ Under the leadership of Lieutenant General Terauchi Masatake.

⁶⁵ Ogasawara.

the major mobilization. These views Ito expressed to the Minister of the Navy, Vice Admiral Yamamoto, who agreed fully.

Orders were despatched to Togo⁶⁶ directing him to leave Dewa in command and return via Korea in the *Tokiwa* with the *Takasago*. He sailed on the day⁶⁷ that the second relief expedition started for Peking towards one of the most dramatic deliveries of all recorded sieges.

Three days later the two cruisers were off Chemulpo, hearing of the joint Russo-Japanese attack upon the port of New-chwang,⁶⁸ in the course of the Manchurian campaign. The Boxer Uprising created many curious fellowships.

Once more Togo entered Seoul. He was received in audience by the dissipated dunderpate who recently had promoted himself from King to Emperor and he ran the gamut of official calls. The Admiral reciprocated against his entertainers by hailing them down to Chemulpo for a dinner aboard the flagship, at which two members of the Ministry represented the Korean Government.

Togo saw nothing during his brief visit to indicate that the national decline had been arrested. On the contrary, it was obvious that conditions were sliding from bad to worse.

Steaming along the coast, in the general vicinity of the *Kow-shing* encounter, the Japanese sighted a vessel in distress. She proved to be a Russian troop-ship. The Admiral promptly rendered all necessary aid and then, to safeguard the lives of those aboard the transport in the event of further trouble, he detached the *Takasago* to escort the former to Port Arthur.

The *Tokiwa* proceeded to Fusun, the Korean terminal of the Tsushima ferry, and, after a call there, crossed the straits, passed through the Shimonoseki narrows, spurted into a speed run down the Inland Sea, and on August 20 stood into Kure.

By this time the Peking legations had been rescued a week, the expedition having reached the walls as Togo was leaving Chemulpo. The reports from China were replete with praise of the conduct of the Japanese soldiers, not only for their efficient performance on the march but also for their abstention from the ruthless looting of the capital. The discipline and self-control of Japanese troops did not relax under the ecstasy of the triumphant entry. With astonishment they beheld the vandalism of their fair-skinned allies. So that was Western

⁶⁶ July 25.

⁶⁷ August 4.

⁶⁸ Yinkow.

civilization! Then, when the Kaiser sent out Count Alfred von Waldersee to lead the combined European armies in a Chinese punitive campaign, the German All-Highest adjured the Field Marshal to avenge Ketteler by acts of *schrecklichkeit* that would be worthy of Attila.⁶⁹

As the second expeditionary column was on the march and several days prior to her midnight flight from the Forbidden City, Old Buddha began to see the light—that would be flashed from Percy Scott's amphibious guns. She recalled Li Hung-chang from the South to effect a sane consummation of the dreadful Boxer calamity. The old statesman answered the summons but in the unhurried tempo of his own dignity, starting promptly enough to indicate his approach but tarrying for months on the way.

After Count von Waldersee was allowed to justify by continued bloodshed his long trip East, there was serious talk of peace. The United States thwarted a plan to dismember the Empire. There were protracted negotiations. The problem finally reduced itself to a sordid one of monetary indemnity. It is significant that the most moderate demand was that of the United States and that the heaviest were those of the continental European powers, a middle-position being taken by Great Britain and Japan, the new national affinities. Most of these fines were remitted in one way or another after the lapse of years.

In September 1901 the protocol finally was signed. Reparation for the murders of Sugiyama and Ketteler was provided, elaborate punishment was stipulated for those allegedly responsible for the Dowager's pro-Boxer sympathy, and various measures were formulated for the prevention of similar uprisings in the future and for the protection of the legations should there be outbreaks. Of naval interest was the requirement that the Hai-ho⁷⁰ and Whangpu Rivers be rendered more navigable and that the Taku forts be razed.

Togo naturally was a member of the commission that passed upon the distribution of honours for distinguished service under him in the Boxer campaign. In 1902 he himself was decorated not only by the Emperor but also by Russia and France. It must be acknowledged that medals were exchanged in generous

⁶⁹ It was from this explicit association of names by their own War Lord that the German soldiers of 1914 were to derive the hated appellation of Huns.

⁷⁰ See M. A. Hitch, *The Port of Tientsin And Its Problems*, The Geographical Review, Vol. XXV, No. 3 (July 1935), pp. 367-381.

abundance among the former allies, particularly between the nations whose mutual relations were not of the best, and particularly bestowed upon the seniors, regardless of individual merit or achievement.

The winter and spring of 1900-01 were professionally uneventful. That summer the Admiral, still commanding the Standing Squadron, cruised along the Chinese and Korean coasts. He used the *Shikishima*, his new flagship, one of those four big battleships of the post-war programme.⁷¹

There ensued two years of quiet duty ashore. Once more it seemed likely that the veteran seaman's career afloat was over. His task during this period was the gratifyingly constructive one of supervising the organization of the new Naval Station on the Sea of Japan.

The location was at the head of the deep, protected harbour of Maizuru on Wakasa Bay, not far from Tsuragu, the terminal of the Vladivostok ferry and directly across the Main Island from Osaka. This is the narrow part of Hondo where the new canal is to be cut through from the Inland Sea to Tsuragu via Lake Biwa, giving the Imperial fleet another interior line of major strategic importance. It was at Maizuru that in 1934 there was established the first air base on the Sea of Japan. Its function is to ward off air raids against the dense industrial centres of Osaka and Kobe by the planes concentrated at Vladivostok. In 1901 as in 1934 Japan was looking apprehensively towards the Siberian railhead and seaport.

Togo did not permit his attention to become absorbed by details and routine, any more than he had at sea. The officers under him had free play for the exercise of their initiative, ever steadied by the knowledge that the Old Man was the real chief in fact and always ready to bear the full responsibility.

While at Maizuru, Togo had plenty of spare time. Although the big cities across the Island were only about seventy miles distant, the railway was not yet built to the new naval base and the station was accessible only by water or road. The Commandant spent many hours in his garden and on long hikes, sometimes with his shotgun and sometimes with just a stick, but always in old civilian garb and usually alone. Lloyd wrote that "Togo's sojourn at Maizuru, whilst no less busy than the other portions of his active life, was perhaps the most peaceful period of his whole career."⁷²

The separation from his family imposed by duty afloat was

⁷¹ She left Sasebo on July 29 and returned there on Aug. 22.

⁷² *Admiral Togo, supra*, p. 87.

not necessary at Maizuru, and his wife and children were with him at the base during most of his administration, until school interfered.

The Navy consolidated its strength for the coming conflict. Yamamoto continued to hold the Cabinet portfolio, Saito Makoto was the Vice Minister of the Navy, and Ito Yukyo, the victor of the Yalu, remained as Chief of the Staff throughout this period and until after the war; and when Yamamoto retired in 1906, Saito succeeded him as Minister. There was a continuity of policy, guided by salt-water sailors, which gave the development of the service an intelligent singleness of viewpoint. Togo kept in close touch with the high command at Tokyo and with the leaders in the fleet.

The most important measure, however, in the preparations for maritime prowess was a master feat of diplomacy.

There was anxiety lest, in the event that Japan should have to take such a firm stand against Russia that hostilities resulted, France might go to her ally's support. To checkmate such a contingent move it became imperative that potential naval aid be enlisted on Japan's side without further delay. Obviously the possibilities were limited to Great Britain and Germany. Consciously and subconsciously the leaders of Japanese thought almost since the Restoration had desired above all else an entente with the British Empire—for an actual alliance they did not presume to hope, even after Joseph Chamberlain broached the subject in 1898.⁷⁸

The disparity between the prestige of the two nations was diminishing. Japan's stock had experienced a sensational boom since the days of Admiral Kuper, and the Boer War had made the British less haughtily aloof.

London's concern over Russian ambitions at that time was almost as acute as Tokyo's. Viceroy Curzon had nightmares of Cossacks riding into India through the northern passes; there was dread of the Black Sea bursting through the Dardanelles; and in North China the extensive English interests were being crowded by the same Siberian pressure that the Japanese were feeling in Korea and Manchuria.

Hayashi Tadasu, envoy to the Court of St. James's, presented his credentials in 1900 as Minister and Baron, with a life long ambition, and departed as Ambassador and Viscount, with the ambition realized. Ever since he first visited England,

⁷⁸ To Minister Kato in London. See A. M. Pooley (editor), *The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi* (Putnam 1915), p. 89 (Suppressed in Japan).

a few years before Togo's arrival, Hayashi had been ardently pro-British. After fighting under Enomoto at Hakodate and being reprieved from a traitor's jail, he returned to England as interpreter of the Iwakura Mission, and in the late Seventies he served on the staff of the Legation at London. He spoke and wrote English fluently.

Count Mutsu being absent from Tokyo when the Franco-German-Russian protest against the Treaty of Shimonoseki was presented in 1895, the envoys had been received by Hayashi,⁷⁴ and that assertion of implied force had impressed upon him more deeply than ever the value of an affiliation with the insular sea power of the Atlantic.⁷⁵

Opportunity knocked at his Legation door in London. The knuckles belonged to Baron Hermann von Eckardstein, the shrewd young German Chargé d'Affaires, distrusted by Chancellor Bülow as an unscrupulous Anglophile.⁷⁶ Eckardstein was a member of the faction in the Reich that actively and clumsily was seeking a general entente with Great Britain, just as though the latter were ready to forget recent antagonisms, notably the German attitude towards the pending Boer War. From every aspect a tripartite alliance in the Pacific would have been a brilliant deal for Germany, portending a new alignment in Europe. Eckardstein suggested such a pact to Hayashi and mentioned having discussed the project with Lord Lansdowne, Foreign Secretary in the Salisbury Cabinet.⁷⁷

Hayashi knew that his moment was at hand. Casually he eased himself into the Lansdowne conversations. Salisbury promptly vetoed the notion of any kind of partnership with Germany and this left Hayashi precisely where for years he had dreamt of finding himself.

Upon the receipt of the cables correctly reporting that the British seriously were discussing an Anglo-Japanese alliance, the weakening fourth Ito Ministry skeptically discounted the accuracy of its envoy's impressions. Hayashi was permitted to sound out Lansdowne further but merely on the former's personal responsibility.

The Ito Cabinet fell in May. It was succeeded⁷⁸ by the Ministry of General Viscount Katsura Taro, the Prussian-

⁷⁴ Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs. Subsequently, prior to serving at London, he was Minister at Peking and then at St. Petersburg.

⁷⁵ *Secret Memoirs of Hayashi*, *supra*, pp. 82 and 86.

⁷⁶ Eckardstein maintained the confidence of Holstein's Foreign Office and was a social pet of the Kaiser's.

⁷⁷ Hermann Freiherrn von Eckardstein, *Lebens-Erinnerungen und Politische Denkwürdigkeiten* (List, Leipzig, 1919).

⁷⁸ After a short interregnum under Saionji.

trained soldier and statesman.⁷⁹ At his home there gathered on a broiling August day the prestige-laden Genro, the Elder Statesmen of the Restoration era, whose patriotism was deemed a degree purer than that of the less venerable leaders with careers still on the make.⁸⁰ The Genro did not sanction an abandonment of efforts towards arranging with Russia a friendly *modus operandi* in Korea and Manchuria, until there was more than Hayashi's optimism to assure the British alliance.

Ito's colleagues asked him to follow a New Haven visit⁸¹ with a trip to Europe for his impaired health. The foremost statesman of Nippon thereupon embarked upon the most momentous of his celebrated world tours, although he affected the obscurity of a retired gentleman on a private journey. His movements were observed through diplomatic telescopes from the watch-towers of every chancellory. When he crossed the Atlantic without stopping off at England, Hayashi feared that suspicions of double-dealing on Japan's part might frustrate his painstaking efforts. Unable at Paris to persuade the Marquis to abandon his trip to St. Petersburg, Hayashi urged him at least not to consummate any understanding in that quarter.

Ito tried to confine his talks with Witte and Lamsdorff to stereotyped generalities, but they utilized his visit to communicate the implication that Russia would exchange a free hand in Korea for one in Manchuria, a bargain which neither party honestly regarded as performable but which offered to Japan a probable postponement of the inevitable clash and hence more time to prepare for it. There was, however, considerable doubt that the relatively liberal Witte group could deliver such an agreement.

Ito in Europe and Inouye in Tokyo warned that even a chance for the temporary security of a makeshift liaison with Russia should not be rejected summarily for the offer of an English marriage of convenience, which might never be celebrated. The cables were busy with coded discussions of the complicated situation. For decades the British alliance had seemed beyond reach and now that it dangled close at hand there was fear that some sinister ulterior Caucasian motive might escape naïve Mongolian detection.

⁷⁹ Mentioned in an earlier chapter as one of the first Japanese governors of Formosa and to be the Russian War Premier.

⁸⁰ There were present, besides Katsura, Ito, Inouye, Yamagata, Matsukata and the Acting Foreign Secretary, Viscount Sone.

⁸¹ To accept an honorary degree at Yale's bicentennial.

The English statesmen were making caustic remarks to Hayashi about the newly-discovered salubrity of the frigid Neva winter for a man of Ito's advanced years and alleged delicacy of physique, which had been pronounced unable to challenge the November fogs of London. In the midst of this tension Sir Claude Macdonald, home on leave from his new post at Tokyo, confided to Hayashi that both Salisbury and King Edward, who was dabbling actively in foreign affairs, were anxious lest the proposed Japanese pact with Great Britain be forestalled by a rapprochement with Russia. Hayashi thus was made aware that the reason that Ito's visit to St. Petersburg and Japan's procrastination angered the English was because it worried them! Shades of Kagoshima!

The Japanese envoy controlled his poker-face but sent ecstatic cables. Ito called at London on his way home. Macdonald's disclosure has been regarded as an indiscretion but very well may have been a subtle move dictated from above.

At last the doubters in Tokyo were convinced that the treaty was obtainable. Komura Jutaro⁸² became Foreign Secretary under Katsura and gave the project his support. The Emperor was wise enough to realize that Ito and Inouye, who still advised against undue haste, would have been proud to have effected the alliance themselves. Late in the summer of 1901, Hayashi was authorized to treat in his official capacity. He moved as fast as good tactics permitted.

The convention was signed the following January 30, and, a few days later, there was promulgated Japan's greatest diplomatic achievement in the history of the Empire up to that time.

To symbolize the union and its maritime significance, Vice Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, the distinguished commander of the Asiatic Fleet, paid Yokohama a ceremonial visit.

The text of the instrument was short. The two powers recognized their special interests in China and also Japan's in Korea, declared "themselves to be entirely uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies in either country," but reserved the right to protect those interests.

The meat of the bone was contained in the terse provisions that, if either party, in defence of those interests, should become involved in war with a third nation, the other party would remain neutral and "use its efforts to prevent others from joining in hostilities against its ally" and that, if any third nation nevertheless should enter the conflict, the other party would

⁸² Harvard '77, and Hayashi's future successor at London.

come to the assistance of its ally and "conduct the war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with it."

The Imperial Navy was the most delighted group in Japan at the Alliance. By tradition and by interest it felt a kinship to the Mistress of the Seas that the goose-stepping German-trained Army could not have been expected fully to share.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was the aegis under which Japan made her enormous strides in world affairs until the Alliance was rendered obsolete by the altered alignment of the post-World-War Pacific, when it was superseded by the arrangements effected at the Washington Conference of 1921-22.

But those changed conditions were far ahead. In the meantime Togo and his colleagues were able to prepare the Imperial Navy to confront a Russia that would be unaided.

DURING this period of Togo's life, while he still was commanding the Standing Squadron before his assignment to Maizuru, his closest tie with the past was severed by the death of his mother.⁸⁸ It then seemed that she had lived to see the full length of her sole surviving son's distinguished career afloat. He appeared to be as unlikely to serve at the front in another and the most critical war as did Hindenburg in August 1914.

⁸⁸ Feb. 10, 1901.

CHAPTER XIII

PORT ARTHUR

IF EVER there was an inevitable collision of irreconcilable interests, as those interests were understood by the respective parties, it was in the early years of the twentieth century, as the floating steam that narrowed and smoothed the Straits of Tsushima advanced head-on towards the rolling steam that contracted the width of Northern Eurasia.

There is no doubt that Japan sought to avert the hostilities for the time being, until she saw that they were bound to break out in the near future, and that then the exigencies of the situation required her to avoid any short postponement, as much as she desired a long one. These exigencies had been within Russia's control.

A decade earlier, the Japanese had given their rival a solid footing in Korea by overplaying their hands. The brutal assassination of the Queen back in 1895 had driven the King straight into the arms of the Russians, within whose Legation he took refuge and established his court. Needless to say, the hosts became the power behind the throne. Before the Japanese were able to recover some of their lost prestige and good will upon the peninsula, the Muscovite influence had achieved substantial tangible results. The most vital to Japan was the audacious plan to establish a naval station at Mampyo, on the very flank of the Straits of Tsushima.

Then came the pre-Boxer and post-Boxer percolation through Manchuria. After the Anglo-Japanese Alliance stunned St. Petersburg, a weak rejoinder was published by France and Russia that their entente extended to Far Eastern affairs, but everybody knew that France never would jeopardize her fleet and her security at home when the time would come for something more than proclamations. Russia had to deal unaided with Japan. The Czar was between an internally dissatisfied populace, in whose silent depths was brewing the 1905 Revolution, and an oligarchy split into selfishly dis-

cordant factions, weaknesses that St. Petersburg fatuously believed could be screened by bluff and swagger.

Japan repeatedly demanded that Russia withdraw her troops from Manchuria in accordance with promises made to China under the pressure of Great Britain and the United States as well as Japan. Russia kept avowing China's integrity but every season found her more solidly implanted in Manchuria, spreading out along the Trans-Siberian spur from Harbin to Port Arthur.

Japan placed herself currently in an unassailable position legalistically and before public opinion generally by offering, along the lines of Witte's tentative offer to Ito in St. Petersburg, to qualify the free hand she demanded in Korea by a reservation to Russia of all of her vested rights there, by a guaranty (whatever that would have been worth internationally) of Korean independence, and by a recognition of the Open Door principle, in consideration of a reciprocal arrangement regarding Manchuria. Japan's protestations regarding Korean independence and Chinese integrity sound rather quaint in the days of colonial Chosen, disjoined Manchukuo and the revival of the Twenty-One Demands.

As 1903 wore on, both parties to the controversy openly were preparing for possible hostilities. These measures might have been as well calculated to prevent as to provoke war had there been some awareness of the realities on the part of the arrogant Russians.

In the autumn the Japanese Empire made ready for an early conflict. The experts knew that the subject upon which the military surgeons were to operate was a victim of chronic elephantiasis, in whose very appearance of Herculean strength resided his chief weakness; but nevertheless, whether firm or flabby, Russia did look big. The Government framed staggering estimates for extraordinary expenses and began to increase taxes and float loans.¹ The Army and Navy received appropriations in unprecedented liberality and preparations proceeded at an accelerated pace. The thoroughgoing modernization of the Army, commenced after the Chinese War and executed on a seven-year programme under Marshal Marquis Oyama,² was just completed, and the immediate need merely was to be all set for mobilization and to have on hand sufficient ammunition, ordnance and supplies for a large

¹ See Ogawa Gotaro, *Expenditures Of The Russo-Japanese War* (Oxford Univ. Press, 1923), pp. 83 ff.

² At least titularly.

scale overseas expedition. With the Navy it was different. A warship can not be built in a day and a new one is not comparable to a sistership that has had a year of training.

In picking the time to precipitate the war, Japan bore in mind the fact that to gain control of Manchuria and Korea—or deprive Russia of control, which militarily came to the same thing—it would be necessary to keep open her Tsushima crossing, which meant dominating the nearby seas, and also to defeat the enemy on land. Russia thus had two strings to her bow. If she held out either ashore or afloat, she eventually would be able to dictate the terms of peace.

Russia had endurance, if nothing else, and Japan's chance lay in a sharp, quick victory. Besides the completion of the Army reorganization, there had to be taken into account the fact that the Trans-Siberian Railway still had a gap at Lake Baikal, that the dull-witted naval authorities at St. Petersburg still were despatching additional units to the Orient, and that the big warship-building programme that had been adopted in answer to Japan's laying the keels of the *Mikasas* and contemporary armoured cruisers was not yet completed.

Despite all of these Japanese activities and the common sense of the situation, the profiteering concessionaires and titled adventurers in Russia outside of public office, who dominated the so-called will of the Czar, convinced him that the little ochre upstart would not dare seriously to bait the Bear. Admiral Alexeieff, Viceroy Plenipotentiary of the Pacific provinces, was among the intransigents and his thunderous derision of Japanese power drowned out the warnings and counsel of moderation offered by Baron Rosen, Minister to Tokyo, and Foreign Minister Lamsdorff. When the Czar was told by his brother-in-law, cousin and boyhood chum, Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovich, who had lived in Japan for two years among the people and who was the only Romanoff really indoctrinated in naval science, that, as the British and American naval commanders in the Far East all realized,⁸ the Japanese would not be afraid to challenge Russia in those waters and could defeat her there, Nicky thought that Sandro was crazy.⁴

Witte, who in the beginning had been one of the leading advocates of the new Empire, now pointed to the enormous sums of money that had been poured into the promised land

⁸ See, for example, R. D. Evans, *An Admiral's Log*, *supra*, p. 244.

⁴ Alexander, Grand Duke of Russia, *Once a Grand Duke* (Farrar & Rinehart, 1932), pp. 212-3.

without producing any milk or honey, but the more obstinate Pacific imperialists argued that the investment was too large to abandon. Delcassé knew that the Russians would be appealing to Paris for good money to throw after bad and for other support, and the astute Foreign Minister placed the friendly influence of France on the side of the Lamsdorff-Rosen rationalists, but without avail.

In Japan there was by no means a unanimity of opinion but there was a complete concordance of action. By virtue of conferences between the Cabinet and the Genro before the throne, Prime Minister Katsura and his Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Komura, knew that they had the State solidly behind them.

As Russia purposely stalled in the most aggravatingly transparent manner, Japan made final preparations to draw the ancient Samurai swords. Public opinion was aroused until it tugged at the Government's restraint. Finally, in late January 1904, another definite proposition was tendered by Japan and a prompt answer demanded. When, after a reasonable time, it did not materialize,⁵ Kurino was recalled from St. Petersburg and in his stead Togo was sent to Port Arthur.

Meanwhile, at Maizuru, Togo had been seeing through the fog of diplomatic rhetoric that the war was approaching faster than the railroad track to the new base and that the latter would not be an important factor in the campaign. The officers at the station restlessly hoped for orders to sea. Would the Commandant be allotted one of the very few billets afloat suitable to his rank or would he be left on this side shelf?

The Satsuman clique ruled the Navy. Yamamoto, Togo's old shipmate and the Minister of Marine, Saito, the Vice Minister, and Ito, the Chief of the Naval Staff, were not apt to forget their friend and clansman who stood so high in his profession and had had such exceptional experience.

A summons from Tokyo in October found Togo ill in bed with rheumatism but the joy of receiving the call was a sufficient stimulant to bring him to his feet.

It was then that there occurred that famous interview with Yamamoto in which the Minister informed Togo fully of the naval war measures and that he was to fly the flag of supreme command, and the delighted Admiral terminated the meeting without a word of thanks, appreciation or comment.

It took Togo a few days to attend to the necessary admin-

⁵ Unknown to the Japanese, it actually was in process of being decoded by Rosen's staff.

istrative details at the Department. This brief visit with his family, in Tokyo for the children's schooling, he regarded as possibly his last sight of them, pursuant to the attitude he subsequently prescribed for those under him. His wife implored him to rest at home until he was over the painful attack that lingered with him, but the sailor hardly could wait to feel the deck planking beneath his feet and breathe the salt air. Asking her to take particular care of his dogs, he was off to Sasebo.

The orders of October 19 placed Togo once more in charge of the Standing Squadron, but this was a temporary assignment pending the reorganization of the Imperial Navy which was put into effect just before the end of the year. The available warships were grouped in three squadrons, each rating a vice admiral. The first two squadrons constituted the main fighting force and the leadership of the First Squadron carried with it the command of both, to be known as the Combined Fleet. On December 28, Vice Admiral Togo Heihachiro assumed this supreme responsibility as Commander-in-Chief aboard the battleship *Mikasa* at Sasebo. The appointment was one that met with approval throughout the entire Navy, from flag officers down to seamen. Its consequences were such that most of Togo's fellow-countrymen came to believe in future years that the choice must be attributed to divine inspiration.

That this quiet, always dependable, battle-tried veteran, self-effacing but ready to exercise aggressively whatever responsibility properly might be imposed upon him without his solicitation, would have been selected had he not been a son of Satsuma is doubtful. Although Oyama himself hailed from that nest of warriors, the Army still had its firmest roots in the soil of Choshu and, as has been indicated, the Satsuman tradition continued to embrace the Navy. But of one thing there is no question and that is that the chieftaincy afloat in this crisis was not tossed out for frivolous or irrelevant considerations as were the high commands in the Russian services. In Japan there was a sharp line between partiality and favouritism. In this instance it happened that the dominant group in the Navy contained the officer generally regarded as the fittest for the top task; indeed, to have selected anyone else of comparable stature would have involved passing by Togo for someone junior to him on the list.

What made the designation particularly grateful from the important standpoint of morale among the other eligibles was

the absence of any jealousy or rancour. Everybody who knew Togo, most of all his contemporary colleagues, realized that he was temperamentally incapable of lifting a finger to gain the slightest preferment for himself and that the trappings and even the kudos of exalted station were subordinated in his common sense to an awareness of obligation and a compulsion towards proficiency. The man might not be the most brilliant or the most colourful—it was not heresy to say that in 1904—but he was true blue, he was brave, he was alert, he was untiring, he was a gentleman in the finest sense, he knew the Outfit, he was adept at handling an admiral's tools, he would make no impulsive blunders and yet had the spark of a fighter. He contributed as much prestige to the Satsuman group as he derived benefit from it, but he was above any clique. His patriotism had passed the test of nationalism when Saigo "went out," and to an unsurpassed degree he enjoyed the esteem of the Mikado. When it became necessary for modern Japan to entrust her future to a single indivisible and not augmentable human individual, it was a wise and fortunate discrimination that beckoned to Togo Heihachiro.

Said Lord Fisher in his *Memories and Records*:⁶

"The smoke of the enemy, not even the tops of his funnels, can be seen on the horizon. (I proved this myself with the great Mediterranean fleet divided into two portions.) Within twenty minutes the action is decided! Realise this—it takes some minutes for the Admiral to get his breeches on, to get on deck and take in the situation; and it takes a good many more minutes to deploy the Fleet from its Cruising Disposition into its Fighting Disposition. In the fleet the Admiral's got to be like Nelson—'the personal touch' so that '*any silly ass can't be an Admiral*'; and the people of the Fleet watch him with unutterable suspense to see what signal goes up to alter the formation of the fleet—a formation on which depends Victory or Defeat. So it was that Togo won that second Trafalgar; he did what is technically known as 'crossing the T,' which means he got the guns of his fleet all to bear, all free to fire, while those of the enemy were masked by his own ships. One by one Rozhdestvensky's ships went to the bottom, under the concerted action of concentrated fire. What does it? Speed. And what actuates it? One mind, and one mind only. Goschen was right (when First Lord of the Admiralty); he quoted that old Athenian Admiral who,

⁶ (Copyright Doubleday Doran, 1920), Vol. 1, pp. 114-5.

asked what governed a sea battle, replied, 'Providence,' and then with emphasis he added: 'and a *good Admiral.*'"

Togo was more than seven years below the present retirement age in the United States Navy, an age young for a flag officer in that service today, and yet to the generation of officers who had been commissioned during the decade since the Chinese War he seemed a very old man indeed, a venerable warrior whose early exploits already had acquired the detachment of history. In him and some of the other admirals they beheld officers the beginning of whose careers antedated the establishment of the Imperial Navy. Togo had been through real battles long before the rank and file of his subordinates were born.

The quiet Togo symbolized much, was admired, respected and slightly feared. One of the destroyer captains noted in his diary before the war commenced: "The whole will be under the orders of Admiral Togo, a fact in which we all ought to rejoice. . . . Notwithstanding that, I am very glad to have command of a destroyer, and to be at a certain distance from him. He is an unpleasant neighbour for his inferiors."⁷

Togo looked just about his age. He had put on some weight at Maizuru and was a bit stout. His bristly hair and beard were turning grey. All who looked at him were struck by his modest repose and his piercing eyes.

H. C. Seppings Wright, a combination war-correspondent, artist and good-will emissary of the Elswick Works, was accorded special privileges by the Ministry of Marine and visited the Commander-in-Chief aboard the *Mikasa* several times during the war. Togo cheerfully permitted the Englishman to sketch him at his work, puffing away as usual at his pipe, and he gave his guest the freedom of the flag quarters. Seppings Wright observed⁸ that his subject had "a kindly face . . . marked by lines of care." Although he thought that Togo's face might be that of any "ordinary, studious man, it indubitably impresses one. The eyes are brilliant and black, like those of all Japanese, and a slight pucker at the corners suggests humour. A small drooping nose shades a pursed-up mouth with the under lip slightly protruding. He has a large head, which is a good shape and shows strongly defined bumps, and the hair is thin and worn very short. A slight beard

⁷ H. Tikovara, *Before Port Arthur In A Destroyer* (trans. by Capt. R. Grant, Murray, 1907), p. 6. Published anonymously.

⁸ *With Togo, supra*, pp. 57-8.

fringes the face and it is whitening on the chin, and the moustache is thin and black."

The command of the Second Squadron, which was the next most important assignment afloat, went to that other outstanding Satsuman, Vice Admiral Kamimura Hikonojo, who was three years younger than Togo and held a commission dated five years later.

In the fall of 1903, the Imperial Japanese Navy was built, as to officer personnel, about the nucleus of the veterans of the Yalu and Wei-hai-wei, and, as to ships, about the nucleus of the post-war building programme of the four *Mikasa* and the two *Fuji* class battleships, and the six European armoured cruisers.

At Genoa there were being completed for the Argentine Republic two smaller armoured cruisers of the latest design.⁹ In appearance they were of the prevailing Italian type featured by two widely-separated chunky smokestacks, one well forward and one aft. The Japanese bought these vessels and gave them the names of two warships of Togo's youth: the *Kasuga* and the *Nisshin*.¹⁰ As soon as possible these valuable acquisitions were despatched eastward via the Suez Canal and, although they were no further than Singapore when hostilities commenced, the Russians did not prevent them from safely reaching the theatre of operations later that month.

This gave the Imperial Navy six battleships and eight modern armoured cruisers as its quota of capital ships.

In the final period of Russian tension there were rushed off the ways in England and the United States the protected cruisers *Takasago*, *Kasagi* and *Chitose*,¹¹ and the domestic *Niitaka*, *Tsushima* and *Otawa*.¹² There also had been assembled a large assortment of gunboats, destroyers, torpedo boats, minelayers and other auxiliaries.

THE Imperial Russian Navy was comparable in quality to that of China's in 1894, although much more imposing in appearance. The ships were counterparts of the admirals, showing fierce countenances which any trained observer could identify as masks screening an unfitness actually to wage war, but

⁹ 20 knots, heavily armed, one vessel carrying a main battery of four 8-inch guns and the other two 8-inch and one 10-inch.

¹⁰ The old *Kasuga* was now receiving ship at Tsushima and the old *Nisshin* was a training school at Sasebo.

¹¹ Fast 8-inch gun vessels.

¹² Light cruisers, 6-inch batteries, 20 knots.

whereas the formers' streaming whiskers were cultivated deliberately for display, the beards of barnacles that covered the latters' hulls were invisible consequences of neglect.

Togo had taken the measure of this potential foe when he surveyed their condition and military comportment off the Taku bar. The ineptness of a man-of-war is difficult to conceal from expert detection and it is a safe generalization that a warship unkempt in appearance and lacking snap in routine handling is not to be feared when the time comes to load the guns with armour-piercing projectiles.

First of all, the units of the Russian Navy were scattered so widely on the eve of this war, during the weeks when General Kuropatkin was sending trainloads of troops to the East, that a globe with coloured pins to denote the positions of the vessels would have shocked any student of elementary strategy. Not only was the law of constant concentration violated shamefully but some of the ships were so located that there was not even a reasonable chance of their being assembled with the rest in an emergency.

In the Black Sea there was a squadron, representing millions of rubles, which need not be described. Due to the international prohibition of its transit of the Dardanelles, it was not a fleet-in-being and had no effect upon the campaign. When, in the face of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, Russia pleaded with Lord Lansdowne for especial dispensation (the Royal Navy alone barred a breach of the Dardanelles treaty) he emitted a lusty Leonine laugh. The chief function of this aquarium-fleet proved to be sowing seeds of mutiny and revolt for the 1905 harvest.

The Czar's uncle, Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovich, Beau Brummell and Don Juan of the royal family, was the High Admiral, representing the crown in naval affairs. The professional shortcomings of Alexis were so conspicuous that even the Czar was aware of them, but the latter was so deficient at his own job that he lacked the courage to "interfere," as he called it.¹⁸

The manner in which official weakness begot further weakness was illustrated by the High Admiral's persistent promotion of the dull Alexeieff, whose appointment as Viceroy was denounced by Witte as "the height of absurdity."¹⁴ This sponsorship was attributed generally to a debt of gratitude incurred by the Grand Duke many years before in a Marseilles

¹⁸ See *Once A Grand Duke*, *supra*, p. 175.

¹⁴ *Memoirs of Count Witte* (Doubleday Page, 1921), p. 127.

police court when Alexeieff doubled for him after a royal swilling at the notorious troughs of that maritime drinking centre.¹⁵

This condition at the top seeped down through the ranks and devitalized the entire Navy, which was a conglomeration of costly ships but maintained no fleet nor any fleet doctrine. The service fell into the same wretched decadence as did the other Governmental institutions in those final years of the crumbling dynasty.

Some vestigial remnant of the ancient tradition must have clung to the maltreated ships, however, to fuse with the invigorating quality of the sea itself, because when the war broke there did emerge in the battles a magnificent gallantry on the part of most officers and men and a capability on the part of a few exceptions in all ranks.

Aside from the abortive Black Sea squadron, the Russian naval distribution contemplated two distinct battle groups, one stationed in the Baltic and the other in the Far East. This was as unsound as the quondam division of the United States battle force into an Atlantic and a Pacific fleet. It gave Russia the greatest naval strength in the Orient in the late Nineties but at a price that aroused no envy in Britannia's breast—merely the anxiety that finally resulted in the Japanese Alliance.

The Baltic fleet was the one that Togo splintered at Tsushima at the close of the war, but in the early stages it served merely as a threat to the Japanese, rendering all the more imperative the defeat of the Russian Far Eastern forces.

In addition to the fact that Russia could win the war by a triumph either ashore or afloat, she had two separate shots afloat, one with each fleet. Japan demonstrated again that success does not wait upon the larger number of chances but upon their nature. The more Russia had split up her squadrons the more separate opportunities she would have had, but the poorer each would have been and the slighter her prospects of victory. These are all kindergarten fundamentals but, as the Imperial Russian Navy lacked a grasp of them, their re-statement should be permissible.

As the war clouds loomed and Japan busily and efficiently prepared for the event, and the Russian Army began to move towards the East, the Navy Department did despatch additional units to the Pacific. Not satisfied, however, with the basic separation of the armada into the two fleets twelve thou-

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 127.

sand miles apart, not even the units comprising the Asiatic force were kept together.

The main body lay at Admiral Alexeieff's immediate disposal in the harbour of Port Arthur. It consisted of seven battleships, one armoured and five protected cruisers, two gun-boats, twenty-five destroyers and two mine-layers, a fleet which on paper was only slightly inferior to the entire Japanese Combined Fleet. The battleships were slower and, unit for unit, unequal to the Japanese sextet, but the discrepancy was not marked. The cruisers, of course, were no match for the splendid new armoured cruisers of their adversaries. However, had Togo and his men had this Port Arthur squadron and kept it in the same condition of fitness in which they always maintained their forces and had the stronger Combined Fleet been in the hands of the Russians, the odds still should have favoured the Japanese.

Over a thousand miles from Port Arthur and separated from it by the narrow waters surrounding Japan, there were potentially valuable vessels at Vladivostok which were nearly useless there but would have been important adjuncts to the Port Arthur squadron. That detachment included three good armoured cruisers, the type notably lacking at Port Arthur, and a protected cruiser, seventeen torpedo-boats and minor auxiliaries.

To complete the dispersion, two ships, one of which was of combatant significance, were at Chemulpo to wave the Russian flag in the Korean Emperor's face.

The high command of the Russian forces in the Orient was not impressive. Alexeieff, whose incapacity has been mentioned, had forgotten whatever he may have learned during his active career aboard ship, and from the fact that the Viceroy was an Admiral there did not accrue any advantage in the way of intelligent naval direction. The senior officer afloat in the Pacific was Vice Admiral Stark, who flew his flag in the battleship *Petropavlovsk* at Port Arthur and was an affable old sea dog, growing weary and absent-minded.

The Russian officers had not had modern naval experience nor very much cruising and manoeuvring in formation. Their courage and patriotism were fettered by inexperience and inability and were martyred by stupidity, indifference and corruption at the peak of the hierarchy.

NEITHER combatant was to use submarines nor naval aircraft during the war. Both navies had studied and had projected

submersibles, which had been the subject of development since the experiments of Robert Fulton. The Russians often were to suppose that untraceable Japanese torpedo attacks might have been delivered by one of the new Holland underwater boats but Japan had none in service. The only efforts to ascend from the ground were in the employment of rather crude observation balloons by both armies. Lighter-than-air machines were in the Kittyhawk stage. Zeppelin, adapting the recently perfected internal-combustion engine to the other branch of aeronautics, was on the verge of launching his third dirigible.

It was in the period between the Russo-Japanese and the World Wars that both the submarine and the airplane took the strides which made them practical and revolutionary engines of war.

JAPAN was aware of the risks attendant upon the shipment of an expeditionary force to the mainland before the control of the water routes was assured. This she had learned from the mistakes of Hideyoshi. In 1904, however, there was the conflicting consideration that Japan's best chance was to strike quickly and boldly, shattering Russian morale by an initial setback and entrenching herself in the disputed territory before the Czar's hordes of drafted mujiks could be freighted to the front.

It was prudent audacity, therefore, which persuaded the war chiefs of Japan to have the first troop-ships ready to sail for Korea simultaneously with Kurino's demanding his passports.

THE Imperial fleet mobilized at Sasebo, just as it had on the eve of the Chinese War, and step by step the campaign of 1904-05 followed the footprints of 1894-95. In some respects this predilection for the once-beaten path hampered Japanese effectiveness.

The harbour was jammed full by more than a hundred warships stripping for action, coaling, taking aboard stores and ammunition, and otherwise preparing for the signal to start.

Togo, with no more fuss than usual, supervised the work and attended to the daily problems of administration. As he looked about the overcrowded basin, at row after row of occupied anchorages and the wet-slips and docks filled to capacity, the enormity of his physical responsibility was obvious enough. And numerous as these fighting ships looked,

there was none to spare. Togo's instinct was for hitting without considering the risks, but under the existing circumstances he had to conserve his units. They represented the Imperial maritime strength. If they were to disappear, Japan would be as helpless as Korea. If their number were to be reduced substantially, the cause likewise might be lost. It would have been better upon certain occasions had these considerations weighed less heavily upon the Commander-in-Chief.

The organization was as follows: In Togo's own First Squadron there were the six modern 12-inch battleships, comprising the four *Mikasas* and the two *Fujis*, all grouped in one division under Rear Admiral Noshihi Tokioki, aboard the *Hatsuse*; and Rear Admiral Dewa's quartette of swift cruisers, the flagship *Chitose*, the *Takasago*, *Kasagi* and *Yoshino*.

Kamimura's Second Squadron embraced the rest of the cruisers. The Vice Admiral was aboard the *Izumo*, which with the other five modern armoured cruisers was directly under Rear Admiral Misu Sotaro in the *Iwate* as division commander. The older vessels were in a separate division led by Rear Admiral Uriu Sotokichi, a graduate of Annapolis, in Togo's historic *Naniwa* and also included the *Niitaka* and the somewhat modernized *Takachiho* and *Akashi*.

The destroyer and torpedo-boat flotillas were divided between the two squadrons, which embodied the battle fleet.

A motley assortment of superannuated veterans, converted merchantmen and auxiliaries were coralled into a Third Squadron under Vice Admiral Kataoka.

PORT ARTHUR'S entrance passage was deep enough for the larger Russian warships only at high tide. Alexeieff had not gotten around to dredging it yet. Therefore, the squadron would have to choose, Togo knew, between the risks of being caught inside or outside where there was no protection against the elements or an enemy.

The Japanese intelligence service had been augmented by naval officers who volunteered to spy in Port Arthur disguised as coolies and servants. They reported that the Russian men-of-war just had shifted their berths to the open roadstead outside. Togo was furnished with a chart of their positions. The first objective was to destroy that force—the major Russian one in Asiatic waters—before it crawled back to cover or went on a rampage. If the Port Arthur squadron were destroyed, the straits and the Yellow Sea would be pretty clear for the Japanese transport procession.

The flagship was kept informed of the diplomatic developments. The night of February 5 found Togo in a council with his staff and flag officers. He learned that relations were to be severed the following afternoon.

It was during the mid-watch that he summoned to the *Mikasa* the other commanding and ranking officers of the Combined Fleet. Upon a table in front of their Commander-in-Chief lay a *sambo*, an unlacquered tray used for sacramental purposes. In the *sambo* was a single object: a naked short-sword, the weapon carried by the Samurai of yore for the rite of *seppuku* when the long-sword failed to spike the foe. The shining blade caught every eye as a contingently prophetic crystal and it bespoke the ordained future.

The Admiral said in a low voice: "We sail tomorrow and our enemy flies the Russian flag." He read aloud the Mikado's command to vanquish the Czar's fleet.

To the cynosure on the table no reference was necessary.

While the distant Winter Palace still was a fool's paradise within whose secluded serenity the misinformed Nicholas II continued to believe war with Japan unthinkable, the Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Fleet at Sasebo was distributing the movement orders to his squadron and division commanders.

The ships, in a state of excited enthusiasm, were emotionally ready for the order to get underway for the secret destination. For months of seemingly ceaseless overhaul, drill and exercises they had looked forward to this moment.

An early-morning mist blew off and the channel was clear when, at nine o'clock, the destroyer flotillas weighed anchor and stood out in succession. As they picked their way among the big ships, the latters' crews cheered the little craft that were advancing in the lead. Then, by divisions, the cruisers and battleships pulled up their hooks and filed out to sea, accompanied by three transports loaded to the gunwales with several battalions of the regular Army.

Once underway, the various admirals and captains, each in his own manner, explained to their officers and men assembled at quarters that the Russian issue was about to be settled and settled by them.

Before the winter sundown of that afternoon the crews were called to torpedo-defence quarters for the night. The Russian policy of passivity, even after the breaking-off of relations, was not known to Togo, who was incurring no unnecessary risks. The sea was moderate, enabling the torpedo flotillas to maintain station in the steaming organization. Dawn disclosed the

familiar archipelago spread along the blue water across the straits and all hands knew that they were entering the Yellow Sea, which scarcely was a surprise.

The wireless came into early use when a report arrived of the seizure of the first prize, the merchantman *Russia*, whose name struck all hands as a good omen. What was construed as another occurred when the *Takachiho* felt a heavy impact and realized that she had rammed a large whale amidships.

By late afternoon the extended armada was off Mokpo, a harbour at the southwestern corner of Korea, where a temporary operating base was to be established. The main body paused there, while a detachment hauled off with the transports for Chemulpo, speeded by a farewell signal from the Commander-in-Chief.

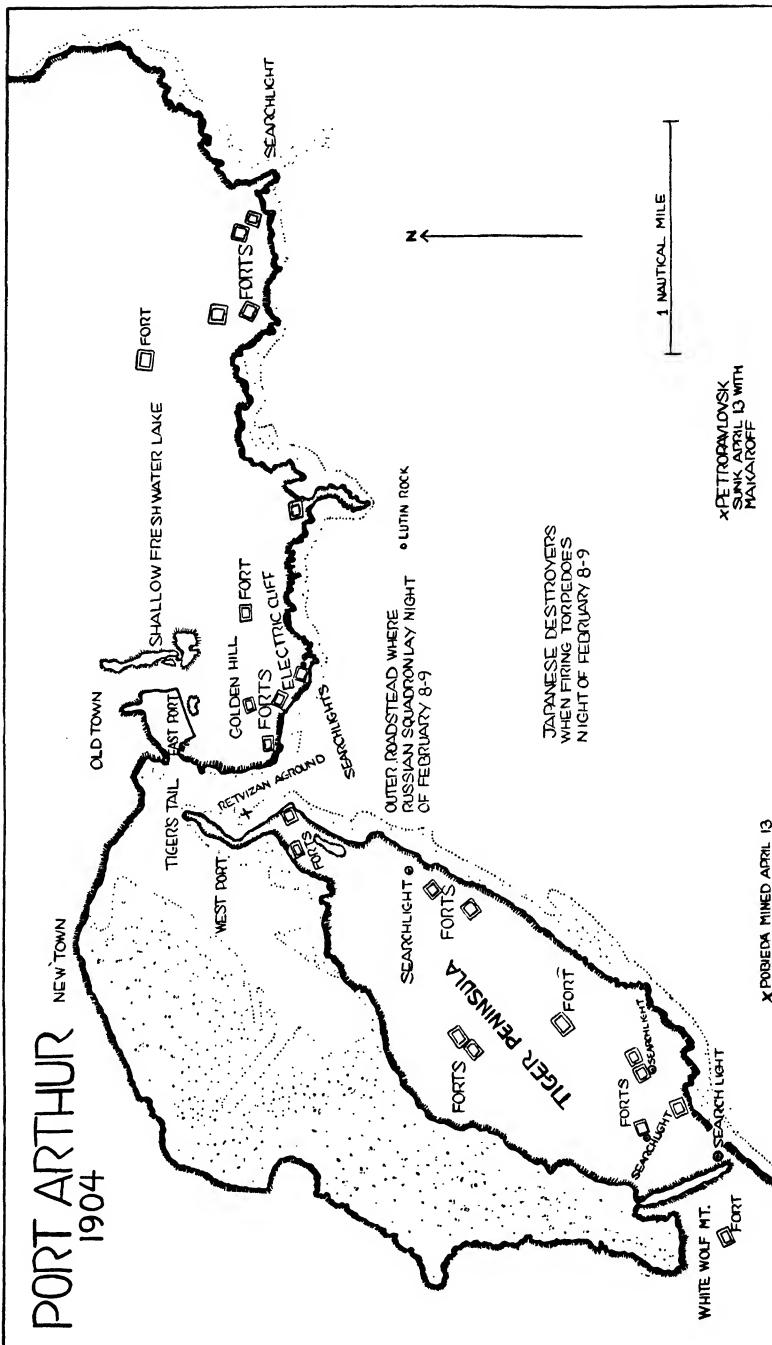
The Government granted Togo a big handicap in the form of potential surprise. While the Russians still were deluding themselves with the fancy that a severance of diplomatic relations did not necessarily mean war—for which there was abundant precedent—the Japanese Commander-in-Chief was vested with the invaluable secret that in this case it did. The Admiral also knew that the declaration was not to issue primarily on paper but from his magazines, just as had the one of 1894.

The world, and particularly that portion denominated All the Russias, was blasted out of its calm observation of developments in the East by the detonations of Togo's torpedoes during the night of February 8.

After Uriu's departure from the main body, it steamed across the Yellow Sea towards the outpost of Russian imperialism and the centre of controversy, Port Arthur. Kataoka was left at Mokpo with his old reservists and armed steamers, to police the straits and ward off any raid by the Vladivostok squadron.

Togo's plan was to swoop down upon Port Arthur and deliver a crushing blow to the squadron lying in the outer roads, if it still remained in that exposed position. Unfortunately and mistakenly he assumed that the garrisons of the forts could not be so remiss as not to have their guns and carriages ready for instant service, and he devised tactics calculated to withhold his precious capital ships from the reach of those coastal batteries and a possible minefield. Had Dewey exercised similar caution based upon an imputation of reasonable vigilance on the part of an inefficient foe, he would not have made his bold and unscathed nocturnal penetration of Boca

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Grande, but it must be acknowledged that he was not risking the principal units of the American Navy. Anyway Togo was not in a mood to repeat Farragut's "Damn the torpedoes! Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!"

It was proper that the Mikado's trusted steward of national sea power should not hurl its mainstays blindly against the solid citadel. The degree of circumspection, however, as measured by distance, which was translated into steaming time, proved to be excessive.

The logical organization for fleet cruising, which lent itself to a torpedo attack, duly was adopted. The torpedo craft were to dash ahead, supported by Dewa's fast light cruisers, and the big 8-inch and 12-inch turret cannon would be floated up for a secondary re-enforcement and long-range bombardment if feasible.

During the evening of February 8 the fleet was lying-to. A signal summoned the destroyer officers aboard the flagship. They were received by the Commander-in-Chief, flanked by his aids. Captain Shimamura, once again Togo's right-hand man, was Chief-of-Staff.

The group crowded around the large table in the cabin. Spread out before the Admiral at the head were a chart of the Yellow Sea and a large-scale one of the Port Arthur approaches. Copies of the latter were distributed among the officers of the First Flotilla, whose attention was directed to the marks indicating the reputed anchorage of each Russian warship outside of the entrance. To the officers of the Second Flotilla there were given charts of Talien Bay.

In a few hundred words, the Old Man stated that the flotillas were to try out that very night at Port Arthur and Dalny what they had been rehearsing for months. He acknowledged the slim chance of the Dalny division finding any targets. He reminded them of the absolute necessity of self-concealment and to screen their faint stern lights, prevent tell-tale funnel sparks and attain maximum speed only at the moment of attack. Details expressly were left to the division commanders, whose initiative was permitted full latitude.

"Let me especially remind you," he concluded, "that the attack must be delivered with the greatest energy possible, because, gentlemen, we are at war, and only he who acts fearlessly can hope for success. Your duty, gentlemen, is very simple, and I only make one request, a request which on several previous occasions when I have been in command, has produced excellent results in cases much more complicated than this:

Show yourselves worthy of the confidence which I place in you, and for which I am responsible to His Majesty the Mikado."

Destroyer command, like military aircraft piloting, demands the alert senses and staunch physique of youth. Togo was addressing young men, the naval leaders of the next generation, towards whom he felt as a professional father. They were impressed and profoundly stirred. The Admiral finished speaking, he stood up and the chairs around the table simultaneously were shoved back as their occupants arose. To the fact that one of them took a few minutes immediately to record in his diary the Admiral's words is their preservation indebted.¹⁶

The tension was bound to break, and a spontaneous cheer for the Mikado burst forth from husky throats. The Admiral had champagne poured for all present and drank to the success of the enterprise and the safe return of the participants. Those young men, all of whom did come back, never forgot that toast. Togo shook hands with each one and they returned to their destroyers.

The Dalny attack involved a diversion of boats that accomplished nothing because as Togo had forecast there were no Russian warships there to torpedo. Only ten vessels constituted the flotilla detailed to Port Arthur. Some experts have inferred that Togo considered that number about all that could operate together in the indicated zone without getting in one another's way, impeding the assault and jeopardizing their own safety.

The First Flotilla was within view of the glow of Port Arthur at about ten-thirty p.m. The lighthouse beacon was as bright as usual and the searchlights of the squadron fixed its position exactly as indicated on the Admiral's charts. It would have comforted the destroyer captains to have known the all-important facts that the garrisons of the forts had not yet bothered to put the artillery in condition for use and that Alexeieff had decreed a policy of passivity, enjoining the squadrons from venturing upon any sortie.

The Viceroy originally had planned, in the event of a war against Japan, to despatch the squadron to meet the enemy on the high seas. The ships were held at Port Arthur after the rupture of relations because of the belief that war still could be averted. In his memoirs¹⁷ Baron Rosen more than hinted that this fatuous hope had been encouraged by a deliberately misleading private assurance from Kurino to Lamsdorff, given

¹⁶ Before Port Arthur In A Destroyer, *supra*, pp. 12-16.

¹⁷ Forty Years of Diplomacy (Knopf 1922) Vol. I, pp. 240-1.

in furtherance of the scheme to effect Togo's surprise assault. Neither Japanese bad faith, which remains unproved, nor Russian diplomatic gullibility constituted an excuse for the utter unpreparedness of the Port Arthur squadron that night of February 8.

The Japanese craft, proceeding gingerly in the darkness, scarcely could believe their eyes as they beheld the big ships, lights ablaze, in neat array outside of the harbour, set up like pins in a bowling alley. Had there been treason, the Russian disposition hardly could have been improved upon from the enemy standpoint—but the sole treason was that of long-standing ignorance and neglect.

Some of the Russian searchlights were extinguished, and as the moon soon was due, it was deemed timely to launch the attack. Destroyer doctrine in 1904 was in its infancy. The tactics of that period today seem as crude as the vessels. It was a case of each captain pretty much for himself.

As the ten Japanese boats moved in to sting the dozing Leviathans, the former encountered two Russian destroyers on sentry duty. This uncharacteristic measure of protection proved to be as helpful in execution as most of the other Russian performances. The guard-boats did not fire and, when the Russian battleships and cruisers discerned the Japanese, they were mistaken for those Russian patrols.

The attack was delivered with courage and determination, but the inevitable excitement and confusion, intensified when finally the intended victims began to whirl their searchlights and fire their secondary batteries, threw the Japanese off their calculations. They released the "cigars" at average ranges of nearly half a mile and with net-cutters attached. The Russian ships did have torpedo-nets out along their waists but the bows and sterns were unguarded. The net-cutters fouled the runs and, besides, failed to penetrate the nets. Of eighteen torpedoes, three struck and exploded, one each on the modern battleships *Czarevich* and *Retvizan* and the light cruiser *Pallada*.¹⁸ They all were injured seriously but refused to founder. The *Pallada* was saved by a full coal bunker at the spot of impact, and the other two narrowly escaped secondary internal combustions that would have blown them to fragments.

It was a thunderous declaration of war that Togo had

¹⁸ The *Czarevich* was a 12,700 ton French-built vessel mounting four 12-inch rifles, and the *Retvizan* was a pride of Cramp's Philadelphia shipyard. The *Pallada* (6-inch guns) represented what was regarded as a successful effort to construct warships at Galernii Island near St. Petersburg.

emitted and it galvanized his united compatriots into ecstasy. Considering, however, the opportunity that the Russians obligingly had presented to him, the tangible results must now be appraised as disappointing. The Port Arthur squadron could have been wiped out or nearly so that night had both flotillas rushed in, supported at the first glimmer of dawn by the long-range batteries of the big Japanese battleships and armoured cruisers. As it was, the morale of the entire war was cast in favour of Japan by this sensational offensive; as it might have been, the control of the sea virtually would have been won before the war had commenced. The triumphant peace could have been dictated months earlier at a saving of countless lives and enormous treasure.

According to schedule, Dewa arrived at daylight with his light cruisers. He found the Russian squadron locked outside of the harbour by the three torpedoed ships that had run aground in the narrow entrance, while trying to hobble through. He sent a radio to Togo that the situation was propitious for an immediate major assault. This was more accurate than he knew because the panic caused by the sudden midnight raid had thrown the place into confusion. A few hours were to see order reasserting itself, the coastal batteries ready for action and the defences stiffened generally. It was an occasion when minutes counted.

Togo awaited Dewa's report at a distance of more than an hour's sail. By the time he received it and brought the big divisions to the firing line, it was eleven o'clock, some twelve hours after he had shot his bolt of surprise and some four hours after sunrise. The Russians by this time frantically had filled the recoil cylinders and otherwise made ready the guns in the forts. The squadron had attained mobility. The situation that confronted Togo was entirely different from that which had spread itself before Dewa at dawn.

Togo deployed his main body and paraded past the inferior enemy huddled within shelter of the batteries on the hills. Scorning the conning-tower as usual, the Commander-in-Chief stood on the forebridge and led his column into action with a signal that he was not too proud to adapt from the classic one of the master: "Victory or defeat depends upon this first battle. Let every man do his duty!"

The fine new battleships and armoured cruisers got their initial workout against an enemy. Dewa's division joined in the assault. The Japanese column steamed with precision. The Russian ships acted without plan or system, evidently on

individual initiative and impulse. Some of them advanced slightly towards the opposing line and the frail *Novik* boldly swept halfway across the zone of fire to launch a torpedo, but the rest obeyed the order of Alexeieff to confine their activities to the defensive.

Altogether there were five Russian battleships and six cruisers, besides the torpedo-boats, in action against Togo's six battleships and seven cruisers (his eighth unit of the latter type being the *Asama*, doing her day's bit under Uriu at Chemulpo). The torpedo attack during the night had knocked eight 12-inch and thirty-two 6-inch guns off the Russian line, and those eight 12-inch rifles were the equivalent of one-third of Togo's weapons of that calibre.

The Port Arthur squadron poured forth noisy salvos and the forts on both sides of the gap whacked the Japanese ships repeatedly, dissuading Togo from closing the range to an extent that would have assured his big rifles straddling the Russian vessels. He held his column about four miles from the enemy force and the coast, a distance that disgusted his spotters and gun-crews. The Russian warships did not bother Togo but the forts convinced him that they were not to be treated with contempt. After one run, which produced an engagement of less than an hour, the Japanese fleet hauled off.

The Admiral was unwilling to risk his eleven capital ships that constituted the sea power of his country. It would have been foolhardy to have sought to rectify the mistake of tardy approach by committing an error of recklessness. There were long faces and some discreetly quiet grumbling in the ships of Sasebo as the hills of the peninsula dropped below the horizon. It was not easy for Togo to give that order to withdraw, not nearly as easy as for the fleet to obey it. Those irretrievable hours of the morning rankled within him and he knew that their loss would be costly.

The Russian squadron was a mauled and mangled lot of vessels when the last Japanese stern shrank away, but, despite severe injuries to personnel and structure, none was put out of commission permanently.

The Japanese sailors had experienced something very different from target practice or manoeuvres. A shell had burst near the *Mikasa* after-bridge, which often is the station of a flag officer, and those standing on it were wounded; Togo's preference for the forward bridge had saved him. The *Mikasa* received several other hits. The *Fuji*, *Hatsuse*, *Shikishima*, *Azuma*, *Iwate*, *Yakumo* and *Takasago* also were struck but none

of the damage was comparable to that sustained by the Russians, and the Japanese were able to proceed in regular cruiser formation. The casualties were four killed and fifty-four wounded.

As with the British fire at Kagoshima in Togo's first fight, his own "overs" fell among the buildings and streets of the town, terrorizing the people, but no general conflagration broke out as among the cardboard houses on that former occasion, so vivid in the memory of the Japanese Commander-in-Chief.

In the meantime the Japanese Navy also had brought hostilities to Korea.

Admiral Uriu's detachment, which had split off from the main body at Mokpo the morning of the seventh, consisted of his old light cruisers, strongly re-enforced by the armoured cruiser *Asama* and a torpedo-boat division. The *Naniwa*, in which Uriu was leading the detachment, proudly was flying the ensign she had carried that memorable day ten years before when captained by Togo at the Battle of the Yalu.

The *Chiyoda* had gone ahead to reconnoitre Chemulpo and returning met Uriu the morning of February 8, with the intelligence that the new American-built Russian cruiser *Variag*¹⁹ and the little gunboat *Korietz*, a veteran of the Taku bombardment, were in the harbour, as well as the British *Talbot*, the French *Pascal*, the Italian *Elba* and the American *Vicksburg*.

The *Chiyoda*, *Takachiho*, *Asama* and the torpedo-boats proceeded into the tortuous channel with the troop-ships to commence the debarkation at once while the *Naniwa*, *Niitaka* and *Akashi* lay to the westward of Phalmi Island outside.

A small craft was observed by the leading torpedo-boats to be standing out and soon was identified as the *Korietz*. The Japanese learned later that she was headed for Port Arthur with despatches. They launched torpedoes and the *Korietz* fired, all at about the same time, but no hits were scored and the Russian vessel wheeled about and returned to the harbour. It was upon this encounter that the Japanese based their claim that the first shot of the war was fired by Russia, and it is interesting to recall the similar naval situation that arose on the eve of the Sino-Japanese War at a nearby point along the same coast.

The Japanese advance detachment entered Chemulpo and moored near the Russians, while the soldiers streamed ashore in disembarkation operations that continued through that

¹⁹ 6500 tons, 12 6-inch guns, 28 knots.

night in which Togo's declaratory assault was being delivered at Port Arthur. To the amazement of the tense Japanese, the *Variag* and *Korietz* seemed as phlegmatic and casual as usual, airing bunting and leaving out booms as though everything were serene in the affairs of nations.

By the next morning the transports had discharged their passengers and withdrawn from the harbour, along with all of the Japanese men-of-war excepting the *Chiyoda*. The latter delivered to Captain Rudneff of the *Variag* an ultimatum from Admiral Uriu to vacate the harbour by noon and to the Commanding Officers of the neutral warships a request that they shift their berths to a safe corner. The *Talbot's* skipper was the future Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly²⁰ and, despite the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and its unwritten implications, he protested as Senior Officer Present against any violation of Korean neutrality, a measure in which the American Captain refused to join.

Rudneff spared Uriu the necessity of making a decision with respect to a harbour attack. Declining to be scotched like a snake in a cage, he resolved to make a hopeless break for the open sea. True to the general conditions prevailing in the Russian Navy, the *Variag* was able to attain a scant two-thirds of her maximum speed. The *Korietz* was even slower and of no combatant value anyway but bravely insisted upon tagging along. In formidable array stood the Japanese cruisers. The *Asama* alone was capable of disposing of the weaker Russians but Togo, like Fisher in despatching the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* to sink Spee's inferior squadron, purposely had sent a force that he was sure would be overwhelming.

Shortly after noon, the *Korietz* started down the channel directly past the Japanese line and soon was overtaken by the *Variag*. The Japanese had nothing to worry about. They let the *Asama's* 8-inch rifles do the heavy damage of which they were capable at a range reasonably safe from the *Variag's* wildly inaccurate return fire, the same tactics Admiral Sturdee adopted in 1914. The other Japanese cruisers, particularly the flagship *Naniwa*, contributed superfluous support and attacked the *Korietz* without effect.

The latter kept partly behind the shelter of one of the islands in the vicinity and in mid-afternoon she followed the battered *Variag* back to the harbour, where both took refuge near the neutral warships and had to be blown up by their

²⁰ Of World War-Queenstown fame.

crews to avoid capture.²¹ That the *Variag* had been able to limp back to port with her slaughtered complement and shattered hull was a wonder.

Victors, especially through their official propaganda bureaus, do not permit modesty or abstract fairness to compel an emphasis upon favourable odds. They must use every triumph to kindle the fires of morale, and the Chemulpo incident served admirably for this purpose, especially at this period of opening contacts. Tangibly, the elimination of the *Variag* was not to be ignored, and it had been accomplished without sacrificing a man or sustaining a hit.

The action was epitomic in disclosing the inferior fighting condition of the Russian ships and the heroism of those who manned them.

For the first time in her history, Nippon had attacked a Western nation. The element of surprise having been made use of, the formal declaration of war was issued by the Mikado on the day after Togo's bombardment and Uriu's action off Chemulpo. The outraged Czar, receiving the report of events in the remote East, had no choice but to take a similar step at about the same time. Her advice having been disregarded at St. Petersburg, France found no difficulty in justifying a position of applauding spectator, and this permitted Great Britain and the other powers also to remain on the side-lines. The United States, whose foreign attitude as well as policy was shaped by the personal enthusiasms of President Theodore Roosevelt, recognized that the Oriental combatant had become more Western than the sluggish Slavic country whose territory sprawled to the borders of Central Europe. There was less denial of the American ideals of individual liberty and representative government in Japan than in Russia. The attitude of the English-speaking Empire and a mistaken idea that Japan was the little fellow finally striking back at the big bully were factors in gaining American sympathy.

THE Mikado followed his own declaration by a message of commendation to Togo for his. The Empire was ablaze with banzais.

The Russians at Port Arthur had had occasion to bemoan their neglect to dredge the channel and now they would have exchanged all their vodka and caviar for a large dry-dock in which to repair the damaged warships. The *Czarevich* and *Pallada* were refloated and towed to the yard for major

²¹ The survivors were received aboard the English and French cruisers.

surgical treatment. Their removal reopened the channel even though the *Retvizan* stuck fast in it. The latter had to be used for a while as a grounded fortress, admirably placed as events turned out.

The other ships that had been out in the rain of Togo's projectiles now squirmed past the *Retvizan* and anchored inside the harbour. This voluntary recession left the seas clear for the Japanese transports, but for how long was the big question neither side could answer.

Lieutenant General Kuroki prepared to send the rest of his First Army to Korea and proceed there himself. The troops and the fleet thus were being led to the front by the two schoolboy playmates of Kagoshima.

The Russians realized that without a Far Eastern maritime force capable of containing the Japanese Army within its insular territory there might just as well have been no squadron at all out there.

Togo had no intention of being lulled into a sense of security by the enemy's defeatist attitude. He knew that it was subject to change without notice. Indeed the ablest and most aggressive sea fighter in the Russian Navy already had been ordered to Port Arthur; the celebrated Makaroff was on the way.

A second torpedo attack was delivered by Togo the night of February 13 in a snowstorm. The destroyers sliced through the tossing winter seas that would have hidden them from one another even had the thick darkness not screened and blinded them. Only two of the small craft were able to find Port Arthur and they picked up the landmarks at a two-hour interval. All either could do was take another torpedo stab at the *Retvizan* and both returned safely from a repulsing fire.

It was not important to the Japanese whether the Port Arthur squadron be sent to Davy Jones's locker or securely interned. Togo followed the exact reasoning of the sagacious Sampson at Santiago and planned to seal-up the squadron within its lair, only more successfully than had been possible with the *Merrimac*.

The intrepid younger officers considered the project beyond achievement because of the topographical conformation of the harbour approaches and the shore batteries available for resistance. There were confidential whispers of criticism but the call for volunteers was answered as eagerly as was the famous signal from the *New York* in '98.

Altogether there were three attempts, all characterized by resourceful and elaborate preparations and fearlessly determined execution, but in the end the narrow entrance still remained passable. These efforts to sink ballasted cargo vessels in the channel were made on February 24, March 27 and May 3, dates separated by important developments in the campaign. It was rumoured in the wardrooms and at the scuttle-butts that the Old Man was going to repeat those blocking operations until he had piled enough irremovable wreckage in the aperture between Tiger's Tail and Electric Cliff to landlock the Russian squadron. After sacrificing seventeen bottoms when every one available was needed for the transport of the Army, Togo desisted. At first he thought that the third attempt had done the trick but the Russians disproved this by continuing to use the entrance.

The efforts were frustrated by the seemingly unbeatable combination of nocturnal visibility, due largely to the search-lights of the *Retvizan* aground in the channel, the defensive gunfire and the variable tidal currents. Few of the doomed vessels could bring themselves anywhere near to the assigned spot of suicide, but foundered long before reaching it, under the hail of shot upon the target limned in the brilliant beacons that also served to blind the pilots.

The second and third blocking attempts were on increasingly larger scales than the first, with methods calculated to overcome previous weaknesses, but the resistance stiffened also. Before the second of these exploits, Makaroff arrived from Kronstadt and he altered the structure and character of the defence.

As the weeks wore on, that fleet-in-being at Port Arthur, whose survival was attributable to its escape from annihilation on February 9, became an increasing burden upon the Japanese Navy. The expeditionary force was growing and its sea-borne maintenance proportionately. Each battalion landed on the continent required its service of supplies from the home depots and represented that much more of a hostage to sea power. Failing the control of the straits, the military umbilical cord would be cut and the huge armies, far from self-sustaining, left to shift for themselves against the inexhaustible re-enforcements of the enemy, like Konishi at Ping-Yang in 1592.

Even before Makaroff's presence changed the entire spirit at Port Arthur, there was renewed Russian activity in those waters, stimulated by the early reverses. The squadron sent

out detachments to limber up and to reconnoitre the vicinity but, like the German sorties during the World War, to keep between the enemy and the protected haven from which they were venturing.

Togo's system was to maintain destroyer scouts off shore, with Dewa's cruiser division ready to support them, and the main fleet in reserve. He used Dewa somewhat the way Jellicoe used Beatty and Scheer used Hipper before Jutland.

On February 25 Dewa, with his four swift cruisers,²² sighted enemy ships. Their silhouettes identified them as the light cruiser *Askold*, the small, fast *Novik*, whose Captain Essen had displayed outstanding dash and valour in that rush towards the enemy column during Togo's introductory bombardment, and the armoured cruiser *Bayan*, which carried two 8-inch guns. All three were fast and fairly modern ships, but no match in gun-power for the Japanese quartette, even were it cruising alone.

Dewa put on full speed but could not overhaul the Russians, who beat a hasty retreat, as they were obliged to do. Togo was informed of the contact and moved up with his slower main body. The pursuers chased their quarry right to the gates of Port Arthur but here the dictates of prudence reversed the situation and it was the Japanese who had to exercise caution. They gave the forts a ten-mile straight-arm and from that range, which proved immune from danger but was a very long one for their own guns, a bombardment was delivered on a high-spraying trajectory over the coastal hills into the anchorage behind. The Russians sustained some damage during the encounter, particularly to the *Askold*.

THE three big armoured cruisers and the light cruiser at Vladivostok constituted a raiding-threat to the Japanese transport service and maritime commerce. Besides, there was always the possibility that they might try to unite forces with the Port Arthur squadron. Togo realized only too well for his peace of mind that the decrepit Third Squadron was an inadequate makeshift check on that relatively formidable group of enemy cruisers, which could run rings around Kataoka. As soon as Togo felt warranted in detaching some of his heavy units from the major business in the Yellow Sea, Vladivostok received his attention.

That port on the Sea of Japan, while screened by the Mikado's archipelago from the warming breezes of the Kuro

²² *Chitose*, *Takasago*, *Kasagi* and *Yoshino*.

Siwo, has only the latitude of Portland, Maine and a much-maligned climate in winter. Russia's wails for an ice-free harbour implied that Vladivostok was closed tight but this was not so. The city and naval station were located at the head of a long, bent arm of the sea, and the ice-breakers found no difficulty in clearing a channel through whatever thin film formed during the cold spells.

Togo was not surprised, therefore, to receive reports that the northern enemy squadron was at large. The Russians did not make much of their opportunity, nervously attacking a small prize in the Tsugaru Straits and showing themselves off the northwestern coast of Korea. They hoped to relieve their comrades at Port Arthur by inducing a diversion of part of the Japanese fleet. This could have been accomplished even more effectively by some substantial stroke during the sortie.

Togo sent Kamimura into the Sea of Japan to suppress the nuisance.²⁸ Kamimura's Chief-of-Staff was Captain Kato Tomosaburo, already an outstanding officer and destined to become Commander-in-Chief during the World War, Minister of Marine, head of the delegation to the Washington Conference and finally Prime Minister. Togo knew that the assignment was in the hands of a trustworthy Admiral aided by a gifted adviser.

It was not the fault of those officers that the Vladivostok warships now were crouching up the inlet. Kamimura had been ordered to avoid falling into any coastal trap for exactly the same reasons that constrained Togo to keep well out from the Port Arthur defences. The Japanese serenaded the Siberian seaport but from a distance down the bay that was safe for both sides. Then they had to rejoin the main body. The demonstration did keep the northern flotilla in its own front yard for several weeks.

THE Japanese Army was repeating its campaign of 1894. By the time that the advance-guard, landed at Chemulpo, had occupied Seoul and marched up the peninsula to Ping-Yang, the ice went out of the latter's seaport at Chin-Nampo and enabled the main portion of Kuroki's First Army to land that much nearer to the line of probable impact with the enemy, who now was concentrating a force behind the Yalu. Togo shifted his base to the Sir James Hall Islands, off the

²⁸ The detachment included the latter's regular division of armoured cruisers, less the *Tokiwa* and plus the *Kasagi* and *Yoshino* of Dewa's division.

elbow of the Korean western coast, opposite the Shantung Promontory. This was much closer to both Port Arthur and the new point of troop disembarkation.

The Japanese espionage and intelligence service was functioning effectively; the naval and military leaders were kept well informed regarding enemy activities. Their own operations on land and sea were veiled in an unprecedented secrecy that exasperated the foreign newspaper celebrities who had rushed to Tokyo as war-correspondents and were smothered by imposed hospitality and restrictive regulations. They did not realize that their very frustration was important military news, indicating the modern method of fighting the enemy with intangible weapons as well as bullets.

The Japanese Government also displayed a clever technique in its contact with the non-combatants in the war zone. First, a treaty was made with Korea once more guaranteeing her independence, with certain invisible but important strings. (Woe betide the nation whose independence has to be guaranteed, and especially by a foreign army of occupation!)

The Japanese troops were held in the same admirable restraint that had characterized their behaviour during the march to relieve Peking. There was no disorder, no intimidation or abuse of the Korean populace, no commandeering of the women, and, to the delight of the impecunious natives, whatever supplies were taken were paid for at current prices. Within a short time the anti-Japanese feeling had been dissipated to a considerable degree.

Russia, meanwhile, was striving to roll her cohorts and impedimenta across the continent on the single-track railway that at best was poorly operated and equipped and now proved grotesquely inadequate to perform its emergency function. The neck of the bottle was Lake Baikal, the beautiful mountain-rimmed inland sea whose area is one-third greater than that of Lake Erie. Here the tracks were broken by the forty-mile width of the lake. In summer the connection was made by ferries but in winter the problem was not a simple one of spanning the ice. The surface refused to remain set and intermittently, erratically heaved and cracked, growlingly opening up wide fissures, first in one direction, then another.

The big Bear was crawling to the distant arena very slowly and uncertainly. The hardy Cossacks and provincial conscripts thought that they had been through a gruelling campaign before ever they heard a hostile shot or beheld an enemy.

CHAPTER XIV

MAKAROFF AND VITGEFT

FROM March 7 to April 13 Togo faced a special situation or rather an extraordinary personality which intensified his problems during the arduous winter blockade.

Vice Admiral Stephen Ossipovich Makaroff, just about Togo's age, was a huge man with self-confidence and a prestige second to none in contemporary professional naval circles. He had performed exceptionally distinguished service in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, featured by an heroic exploit at Batum when he entered the harbour at night and torpedoed some of the enemy's ships. Thereafter he had made an exhaustive study of torpedo tactics and was one of the recognized authorities upon that particular subject as well as the author of an admirable treatise upon general strategy, which Togo had studied. Makaroff also was a noted hydrographer, whose surveys were outstanding contributions, and he had to his credit the invention of a novel ice-breaking steamer and other devices.

What caught the imagination of Makaroff's officers and men was the fact that his career brilliantly exemplified the successful fusion of theory and practice. It was typical of Russian administration that the war should find him at the Kronstadt Yard while the squadron at Port Arthur was left under the command of the inept Stark.

When, after the first costly Russian blunders, the news flashed eastward that "the Cossack Sailor" was packing his sea-gear, the dour faces at Port Arthur began to smile. Stark still was aboard the regular flagship, the battleship *Petropavlovsk*, when his successor arrived, and so the latter hoisted his own flag on the *Askold*. The new bunting at the light cruiser's truck was regarded by the mystical Russian tars as the symbol of salvation, and many of them, watching it wave with seemingly unique vigour, uncovered and crossed themselves.

Without any aristocratic hauteur or offensive condescension, Makaroff displayed an interest in the individual sailors who

holystoned the decks and manned the guns. When he encountered a shipmate of by-gone days, whom he rarely failed to recognize at sight, his spontaneous cordiality manifested a genuine delight. Admiring the Admiral's magnificent whiskers, which defied competition even in the Russian forest of hirsute embellishments, the bluejackets nicknamed him "Old Beardy."

Makaroff's death was to prevent the shattering of the illusion that he could accomplish the impossible. He was called upon too late to avert ultimate defeat. Had he been given command of a completely concentrated fleet a year or two before the war there might have been a different story.

As soon as Makaroff took charge at Port Arthur, things began to hum. He put zest into the work of repairing the damaged warships with inadequate facilities and it was regarded as a good omen that on the very day of his arrival the *Retvizan*, whose improvised coffer-dam had been balky, was refloated. The complement of every vessel in the squadron began to manifest a hitherto-dormant pride in the appearance and fitness of the ship.

There also was Russian activity to seaward and the Japanese soon became aware of the altered spirit of the Russian naval opposition. Togo felt that he must be even more vigilant than before. He accepted Makaroff's implied challenge and met the enemy's sudden aggressiveness by renewed offensive measures of his own. To prevent any repetition of Ting's escape from Port Arthur, Togo spread his cruisers in a long scouting line across the narrows of the Yellow Sea, between the temporary base off Korea¹ and the tip of the Shantung Promontory.

On March 9 he called his officers aboard the *Mikasa* and announced a fourth attack upon Port Arthur for the next day. The harbour was to be sprayed with shells from the big naval rifles firing over the Liaotishan ridge during the hours of low water, when the entrance would be too shallow to permit the Russian squadron to emerge even should Makaroff dare such a move. To shut in the latter thereafter, it was directed that mines should be laid in the outer roadstead by the destroyers that night.

The Japanese were not well trained in mine-laying and the boats were not equipped for such operations, so the task was difficult and executed none too smoothly. Some of the destroyers encountered the Russian patrols and there ensued sharp fighting at close range. The Japanese were impressed with the fiery determination shown by the opposition for the

¹ Hall Islands.

first time. One of the Russian destroyers, riddled into silence and immobility, was boarded. A bloody hand-to-hand struggle took place in the crowded bowels of the shattered vessel, which was sunk by her own survivors before they were overpowered.

Daybreak disclosed this destroyer mêlée to the garrisons of the forts. The *Novik* and *Askold* began to weigh, and it was noticed by the rest of the Russian squadron that the latter hauled down Makaroff's flag. His indicated withdrawal was regarded as a proper precaution in view of his personal value and the scant armour of that cruiser. The *Novik* was moving. At her single masthead, there suddenly broke the Cross of St. Andrew with the blue band of a vice admiral! Makaroff had transferred to this even-less-protected ship because he insisted upon being aboard the one able to start first. Nothing dramatic had been intended but the effect electrified the squadron.

The auxiliaries were embattled about ten miles from the portal. The Russian cruisers dashed in that direction at full speed. Togo was ready for such a contingency. He always attacked pursuant to a plan and with all of his available strength on call. It was Dewa's function to support the destroyer detachment and he advanced ahead of the smoke of the bigger division. Makaroff had to fall back to his base.

Not only did this incident give "Old Beardy's" stock a further spurt at Port Arthur but it impressed the enemy as worthy of their own traditions. It seemed incredible that any officer of the Czar's Navy should act like a warrior schooled in the *bushido* and yet such a phenomenon confronted them. The Japanese came to regard this new antagonist as a Russian freak who was deserving of their best skill and valour. The cautious Togo became even more cautious.

Makaroff re-entered the harbour shortly before the tide was out, and, according to plan, Togo steamed to the southward of the batteries and unloosed his bombardment over the heights. Before the war, the Russians had intended building additional forts which would have countered such an attack, just as they also had intended deepening the harbour entrance, but those had remained Muscovite projects.

Even though it did little damage, the indirect Japanese fire was unpleasant, to say the least, but the revived spirit of the Russian squadron now was beyond being demoralized by the splashes out of nowhere. Togo ceased the cannonading at one o'clock when the tide changed, although Makaroff could not have ventured out anyway. It probably was the inadvisability of dumping his entire supply of large calibre armour-piercing

shells into the water of the harbour that persuaded Togo not to continue firing indefinitely.

By the time of the next attack, however, Makaroff had rigged up booms and other obstructions and had sown mine-fields that made the threshold waters unhealthful for a hostile fleet, while the defending vessels could steer a safe course in and out through the unmarked channel they had left clear for their own use.

The Russian Admiral was ever active, bustling about the harbour and dockyard and often shifting his flag to a destroyer for a swift inspection of the patrol operations outside.

Togo had the temperament for a campaign of suffocation and attrition. He stood on his quarter-deck or bridge, his head tilted slightly to one side, as imperturbable during the long weeks of unrelaxed vigil as the very guns themselves. He spent hours alone, studying and re-studying the extra charts that he kept in his own quarters, thinking and planning, and invariably smoking. With dinner he would have a cup of saké. He did not burn up his nervous energy with any unproductive activity. The Japanese fleet needed no cheer-leader or last-minute organizer. It had to be kept fit twenty-four hours a day, always ready for instant action should the Russian squadron make a break for the open. There were daily problems of ship refit and repair, involving dangerous absences in Japan of essential units, and of personnel. There had to be enough work to keep the men in the pink of mental condition but not enough to exhaust them physically.

Togo was an ideal leader for this campaign because he had the repose and self-control to govern the operations during the period of endless waiting and, when the time came to fight, he had the mastery to wield his great weapon with the fiery might of a self-confident veteran.

In the pipe-smoke of his cabin, the Admiral often sat alone. His staff knew that he was self-sufficient and they were not beguiled by his courtesy into unnecessary intrusions upon his privacy.

The cabin was furnished simply but had the personal touches usually found in a naval officer's room, no matter how small, and the Commander-in-Chief's quarters were not cramped.² For furniture there was a table, an old-style roll-top desk with swivel chair, a sofa and transoms. The portholes were curtained. There were a few mementoes of previous battles and some gifts from friends and admirers. The most conspicuous

² *With Togo, supra*, pp. 110-1.

objects were drawings of the early engagements off Port Arthur, sketched by the steward who ministered to the Admiral's domestic needs. Togo was very proud of these pictures. There also hung a more professional one, an oil painting of a squadron of ships under Togo being lashed by a typhoon.

THE Japanese soldiers tramped northwards through Korea, with their sixty-pound field equipment on their backs, the equivalent of giving a husky six-year-old boy a "buggy-ride" of fifteen to twenty-five miles a day along miserable muddy roads.

Kuropatkin reached Mukden late in March. The Russians were consolidating their position along the north bank of the Yalu River, where the Chinese camp fires had burned the last time a Japanese column headed for Manchuria. Without encountering opposition, which had not been the case upon the prior occasion, the invaders from the East occupied Wiju on the south side of the Yalu estuary early in April, and were facing the invaders from the West. A clash was imminent.

Togo continued to hammer away at Port Arthur but the impressive stiffening of the resistance convinced him that the period of passive submission was over. The kitten had turned into a jaguar, and the Japanese war dogs barked at her at their peril.

The fifth major assault⁸ was designed to follow the general programme of the fourth, twelve days earlier. A destroyer division approached through the clear darkness just before dawn, but by this time the Russian lookouts had become alert. While the forts held off the enemy craft, Makaroff made ready to put to sea. When his lighter-draft ships slipped to the outer roads, the rather expected picket-fence of masts and funnels was moving up from the southward. The Japanese fleet was in the usual organization, with Dewa in the van, followed by the heavy-hitters.

Togo sent the battleships *Fuji* and *Yashima* westward for another fling over Liaotishan. He detailed one of his fast cruisers to spot, from a position opposite the entrance, the indirect fire into the harbour. He was astonished to learn of the activity of the Russian squadron, with steam up and several of the ships already outside.

This time the bombardment over Liaotishan was not such a one-sided party. Three battleships still in the harbour answered the volleys and the forts blazed away at every enemy

⁸ March 22.

within their training arc. There was noticeable improvement in the Russian fire-control and the *Fuji* sustained one high-angle hit which inflicted considerable damage above decks and plunged violently below. The ship sprang a leak and was saved by her watertight-compartment structure.

Togo and Shimamura came aboard to inspect the damage. The Admiral was disturbed by the accident but all he said by way of comment, after hearing the Captain's report, was that the *Fuji*'s own shooting had been good. He ordered the battleship to Sasebo for repairs.

Makaroff made a feint as if to venture beyond the protection of the coast artillery but he did not do so any more than Togo ventured within its reach. When the Japanese retired, Makaroff planted some mines along their favourite firing line off Liaotishan, but, confining the mines to territorial waters, they were too far inshore to serve any purpose. He mounted such guns as he could muster on the hills overlooking that zone.

The energetic Russian Admiral ordered tactical exercises, which necessarily had to be conducted outside of the harbour, but the capability of the ships was far behind the demands of their new leader. Although the evolutions were of the simplest sort, they overtaxed the untrained personnel and there were two major collisions, in one of which the battleship *Sevastopol* was injured. Collisions in practice manoeuvres may be attributable either to an exacting complexity of the programme and its degree of verisimilitude to actual warfare or to a lack of proficiency on the part of those handling the vessels. There was no doubt as to the reason for these mishaps.

Nevertheless, Makaroff continued to make sorties and these gave Togo anxious hours.

The second attempt to plug the entrance with block-ships failed⁴ and the Japanese Commander-in-Chief then resorted to submarine mines.

Togo remembered that distant day in 1882 when as Executive Officer of the *Amagi* he had been with Vice Admiral Nire's squadron off Chemulpo and had learned the thread of the uncharted and unmarked channel by watching a Chinese vessel stand out. Taking a leaf out of that book of experience, he now caused a close watch to be maintained on the course steered in and out by the Russian patrol ships and by the squadrons on exercise cruises. They were piloted safely between their own booms and mines. From these observations, the presumptive channel was charted.

During a snowy night,⁵ destroyers and a minelayer were sent in to drop mines along that private lane of the enemy's. The next morning a Japanese torpedo-boat flotilla showed themselves off Port Arthur to lure out the big Russian warships. Makaroff responded promptly, sending forth the cruisers *Bayan*, *Diana*, *Askold* and *Novik*. True to precedent, this was followed by the appearance of Dowa's division, re-enforced this time by the *Tokiwa* and *Asama*.

A Russian destroyer had been sunk in an offshore skirmish when the cruisers stood out. They tried to rescue the survivors but were driven back by Dowa to the harbour before it was certain that none of the shipwrecked sailors was left adrift clinging to fragments of wreckage. When Makaroff was apprised of the situation he steamed out in the battleship *Petropavlovsk*,⁶ now his flagship, and brought along the battleship *Poltava* and the armoured cruiser *Bayan*, which had just returned from the first sally. The light cruisers he left behind.

Admiral Makaroff had with him as a keenly observant passenger the renowned painter of military spectacles, Vasili Verestchagin. His brush had glorified the grand conflicts upon which Russian art patrons doted, but it had inserted, for those who could discern the thought behind the illustration, a poignant portrayal of the horrors of war for the victimized masses.⁷ Still active and adventurous at sixty-five, Verestchagin had obtained permission to paint at first-hand the naval operations in the Pacific. His sympathy for mankind was not confined to the atelier or canvas, and the sailors of the *Petropavlovsk* quickly learned to love the kindly old gentleman with the flowing white beard who had a gentle word for everybody. He was a Russian Walt Whitman.

Makaroff pursued and fired upon the swifter Japanese cruisers. For about an hour there was a running engagement along the coast towards Cape Liaotishan. Then Makaroff realized that Dowa was luring him straight to Togo, whose main battle force was approaching from ahead through the mist. The Port Arthur ships had to turn about and hasten back to shelter.

The Japanese trap had not sprung, although the bait had attracted the prey into the open. What could be amiss with those mines? Had they been laid properly the previous night? Togo watched the retreating enemy. It hurt him to see those

⁵ April 12.

⁶ Alexeieff's flagship off Taku in 1900.

⁷ Theodore Roosevelt had just sat for Verestchagin's picture of San Juan Hill.

two battleships and that armoured cruiser elude him, but he refused to deviate from his rule not to place his big ships within range of the forts. Then, at 9.43 A.M. he beheld through his glasses one of the major events of the war.

The Russian trio was passing to the westward of Lutin Rock⁸ and altered course for the harbour. Seemingly out of nowhere, there burst upon the water in that direction a dense cloud, followed by a sharp report and a thunderous explosion. The *Petropavlovsk* was hidden in that opaque bank of smoke and steam, which first was black, then yellow, and then aglow. There were additional explosions within the cloud, and glimpses of flying solids and canted masts. Within two minutes the flaming vapour cleared away and, where the Russian flagship had been, there now was floating débris.

The Russian ships inside quickly learned what had happened. The officer ranking next to Makaroff, Rear Admiral Prince Uktomsky, inspired by the month's example of his superior, ordered the rest of the squadron, including his own flagship, the battleship *Peresvet*, to get underway. There was nothing they could do when they got outside. The torpedo craft had picked up all visible survivors of the *Petropavlovsk*. The burning question for Russia was whether or not Makaroff would be among the saved.

Uktomsky was leading his column back towards the passage when another explosion occurred. The battleship *Pobieda*, newer and larger than the *Petropavlovsk*, had touched off another Japanese mine. She heeled over but there was no internal secondary eruption. The vessel remained afloat and was eased into the harbour. The formation, however, was disrupted at a critical time and place, and the crews thrown into the kind of wild panic that never could have been produced by gunfire and never could have broken out under any circumstances on a Japanese man-of-war.

The check-up of the *Petropavlovsk*'s complement showed only seven officers and seventy-three men rescued out of some seven hundred aboard. Among the minority was Grand Duke Cyril, who although seriously injured lived to become the post-Revolutionary pretender. Verestchagin, observed by one of the survivors just before the explosion with a sketch-book in hand, was drowned. So was the invaluable, irreplaceable "Cossack of the Sea."

The hopes raised so high only a month before when "Old Beardy" two-blocked his flag were now at the bottom of the

⁸ Off Moshu Sho.

sea. There was no disagreement in any quarter as to the importance of this one death. The Port Arthur squadron collapsed emotionally and the Japanese fleet did not minimize its achievement. With the elation in Togo's ships there was mingled a genuine sorrow that this estimable foe met such a fate.

The Admiral was asked by one of the officers on his staff whether the former did not wish to send a message of condolence, to which he replied that he would regard such a gesture as hypocritical, because, while he deplored the loss of Makaroff the man and the officer, he could not but rejoice at the loss of Makaroff the effective enemy of Japan.

A Japanese officer wrote a eulogy in which he paid eloquent tribute to Makaroff's career and pre-eminent leadership, appraising this single officer as "more valuable than the whole fleet at Port Arthur."

Somehow the excellent work done by the Russian Admiral in the brief time he was at the front made itself known far and wide. A typical comment upon his death was that in the *American Monthly and Review of Reviews*,⁹ which said:

"Russia could have spared five battleships better than she could the brave Makaroff, whose usefulness as a fighter, inventor and authority on naval matters has been recognized the world over."

Togo sensed the effect of Makaroff's death upon the Russian morale and he pressed the advantage. The brand new *Kasuga* and *Nisshin* had joined the fleet on the eve of the last attack. Now, on the fourteenth, he gave them a quick crack at the enemy, sending them off Liaotishan to deliver one of his periodic bombardments from that bearing.

Fortunately for Japan, there was no poetic retribution for Makaroff's death. The mines he had laid did not interfere with these new cruisers, whose guns silenced the new batteries.

Togo's guess as to the Russian reaction was correct. The squadron, back where it was before Makaroff's arrival, saw that the skies over Liaotishan still were raining Japanese shells in the basin despite all the strenuous preventive measures. The incessant naval fire that had shattered the Chinese nerves at Wei-hai-wei remained in Togo's memory and he capitalized the opportunity for intermittent drum-fire upon his despairing enemy.

The Russians had a notion, like that of Americans regarding their vice-president, that the second-in-command is not important and can be almost any mediocrity who is rejected for the

⁹ Vol. XXIX, No. 172 (May 1904), p. 529.

higher office. Prince Uktomsky seems to have been such a man.

St. Petersburg left this influential aristocrat in the dangerous secondary position but had no intention of permitting him to exercise supreme command in the first instance. Probably the best available choice, Vice Admiral Skrydloff, an officer of excellent international repute, was sent out to succeed Makaroff but could not reach the squadron at Port Arthur and went to Vladivostok.¹⁰

The very morning¹¹ upon which the Genoese cruisers were trying out their bombardment apparatus over the heights of Liaotishan, the Viceroy, who had been absent when Makaroff was sunk, returned to Port Arthur. To the astonishment of the squadron, he hoisted his own flag on the battleship *Sevastopol*.¹²

Alexeieff's assumption of command afloat sounded the death-knell of the initiative and *esprit* which Makaroff had revived.

Togo's third blocking effort¹³ was one of the most ambitious enterprises of that nature ever attempted and the men who executed Togo's carefully-devised plans strove with unsurpassable bravery to crown them with success. They encountered the posthumous defences of Makaroff. Had the heroic exploit of the thirteen sacrificed vessels been favoured with a little luck, the two that managed to get to the entrance through the sudden storm and against the searchlights and fusillade would have blocked the channel. As it happened, they sank at wrong angles. However, because of a coincidence the practical result was almost the same as if the entrance had been closed. It was a case where a misapprehension proved fortunate. Togo believed that the scheme had worked and that the bigger Russian units were locked inside Port Arthur. They were locked in, but by the revival of Alexeieff's passive policy that his ships should be conserved to combine with the Baltic fleet, if and when it should come East. In other words, Togo thought that the seas were safe from the Port Arthur squadron and for a long time they were.

The Commander-in-Chief assumed the responsibility of approving the landing of the Second Army under Lieutenant General Oku on the Liaotung Peninsula to advance in Manchuria on the left of the First Army.

Two mornings after that final blocking operation, Alexeieff

¹⁰ On his staff was the strategist Captain Nicholas Klado, who was to play an unusual role from the sidelines at Tsushima.

¹¹ April 15.

¹² Sistership of the *Poltava* and of the lost *Petropavlovsk*.

¹³ Early morning of May 8.

received word that some forty transports were off the muddy shoals of Pitzuwo, not far from where Oyama's troops had disembarked in 1894.

Alexeieff left for the northward to supervise the central military defence against the enlarging invasion (some said to avoid being trapped in Port Arthur, his "impregnable" citadel). He relinquished command of the squadron to Rear Admiral Vitgeft, who was qualified by temperament and long tours of duty ashore to entwine the propellers with red-tape and inertia. Nevertheless, he was all in all a more suitable leader than Uktomsky would have been.

Pitzuwo was opposite the westerly end of the Lichangshan archipelago, known to foreign navigators as the Elliot Islands. Here Togo established his new advance base. It was no simple matter for the fleet to operate from a temporary outpost and shift that improvised station from place to place like an army's camp, to meet the changing circumstances.

Major repairs and docking required the return of the vessels in question to home yards, and this depleted the available strength at any specific time, as is always true of a navy operating far from a completely-equipped base. That is why, in comparing the maritime power of two nations, it is necessary to take into account the respective yards and stations with their geographical proximity to the probable zone of conflict.

Togo adapted his organization to the needs of the occasion, as it varied from week to week, and displayed along with his mature conservatism of tactics a complete freedom from hide-bound habits and routine rigidity.

The Elliot Islands were eight miles from the mainland at the nearest point and, divided from it by the Lichangshan Channel, consisted of rock piles more bleak and forbidding to sailors hungry for the distractions of the beach than the barren shores of Scapa Flow, where the Grand Fleet was based during the World War.

Togo, like Jellicoe, did what was possible to protect the unfortified roadstead. He placed some ordnance on the rocks that faced the approaches and he strung booms, nets and mines across the passages between the islands and across the Lichangshan Channel.

The islands formed a central sound of deep, smooth water sufficiently expansive to accommodate the entire battle fleet and the train. Within this stone-rimmed sanctuary from the open sea, the ships could coal comfortably, relax between patrols, and still be poised for a plunge towards Port Arthur at

the first wireless report of any Russian sortie. Togo knew that the enemy squadron there could not complete its exit under several hours.

The location of the Japanese advance operating base was a secret guarded as one of the most precious of the campaign wherein even trivialities were dignified by the label "confidential."

The Japanese barred all strangers from their fleet, excepting only British attachés and observers. Captain William C. Pakenham, who was to become one of the outstanding flag officers of the Royal Navy during the World War, was assigned a room in the *Asahi*. So determined was he not to miss an emergency sailing that for fourteen months he never put foot ashore. In his punctiliously correct uniform and especially high stiff collar, he dwelt in this little Japanese world, sharing all of the battleship's dangers and witnessing all of her exploits. His record self-confinement afloat was rewarded by a ringside seat at Tsushima. Rumour persists that Admiral Togo consulted Captain Pakenham upon more than one question.

Upon his departure, the Viceroy half-heartedly suggested to Vitgeft that a naval raid be unloosed against the transports off Pitzuwo, and those among the officers who still were imbued with some of Makaroff's spirit were eager to try such a thrust under cover of one of the spring fogs.

Vitgeft called a council, as was his practice, and the project was voted down upon the ground that it would be suicidal for the torpedo craft to attack without support and that the big ships should be hoarded until the Baltic fleet arrived. In some respects, the naval campaign at this stage was a contest in conservation.

Togo, cautiously imputing to the enemy destroyer captains an aggressive daring equal to that of his own young officers, at least doing so for the purpose of devising his counter-measures, feared just such a thrust at Pitzuwo and the Elliot Islands as the Russians debated. He maintained a sleepless watch on Port Arthur, which necessitated the most arduous patrol duty in all kinds of weather, with little rest in between and virtually no recreation. The fact that he believed the hostile harbour to be corked did not affect his guard. He appreciated the difference between probability and certainty, and he realized the physical possibility of any obstruction being removed. Nor did Togo relax his vigilant naval blockage because of the correct espionage advices that the Russian squadron was to be castrated by Alexeieff's order to yield some of its guns and

other equipment for the "temporary" land defences, excisions that completed the post-Makaroff emasculation.

DURING May the Japanese achieved bloodless triumphs on distant fronts without which the unconcerned military and naval forces in China and Korea would have been deprived of essential refreshment and support. The financial cohorts made assaults upon the ramparts of Threadneedle and Wall Streets, and captured the first war loan of about \$50,000,000. To obtain subsequent replenishments it was necessary to show progress towards ultimate victory—and repayment. The fluctuations in the bonds of the contestants reflected world betting on the outcome.

Russia sought her funds in Paris and Berlin. Before the war, she had a bonded debt of a little over \$5,000,000,000 as against Japan's \$282,000,000. Each nation borrowed about half a billion dollars more between the outbreak of hostilities and the Battle of Tsushima.

The fluctuations are of naval interest. Three weeks before Togo's declarative attack upon Port Arthur, the 4 per cent Russian bonds were quoted at 98½ whereas the 4 per cent Japanese were selling twenty points lower. By the day before Togo struck, the Russian bonds reflected the foreign fear of war by a decline to 92½ and the Japanese dropped to 68½. The news of the surprise assault skimmed off three points more on each, leaving them 89½ and 65½, respectively. After the fall of Port Arthur in January 1905, the disparity in favour of Russia was not erased by the Japanese rise. The prices then were: Russians 90½, Japanese 77¾.

Then Togo sank the Baltic fleet at the climactic battle the following May and his guns thundered in the bourses of the world. The 4 per cent bonds of the opposing powers struck an equality at 87¾. Japan's credit was established that day by the Imperial fleet.

THE Japanese fleet completed its first three months of strenuous warfare during the severe winter without having lost a unit. In its negative phase, therefore, upon which Togo placed his principal emphasis, the operations had been successful. The naval strength entrusted to him had not been dissipated. Everyone familiar with the campaign felt that within the limits of the Commander-in-Chief's self-imposed caution, he had used his forces to the most aggressive advantage.

No one realized more clearly than this man, who never in-

dulged in any reliance upon apparent security, that such good fortune as had smiled upon his embattled and storm-tossed ships could not be depended upon to favour them indefinitely during hostilities, even if the restraining hand of sober prudence, sometimes even hyper-prudence, held them in leash.

That the Mikado's vessels were not draped in invisible mantles of magic invulnerability was demonstrated with shocking repetition during the six days commencing May 12. When in rapid succession Togo was bludgeoned with one report of disaster after another, his magnificent fortitude remained unshaken. Without a trace of cheap bravado, he met the test as only a very great leader could have done. The example of the Commander-in-Chief in adversity was as inspiring to his officers and men as in the moments of his victories. He did not blame or fret; he sought to learn from each misfortune how to avert another like it and his eyes were front.

A young officer who saw the Admiral during this bitter week said that the serious calamities, which he euphemistically referred to as "the incidents of campaign," had not "banished the benevolent smile which seems to be always on his face."

The first bad news came when a torpedo-boat was sunk by a mine, with heavy loss of life.¹⁴ The next day a similar fate befell the gunboat *Miyako*. These losses were expensive but at least — and this was a great deal — the battle fleet remained intact. But evil tidings continued to reach the *Mikasa*.

A seasonal mist off Port Arthur thickened to a dense fog and wrapped up the ships on patrol.¹⁵ Under cover of this screen, a Russian mine-layer slipped out among the enemy and courageously if lawlessly laid her poison eggs upon the neutral high seas, which the Japanese had every reason to assume would be held inviolate by the very Czar who had convened the first Hague Conference in 1899. The mines were planted in the belt off shore along which the Japanese ships habitually patrolled.¹⁶

The Japanese patrols were organized into approximately

¹⁴ May 12.

¹⁵ May 14.

¹⁶ The limit of territorial waters, fixed upon the basis of the maximum range of early artillery, was as obsolete as those muzzle-loading cannon. The Japanese bombardments over Liaotishan from afar suggested a proper modern minimum. If international law expected to be honoured by these combatants it should have kept pace with the developments of ordnance, but at least technically that was no excuse for the breach, which turned out to be far from merely technical in its effects. It must be remembered, however, that the prohibition against mining the international seas upon which shells may be fired, bombs dropped and torpedoes launched, is solely for the protection of neutrals.

equal detachments. This was done in order to have the lighter ships always supported by some of the heavy ones, an arrangement well adapted to the minor skirmishes but, as will be seen, a risky diffusion should the Russian battleships emerge in force. Togo had to make his very limited supply of warships perform a multiplicity of functions and there were no orthodox rules to follow.

On this day, when the contraband Russian mines were set out in the fog, the patrol duty was Dewa's. His flagship *Chitose* and the *Yoshino* of his regular division were re-enforced by the new *Kasuga*, the armoured cruiser *Yakumo* and the battleship *Fuji*. They eluded the new minefield, of whose illicit existence they never dreamt, but returning to the base in the pea-soup fog of the mid-watch there was a violent collision. The Italian-built *Kasuga* rammed the *Yoshino* from astern. The former's bow was badly crushed but she was able to proceed. The *Yoshino* had a large hole stove in her quarter and made water fast. In the inky blackness and murk she sank with three-fourths of her complement. This was the cruiser which gallantly had flown Tsuboi's and Togo's flags in the last war. She still was speedy and capable of performing valuable service when the *Kasuga* ripped open her unarmoured hull.

Dewa had been relieved off Port Arthur by Nashihi in the battleship *Hatsuse*, leading a sentry division that also included the battleships *Shikishima* and *Yashima*, the light cruiser *Kasagi* and the gunboat *Tatsuta*. Containing half of the Japanese battleship quota of six, and two of those three being half of the best four vessels of that type, this group under Admiral Nashihi represented a substantial part of Togo's nucleus.

The Russian illegality began to reap immoral rewards. The mighty *Hatsuse* bumped a mine, which blew in her stern. Very soon after the *Hatsuse* sounded collision quarters the battleship *Yashima* also struck a loaded snare. The water-tight bulkheads proved their worth in both leaking vessels, and the perfect discipline that never failed Japanese warships gave promise of preserving these objects of the Commander-in-Chief's particular solicitude. They were taken in tow, a prodigious feat even under the most favourable peacetime conditions.

The *Hatsuse* shortly touched off another mine and this time a spark entered one of her magazines, tearing the floating fortress to pieces. Two-thirds of those aboard went down with her scattered fragments.

Admiral Nishihi was among those rescued and his flag was hoisted on the little *Tatsuta*.

The crippled *Yashima* was dragged with desperate persistence towards shallow water where she might be beached. This necessarily was a slow business and soon became a furious race against the seeping water. The more that the *Yashima* filled the lower she settled in the sea and the harder it was to pull her along. It became obvious that this second battleship was doomed to founder in deep water. When this was imminent, the officers and crew were ordered into the boats. They obeyed with the composure of an abandon-ship drill, just before the final plunge.

As the surviving ships of that patrol-watch steamed back towards the fleet base, Admiral Nishihi knew that he was carrying to the Chief the most depressing report of the war. The atmosphere thickened again and the Elliot Islands, with their shoals and reefs and narrow entrance channels, were curtained in fog as the gloomy division felt its way along. The approach was difficult in the extreme when the visibility was so low. As a last straw, Nishihi's temporary flagship *Tatsuta* ran aground and damaged her bottom seriously, although she was refloated and subsequently repaired.

The only good fortune of that disastrous day, which closed a disastrous week, was the omission of the Russian squadron to pounce upon Nishihi's maimed detachment and attack the remnant before help could arrive. This would have caught the Japanese in an almost helpless state during the towing operations. Vitgeft knew what was happening because the weather was quite clear at this time, but he neither had steam in his boilers nor any intention of seizing the opportunity.

The final catastrophes in the series were the mining of a destroyer and a collision between the old *Akagi* and a despatch-boat. The destroyer and the despatch-boat were lost.

The bitterest aspect of these staggering losses was that they did not occur in a stand-up fight against the enemy when risks deliberately are assumed. Like Makaroff's death, these sacrifices were without compensation. It must have seemed ironical to Togo that with an enemy who avoided combat and with a policy that had courted care his strength should have been decimated in that fashion. The breach of international law was not looked for or reckoned among the hazards and, although Togo personally did not whine about the enemy's malfeasance, in more senses than one those mines had hit below the belt.

There naturally arose in both fleets a tremendous respect for fixed, submerged mines, which so far had done more damage than torpedoes or shells. Togo kept laying them all around the shores near Port Arthur, and the Russians were enterprising in sweeping them away. These operations of the auxiliaries provoked frequent skirmishes. There also were offshore operations in connection with the Japanese military campaign on the peninsula, which lent themselves to naval support, just as had been the case during the fighting in the same sector during the Chinese War.

An important decision confronted the Japanese high command, and this was whether to deviate from the main Manchurian advance by attacking Port Arthur. Very many of the same factors that had presented themselves in 1894 were involved again. The stronghold would not be as easy to seize from the Russians as it had been from the Chinese and the task would be a costly one in men, supplies and general martial effort.

The shipyard hammers along the Neva were audible, however, and the feared despatch to the Orient of the Baltic fleet seemed assured at a date no Russian, much less any Japanese, could forecast. It was imperative to destroy the Far Eastern fleet-in-being before the European reserves entered the war zone, and to do so as early as possible in order to give Togo time to refit and rest between the rounds. The failure to dispose of those Russian ships at Port Arthur, even though they seemed to have lost their virility, proved even more serious than had the survival of some of the Chinese units at the Yalu and their subsequent escape from Port Arthur to Wei-hai-wei, which necessitated the siege of the latter place.

The Manchurian campaign plans called for the ambitious Japanese offensive toward Liao-Yang and beyond, before Russian re-enforcements in prohibitive numbers could slide and float across Lake Baikal and roll eastward on the long single track. In both this Manchurian phase and the unavoidable extra one of capturing Port Arthur, the Japanese had to race against transportation, in one case that of the Russian Army and in the other that of the Baltic fleet. Russia was aware of this and parried for time by military tactics that were a consistent sequel to her pre-war diplomacy.

On May 26 Togo declared an official blockade of the southern portion of the Liaotung Peninsula. On June 1 Lieutenant General Baron Nogi landed the first battalions of what soon became his Third Army, originally intended for the Manchurian

offensive but deflected for the siege of Port Arthur. These troops disembarked in Talienshan Bay, the useful acquisition by a portion of Oku's Second Army before it went northwards and left the rest of the Port Arthur detour to Nogi. Oku had found the Chin-Chow isthmus much more of an obstacle than Nogi had found it in Chinese hands ten years earlier, but the Russians in Port Arthur were chagrined to learn that the supposedly impassable barrier at Nanshan, astride the narrowest part of this neck of land, had been beaten down. This was the first reverse sustained by General Anatoly Stoessel.

Nogi occupied Dalny and met little resistance. It served as an excellent base from which to start his second march upon the vaunted Kwantung stronghold. Not often is it given to one General to besiege the same fortress twice, to have a chance to relieve the previous climax of his life and to improve upon a successful campaign.

He and Togo now proceeded to squeeze Port Arthur from land and sea, manifesting a splendid mutual confidence and understanding, without personal ambition or selfish interests to complicate their joint operations. After the war, Nogi, like Togo, declined to be drafted for public office. He stuck to his farming, his creditable writing of poetry and his studies of military science, but he watched the affairs of his country from day to day until his sensational death.

Kuropatkin was prevailed upon by those above him to attempt to relieve Port Arthur by an attack upon the besieging army's rear. He sent a force under Stakelberg, but Oku, who was between the former and Nogi's investing troops, met and defeated the Russian detachment.

Kuroki, safely across the Yalu with his First Army, and Oku were now converging towards Liaoyang according to plan, but the assault of that consolidated Russian position was deferred until the transport-supply service had less hazardous seas to cross.

In the meanwhile, the Russian squadron behind Golden Hill and Tiger's Tail did not relish its submissive wait in the death-cell, while its secondary weapons were removed to bolster up the land artillery. There was a natural restlessness among the personnel and a desire to join the Vladivostok vessels at that port or to engage the enemy—or just to do *something*. Even a losing action probably would shorten the Japanese battle column that the Baltic fleet would have to face.

Vitgeft occupied himself with supervising the operations of

the destroyers and mine-craft and presiding over councils, at whose sessions he wielded an amiable gavel.

On June 6 Vice Admiral Togo was promoted to the grade of Admiral, the highest in the Imperial Navy, a rank that his position and responsibilities fully warranted. The new unbordered flag at the *Mikasa's* main was a recognition of the fleet's paramount importance and of the Commander-in-Chief's achievements.

Nowhere was the leader appreciated more than in his own service, although the Army and the entire country felt that Japan's sea power was in the most capable hands.

It has been mentioned how smoothly the joint operations were conducted with Nogi and the Third Army. Togo worked well with his staff, his flag officers, captains and other assistants. He had no taint of jealousy. The enhancement of his juniors' reputations was a source of gratification to the Old Man. That certain of his aids were receiving widespread credit as strategists perhaps superior to the Admiral did not cause the latter's good humour to become corrupted by fear of competitive glory. He was delighted to have such officers at his side and wanted them to receive due credit.

A saying went the rounds of the fleet: "There is only one commander who uses his subordinates as he does his own fingers, and his name is Admiral Togo." One still hears that, changed only as to tense, in the wardrooms of the present-day Japanese ships.

His low voice carried more weight than the voluble bellowing of a dozen bumptious bosses. He was the steady influence as well as the inspiration of the fleet. Standing with unmilitary posture on the *Mikasa's* bridge in his plain undress uniform, whose sole adornment was the ruby-centred star of the Order of the Rising Sun, his unhurried and unworried demeanour seemed to be incompatible with failure. Stern when the occasion demanded severity, he was called "Oni," the Demon, in fire-rooms and forecastles, and the newspapers publicized this as lending august terror to the sea dragons of Japan. One of Togo's former navy-yard engineers read of this and could not believe that such a sobriquet could attach itself to the mild-mannered Commandant under whom it had been so pleasant voluntarily to overwork.

While Togo was watching Port Arthur and, as often as practicable, peering over his shoulder to see if the Vladivostok force was active, it crept out on another of its forays¹⁷ and

¹⁷ Emerged June 12.

stalked through a mist in the Straits of Tsushima. This time it bagged big game, sinking three transports. There went to the bottom some irreplaceable cargo for the Army: 11-inch howitzers which would have simplified Nogi's task and some railway equipment, including especially imported American locomotives, for the standard-gauge railroad on the peninsula of whose use Oku was in sore need.

Togo sent Kamimura back to the Sea of Japan to intercept the Vladivostok raiders but they completed an eight-day cruise without contact being effected. Having Kamimura away always added to the dangers in the Yellow Sea.

At no time during the war was the tenuous and precarious nature of Japan's line of communications more obvious.

The changed situation had altered Alexeieff's opinion as to the proper course of the Port Arthur squadron. Even he came around to the view that it should leave the besieged harbour and do something affirmative, either reaching Vladivostok or engaging in a battle that Togo presumably would have to pay some price to win.¹⁸

After various hints had been ignored, Alexeieff finally sent Vitgeft a positive order to conduct a sortie. This was reminiscent of the peremptory command sent by Captain-General Blanco from Havana to Admiral Cervera, in surrounded Santiago. His ships, too, had been drawn upon to aid in the land defences. Vitgeft, like Cervera, obeyed the order, which had much more sense in the former's case, but when he did emerge his performance was radically different from that of the gallant Spaniard.

The major repairs of the ships were completed. The departure necessarily had to be fixed for a high tide. There were numerous delays which it was not to have been expected would be avoided by a squadron led forth reluctantly and hopelessly. As Togo anticipated, the duration of the egress was sufficiently long to enable him to meet the awaited contingency when it arose at dawn of June 23. There was enough time to assemble far off Port Arthur the Japanese warships in the vicinity but too little to form them into the most advantageous battle array, a weakness that proved immaterial against Vitgeft, who may not even have appreciated the significance of the haphazard Japanese steaming disarrangement.

¹⁸ It is interesting to note that in the failure of the wireless to connect Alexeieff and Port Arthur, the fastest destroyer available as courier between that harbour and Yinkow was one of the German-built Chinese boats seized by the British at Taku the night of the allied bombardment of the forts.

Save only for this matter of deployment, Togo's mechanism of patrol clicked perfectly. A destroyer watching the entrance notified Dewa when the first light of day disclosed warship movements inside. The latter, who was nearby, radioed the Chief, who happened to be at the base. The general wireless summons hailed all ships in those waters to a rendezvous southeast of Port Arthur.

When Vitgeft got started, he crawled behind mine-sweepers which preceded the squadron and dropped markers of the cleared channel. This gave Togo some extra time and altered the point of contact.

As the enemy column came in sight, the Japanese Chief met two disappointments. First, his suspicions were confirmed that even the largest Russian warships were able to leave the harbour, and second, he perceived that every one of the damaged battleships had been put in shape to join the sortie. Of the seven originally at Port Arthur, only Makaroff's *Petro-pavlovsk* had been attacked effectively. The others were all present.

Togo took a glancing inventory of his opposition. The *Czarevich*, flying Vitgeft's flag, was in the van. Then came the *Retvizan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviat*, *Sevastopol* and *Poltava* in line-ahead, followed by the armoured cruiser *Bayan* and the light cruisers *Diana*, *Pallada*, *Askold* and *Novik*. The only shortage from which the Japanese could derive any comfort was that of destroyers, only seven being with Vitgeft.

The Russians were steaming slowly in the general direction of Wei-hai-wei. The Japanese column was heading westward at a rate of speed that likewise was low. The *Czarevich* was forward of the *Mikasa*'s starboard beam and the range steadily decreasing. It looked to Togo—and to the majority of Russian officers not in their Admiral's confidence—that Vitgeft was making a dash to slip out of Korea Bay along the Shantung side of the narrows.

The Japanese force was weakened not only by the May losses but also by Kamimura's continued absence in the North. As against the six Russian battleships, the Japanese had in line only four, but these were all they possessed since the minning of the *Hatsuse* and *Yashima*. Out of the eight armoured cruisers, there were present only the *Asama*, *Nisshin* and *Kasuga*. The light cruiser representation consisted of Ito's flagship at the Yalu, the *Matsushima*, and the *Takasago*, *Itsukushima*, *Hashidate*, *Akashi*, *Suma*, *Akitsushima* and *Izumi*. The auxiliaries were the veteran *Yayeyama* and six divisions of torpedo-

craft. The old Chinese *Chen-Yuen*, which had been acquired upon the surrender of Wei-hai-wei, gave the final touch of heterogeneity to this conglomeration.

The afternoon was well advanced but it was almost exactly the summer solstice, the skies were clear and a full moon would relieve the lingering sun. Togo believed that at last he had the troublesome turtle out of its shell, clear of the coastal batteries and the minefields, where both sides had abundant manœuvring space and could shoot out the issue. Even counting the *Chen-Yuen*, the Japanese had only eight capital ships against seven but were much stronger in unarmoured cruisers and destroyers as well as in the imponderable elements that defy mathematical comparison.

There was a risk in accepting battle without Kamimura but Togo regarded the omission to do so as involving greater risks. Conditions could not be perfect. He unhesitatingly chose to fight.

For Vitgeft the same decision should have been easier. He had had the choice of time and the election of course. The chief uncertainty in his calculations was Kamimura's whereabouts. When a tally of the Japanese column checked those formidable armoured cruisers as absentees, Vitgeft should have rushed into action with the object of settling it before Kamimura could arrive, if he were within call.

Vitgeft was anything but elated, however. He had hoped to elude the patrols and encounter no Japanese fleet at all, raid the Elliot Islands' base or the transport anchorages at Talien Bay, and then outrace his pursuers back to Port Arthur. This was a wild scheme, predicated for success upon Togo's being caught napping, which everybody else in the squadron knew was entirely beyond the realm of possibility. Vitgeft ignored the elaborate patrol operations under his very nose all spring, the other manifestations of Japanese naval preparedness for a Russian sortie, and every implication of common sense.

Togo was alert and as unruffled as during tactical exercises — Vitgeft was a worried desk-sailor very much at sea; for once in his career he could not pass the buck to a council. This was an occasion when, as Lord Fisher said in the passage previously quoted, the Admiral had "to get his breeches on, to get on deck and take in the situation," and act immediately upon his own unaided judgment.

The officers and men in both fleets were excited at the relief from the long tension and impatient to hear the opening salvo.

They were all at general quarters, of course, and ready to fire.

Then suddenly, as the rival squadrons were almost within range, Togo beheld an incredible manoeuvre at the van of the Russian column. Against the darkening background, the *Czarevich* was swinging to port—through a complete semi-circle. When she straightened out on her new course it was her receding stern that faced the Japanese. The other Russian battleships and the cruisers turned in succession behind the flagship. It was plain that this was no part of any battle tactics; Vitgeft was headed back towards Port Arthur!

This took place about twenty-three miles from the entrance. Togo was frustrated again. His self-control did not dissolve under the pressure of anguish and disappointment. No more than in the previous contacts would he be tempted to chase the fleeing Russians into the mined zone or the area covered by their shore artillery. A mist was rising and there was the additional danger of an audacious torpedo ambush by the Russian destroyers. The Japanese ships had no chance of overtaking the enemy before he forsook the uninfested seaways.

Once more Togo was relegated to an auxiliary attack. He ordered the fast destroyers ahead to harry the cumbersome column on its retreat.

Vitgeft, anticipating this, disposed his own light craft as screens for the battleships.

The Japanese torpedo-craft snapped at the Russian heels all the way to Port Arthur and throughout the night, which Vitgeft's squadron was obliged to spend at the exposed outer roadstead, crouching behind the torpedo-nets and firing at the darting shadows of the enemy boats.

On the return trip the *Sevastopol* struck a mine and was slightly damaged, but the intrepid Japanese torpedo attacks availed nothing. As on February 8, they were delivered by a few boats at a time instead of *en masse*. The next morning the Russians crawled back into the harbour and the situation reverted to that of the previous weeks.

Had Makaroff been on the bridge of the *Czarevich* when Togo hove into sight, there would have been some noise on the sea. That Togo would have been able to demolish those six tough battleships and the pachydermous *Bayan* without sacrificing enough of his own fleet to have rendered the Baltic threat much more critical, is open to grave doubt, even though it reasonably may be assumed that the superior fighting efficiency of the Japanese would have ensured victory.

Vitgeft plainly had "missed the boat," but that confounded Port Arthur squadron was still in-being and the watch from the Elliot Islands had to continue unrelaxed.

DURING the month of June the great siege definitely was laid. Nogi and Togo established their bases at Talien Bay and Dalny. For the first time, the fleet had the luxury of a suitable harbour with facilities designed by the Russians for permanent use.¹⁹

Late in June, shortly after Vitgeft's pantomimic parade, Nogi's advance contingents dislodged the outposts of Port Arthur and drove Stoessel behind the secondary arc of fortifications encircling the city and bay.

Like all the other projects, these defensive works were ambitious in contemplation and incomplete in consummation. The Russians put up a stiff resistance, but the Japanese brought to the attack not only their inalienable fighting spirit but the technique and apparatus dictated by their previous successful capture of these very heights.

The siege lasted the balance of the year, General Stoessel not surrendering until January 2, 1905, and it withdrew two hundred thousand Japanese soldiers, with their overseas service of supplies, from the main Manchurian campaign. This diversion must be credited to that rather wretched squadron-in-being which strained at its ground tackle in the shadows of the embattled hills and, besides interfering with the Japanese military operations in the direct line of advance, continued to worry the generals about their transports and to keep the Japanese fleet on constant guard.

As has been observed, Togo was unable to hold his battle fleet together as Jellicoe subsequently did at Scapa Flow, because he had insufficient other vessels to perform the necessary detachment duties. To deal with the Vladivostok squadron, which could not be ignored and given *carte blanche* to raid the straits without serious risk to itself, Togo was obliged to part with a large percentage of his capital ship strength. There was some adverse criticism when Lord Fisher ordered the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* to hunt down Spee, but their departure from home waters represented a weakening of the Grand Fleet about the equivalent of disjoining one or two light cruisers from the Japanese main body.

¹⁹ Dalny was the elaborate synthetic seaport which Witte could not animate as he did its zoo, but which, as Dairen, ironically was to realize his dream under Japanese rule.

Aside from the strategic proprieties, Togo could not be indifferent to the anxieties of the navally-untrained Army leaders, high civilian Government officials and public opinion. He was obliged to make his ships perform the service of double their number. He did so without losing his equanimity and without bickering or complaint.

CHAPTER XV

THE BATTLE OF THE YELLOW SEA

DESPITE the fact that the Russians held out until the following January, the critical month of the Port Arthur siege was July. Early that month Stoessel, as had the Chinese defenders in 1894, but much more powerfully, took the offensive against the investing troops. Nogi repulsed these thrusts with vigorous counter-charges, and the end of July found the Japanese ready to storm the inner row of fortifications upon which Stoessel had to make his penultimate stand. These positions were his strongest. It was along this twelve-mile curve of hilltops that the garrison was able to stem the assailants for the remainder of the year.

During these July weeks Vitgeft finally received the movement orders that precipitated the Battle of the Yellow Sea. The combination of Nogi's pressure and the positive mandate issued at last in the name of the Czar himself was required to shove the sedentary Admiral out upon blue water. Nogi pushed his artillery close enough to toss projectiles blindly about the basin, which thereupon ceased being a haven. Vitgeft was scratched by a splinter from one of the shells that hit the flagship. There was no safe alternative to evacuation. Having reconciled himself to that, Vitgeft naturally resolved to go while the going was good.

Repairs were rushed faster than the indirect land-fire caused new damage. Stoessel was asked by the squadron to return the dismounted naval ordnance. He did repay a part of the loan but only a part.¹

The *Retrizan* was restored to seaworthy condition but the *Bayan* crawled back from some coastal operations barely able to make port after encountering a mine, and plainly out of the running.

These automatic weapons were overshadowing all others on the naval front. One exploded beneath the Japanese gunboat

¹ The ships were left without a couple of dozen rifles, including a 12-inch piece but mostly rapid-fire guns of the secondary batteries.

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Chiyoda,² which was repaired in the dock at Talien Bay, whose value thereby was rendered evident again.

Togo expected a sortie by the Russian squadron. He wanted no mere transfer of the situation to Vladivostok, with a fleet-in-being up there and thus another stronghold to besiege. The Siberian port was less protected than the famous one on the Kwantung Peninsula and had no coal for the ships, but from the existent military aspect a new campaign in that different zone would have overtaxed the resources of Field Marshal Oyama.³

Togo disposed his fleet so as to intercept Vitgeft should a dash for Vladivostok be attempted, but in reviewing the former's manoeuvres in the ensuing battle it must be borne in mind that there was the additional objective of cutting off a retreat to Port Arthur like the one of June 23 and indeed like the one that eventuated. Togo wanted to grasp Vitgeft by the nape of the neck and drown him before he could escape into *any* Russian harbour. Should this prove impossible without taking undue risks, the Russian squadron at least should be barred from making Vladivostok.

The Japanese fleet was not in anything like the same strategic situation it was to be in the following spring, when awaiting Rojestvensky in the straits. It was not practicable to have the entire battle force lie as far back as the narrows opposite the Shantung Promontory, through which Vitgeft would have to pass to reach Vladivostok, because that would have exposed the Elliot Islands base, Talien Bay, Nogi's seashore flanks and all of the transport operations in Korea Bay and around the other side of the Liaotung Peninsula, to depredations by the Russian squadron. Lying very close to the mouth of Port Arthur was prohibited by the minefields and the danger of night torpedo attacks. Such a position also would have diminished the likelihood of the desired sortie.

Togo had to let the enemy squadron emerge well into the clear and then grip it tight. He would have available only whatever daylight, if any, happened to remain after Vitgeft was completely outside of the minefields.

The Japanese Admiral made one serious tactical mistake. He resolved upon a long-range action, believing not only that this would minimize the Russians' chance to escape in either direction, which was demonstrable geometrically, but also that

² July 26.

³ As it was, Oyama begrudged the diversion of Nogi's Third Army from the Liao-Yang offensive.

this would tend towards the safety of his own vessels, which was erroneous. Togo was to find that Japanese armour-piercing projectiles were not particularly armour-piercing and he failed to reap the advantage of opposing his short-range rapid-fire secondaries to a line that had been deprived of most of its own. His confidence in the superiority of Japanese fire-control at long ranges proved justified but the disparity upon this occasion was less than he expected, the Russians not shooting wildly by any means.

The sortie took place on the tenth of August, when the tide permitted the exodus to commence at dawn.

Outside of the entrance, Vitgeft communicated the destination with an implied apology. He signalled: "The fleet is informed that His Majesty has ordered us to proceed to Vladivostok."

From that moment on, however, the Admiral gave the best performance of his career, until his sudden disintegration by a high-explosive shell manufactured to blow apart the toughest steel. The behaviour of Vitgeft on his last day expunged his previous shortcomings, which should be charged against the reprehensible system on the Nevsky Prospekt that entrusted the command to an officer of his limitations and inexperience.

As usual several hours were consumed by the squadron in passing out through the narrows. The only ship left behind was the *Bayan*. The coastal waters had been scoured to erase mines of either combatant and these conspicuous operations had to be conducted in all directions to lend at least some doubt as to the avenue of intended egress. Vitgeft used a different channel than theretofore, proceeding near the Liaotishan shore to the Cape and then striking through the mine-field into the open sea, where at about 11:30 A.M.⁴ the fending sweepers were dismissed.

The squadron was organized just about as on June 23 excepting for the absence of the *Bayan*.

Vitgeft's flag flew at the van in the *Czarevich* and was followed in column by the other battleships, *Retrivan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviat*, *Sevastopol* and *Poltava*. Then came the light cruisers *Askold*, *Pallada* and *Diana*. Ahead of the battleships were the *Novik* and eight destroyers. A hospital ship puffed along and her red cross was a proclamation of Vitgeft's avowal not to fall back on Port Arthur.

⁴ Japanese time, 135° E., an hour later than the time used at Port Arthur.

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Rear Admiral Prince Uktomsky, still Second-in-Command, was aboard the *Peresviet*, and Rear Admiral Reitzenstein was in the *Askold*.

The squadron headed in much the same general direction as on June 23. The paper speed was a good sixteen knots but the highest which Vitgeft felt justified in asking at the outset was half of that. The *Czarevich*, for whose machinery new parts were sitting in the freight office at Shanghai, and the *Poltava* were retarding the rest by engine trouble, but they were too substantial a part of the battleship division to be left behind and their astonishing propulsion performances late that afternoon removed them from the category of stragglers during the duel of the engines and the subsequent duel of the guns.

As on the previous occasion, Kamimura was absent. Togo correctly had guessed not only that Vitgeft would come out very soon but also that the Vladivostok squadron would try to effect a junction midway. Kamimura's double mission was to deal with the northern force and to act as a secondary defence against any individual Port Arthur ships that might elude Togo.

Thus the four armoured cruisers of the Second Squadron definitely had to be counted out of the Japanese line off Port Arthur that was mustered pursuant to the radio alarm given by the patrols at dawn.

The *Asama* was coaling at the base and could not reach the fleet for hours but, as will be seen, arrived when really needed.

The other armoured cruisers, however, were all present and so Vitgeft, lacking the *Bayan* and having one additional armoured cruiser against him, was slightly worse off than he had been on June 23.

It was about 12:30 when Togo, steaming at a moderate gait towards the west, well south of Port Arthur, sighted the enemy squadron at about twelve or thirteen miles, forward of his starboard beam, moving slowly on a course approximately south-east.

In Togo's column were the *Mikasa*, followed by the other three battleships, *Asahi*, *Fuji* and *Shikishima*, and the Genoese armoured cruisers *Kasuga* and *Nisshin*. This was the sextet again relied upon to bear the brunt of stopping the six Russian battleships.

Ahead of and approaching Togo, rapidly coming into sight, was *Dewa* in a seventh capital ship, the armoured cruiser *Yakumo*, with the light cruisers *Kasagi*, *Takasago* and *Chitose*.

Vitgeft thus observed first the main body of the enemy far

ahead on his port bow and headed across his course, and then the fast cruiser division bound athwart his course in the opposite direction.

The Japanese force also included a host of other craft, swarming in from all seaward points of the compass. Among these were the light cruisers *Hashidate*, *Matsushima*, *Akashi*, *Suma*, *Itsukushima* and *Izumi*. The distinctive silhouette of the *Chen-Yuen* hung on the horizon as a grim warning to the Russians of what happens to Nippon's naval victims that do not sink. The Japanese torpedo-boats and destroyers numbered forty-six, an impressive array.

The *Shikishima* flew the flag of Rear Admiral Nishiha, who properly had been held blameless for the mining of the *Hatsuse* beneath him. Vice Admiral Kataoka, promoted from the "crab fleet" of reserves, was Second-in-Command aboard the *Nisshin* at the rear of Togo's main column.

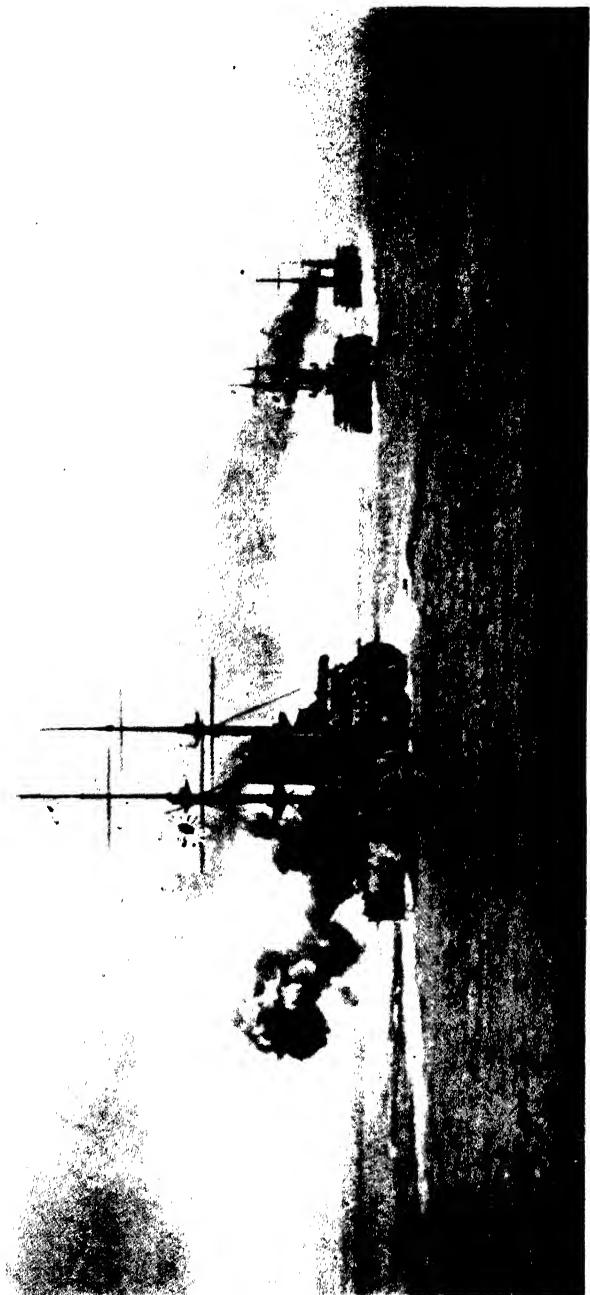
The sea was calm and the skies clear; in between was a light summer haze that softened outlines but did not impair visibility to any material degree.

From the *Czarevich*'s bridge it looked like a thoroughly Japanese body of water. The prospect of circumventing either end or smashing through the centre was as poor as Togo's disposition was good. As the greater of the evils, Vittegeft primarily sought to avoid the battleship division moving with ponderous solidity across his bows from left to right. Naturally he headed to pass astern of the *Nisshin*.

Togo gave the enemy considerable rope, in order not to terminate the sortie before it had begun and to get the Russians out in the open beyond the minefields. With two self-cancelling four-point turns, he continued for a stretch, while *Dewa* swept on past him, across the enemy's course in the opposite direction. During this period the Japanese assemblage was being completed.

Then Togo turned his ships together eight points to port, into line-abreast. His deployment was facilitated by the temporary disablement of the *Czarevich*, which at this crucial time was obliged to hoist the breakdown flag for a ten-minute first-aid treatment of her engines, followed by a similar interruption on the part of the *Pobieda*. By 1:30 the Russians again were advancing slowly and, after several alterations of course, generally southeasterly.

The *Novik* gave a false alarm that loose mines evidently released by the enemy ships were drifting ahead of the Russians. It was little wonder, in the light of the recent history, that



THE FIRST SALVO FIRED BY THE JAPANESE BATTLE COLUMN
AT THE BATTLE OF THE YELLOW SEA, AUGUST 10, 1904.

(Courtesy U. S. Navy Department)

the lookouts thought every speck in the water was a mine, just as during the World War every whitecap was suspected of being a periscope feather. There were in fact no mines but Vitgeft made a detour to port, chafing at the delay, although it was all in his favour. Events soon were to show that his gravest error of judgment consisted in not timing the sortie so as to reach the rim of the minefields at dark.

Togo turned another eight points, ships together, to port, so that his movement shadowed the enemy's. A desultory long-range feeling-out fire was opened, as the rival Admirals jockeyed for position, and it must be conceded that Vitgeft got the better of the manoeuvring at this stage. He veered off to starboard, away from the new Japanese direction, and Togo countered by another swing of ships together to starboard, but this one was sixteen points. Evidently he thought that Vitgeft then had settled on the course upon which he would make his dash because Togo stepped along pretty fast and was preparing to cross the Russian T when Vitgeft made another alteration, sharply to port.

Togo found himself momentarily outmanoeuvred. If he about-faced, ships together, the *Mikasa* would be at the rear and Kataoka in the *Nisshin* in the van. This was all right in the preliminary shunting but Togo was determined to have the battleships at the head of column in battle and to be there himself. Therefore he deemed it necessary to turn the ships in succession, which lost time and space, and this gave Vitgeft a chance to forge ahead. Partly as the result of studying Togo's dangerous inflexibility here and in the Battle of Tsushima, both the British and German Commanders-in-Chief at Jutland placed their flagships in the pivotal centre of the battle line instead of trying to hold the van.

When the Japanese evolution was completed, the rival columns were on almost parallel courses, the variance being towards a convergence, and they were headed for the exit from Korea Bay into the Yellow Sea. Vitgeft was breaking for the ocean, striving his utmost to obey the Imperial bidding.

Togo realized that the situation was pregnant with the gravest contingencies. The policy of caution began to exact its ironical price of extreme danger. Were Vitgeft to escape, it might mean the destruction of Kamimura's Second Division, which, although well able to take care of one or two detached Russian battleships, could not match its thinner sides and 8-inch guns against the six Russian battleships. A bolt of this enemy squadron intact would create unthinkable havoc

in the straits and deliver a blow to the solar-plexus of Japanese morale. The Port Arthur siege now was an emotional and sentimental commitment which could not be abandoned, and the momentary spectre of an entirely new siege in far-away Vladivostok was an alarming one indeed. To Togo the imaginary angle ahead formed by the projection of the two courses was the cross-roads of the war. He simply had to halt those fleeing ships that knowingly he had allowed to slip between himself and Dewa. It was a case of having given too much rope; Vitgeft was not hanging himself but the executioner.

The Japanese Empire had two great assets out there on the high seas. One was the superior speed built into her ships during the days of peace, a *sine qua non* for extrication from that afternoon's crisis. The other was the lump of grey-matter beneath the cap of the Commander-in-Chief.

The obvious procedure for the pursuer was to heed almost instinctively the axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and to steam at maximum speed directly towards the fugitive's receding rear. The Russian cruisers, which first had been stationed on the port flank for their own protection, now were ordered back behind the battleships for theirs. These unarmoured cruisers, the nearest adversaries, dangled abaft the Russian line as a tempting bait for the big Japanese 12-inch guns overhauling them.

But Yamamoto, Saito and Ito had not installed Togo on the *Mikasa's* bridge with the expectation that he merely would do the obvious or snap at bait. Sinking even all of those Russian cruisers would have been scant compensation for the loss of a single Japanese capital ship or the escape of the Russian battleships. To continue the chase on a direct track involved passing through the zone wherein the lesser guns of the cruisers could hit back while the Japanese van would have to be handling the entire enemy column. Those small calibre shells, fired at close range, had an annoying possibility of striking some vulnerable spots on one or more of the battleships, perhaps causing secondary internal explosions of fatal consequences. The Russians, even at the sacrifice of part of their lead, might swing to starboard across Togo's bows before he caught up, thus crossing his T.

Today, with modern auxiliary tactics, the Japanese preponderance might be used in such a situation to clear away the Russian light craft abaft their battleships, but many of Togo's flotillas consisted of small torpedo-boats not designed for fleet actions and his light cruisers were not disposed so as

to be able to jump into the emergency as the fleeting afternoon required. It must be remembered that this was 1904 and that, despite its relative excellence, the tactics of the Japanese Navy, especially as to co-ordinated fleet operations, still left much to be desired.

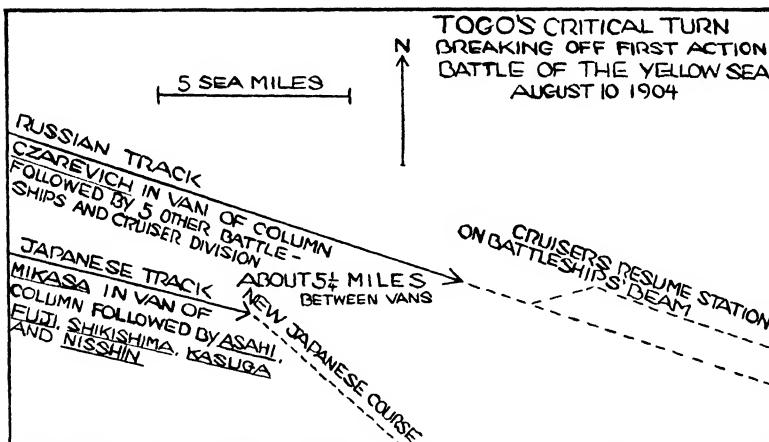
Togo rose to the occasion. He did not concern himself with how silly the manœuvre might appear to *ignoscenti* should it fail. He disregarded geometry and set an elliptical course of pursuit. This involved not only a race against the enemy but also against the sun, whose mid-August declination was half-way to the autumnal equinox from the solstice of the June 23 sortie.

Togo was actuated by one paramount tenet, expressed in his post-war report to the Mikado in the sentence: "When the Combined Fleet commenced its first operations on the sea, acting in accordance with the Imperial order, I, in consideration of the state of affairs on land and sea, made it the object of our strategy to press the main force of the enemy's squadron in the direction of Port Arthur, and to prevent the enemy's ships from proceeding to the stronghold of Vladivostok." The Commander-in-Chief kept his eye on the ball.

He now veered off at an angle from the Russians and rang up full speed, coupled with exhortations through the voice-tubes to the engine-room of the pace-setting *Mikasa*. Carefully computing the relative speeds, distances and balance of daylight, he wagered on his black-gangs. Needless to say they responded with every ounce of energy and vim. These proved sufficient to exceed the unexpectedly fine speed being maintained by their rivals. The Russians, including the *Czarevich* and *Pobieda*, were steaming along at a good twelve knots. Their course now was about east-southeast: Vladivostok or bust!

Vitgeft's intentions were written aloft in his streaming smoke message, but to him Togo's manœuvres were puzzling. Was the long period of Russian naval misfortune to end? Was the enemy abandoning the chase? The hostile column was observed falling off the starboard quarter. Gradually the interval between the fleets increased. The Japanese hulls dropped below the horizon and only the grim row of stacks and masts (from which latter Togo at the outbreak of war had stripped all dispensable rigging and the fighting tops in order to befuddle the enemy range-finders) were discernible, marching along relentlessly. What was the game?

Togo did not lose visual contact. He sheered away just



enough to avoid a premature gunnery duel and then set a course parallel to that of the Russians. For an hour and a quarter this gunless race continued down in the torrid fire-rooms between the brawny Russian stokers and their diminutive adversaries. Both sets of engines responded nobly to the strain as the Admirals prayed that men and machinery would hold out.

The tension in the Russian fleet relaxed above decks. The gun-crews went to supper. Officers exchanged cheery greetings from ship to ship by semaphore. But it soon became evident that the sun alone would not ensure the escape. At 5:15 the indefatigable Japanese had shoved themselves to a position well up on the opposite column. They were abeam and gaining. The *Asama* was leaping to join the pack as did the *New York* at Santiago. At 5:15 the *Mikasa* was about five miles from the enemy. It was ominously near to sunset and the longitude of the meeting was being pushed to the eastward.

Togo called for every possible revolution per minute. The battleships rattled and shook as they forced their broad bulks through the smooth sea. The Rising Sun emblazoned on the prow of the flagship was hidden by green water that tossed foam over the forecastle.

At 5:45 Togo gauged the elements: the *Asama*, the sun, the Russian squadron. The range now was less than four miles. He was ready to strike. The Japanese veered towards the enemy. Was there still time to do the job?

At last Vitgeft grasped the purport of his adversary's

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manoeuvre. Shells began to raise geysers around the Russian battleships, as the Japanese hulls were lifted above the horizon into painfully clear view. The Port Arthur squadron's engines had striven their utmost but once more it was up to the artillery.

The Russian cruisers were ordered, as earlier in the day, to take station on the port flank, beyond reach of the "overs." Their status was reduced to that of spectators. Togo made a corresponding disposition of his own light cruisers. When the second round of this battle of the giants began, the satellites were treated as liabilities.

The situation was touch-and-go. Both sides were desperate. The propellers continued to whirl in frenzied rapidity as the recoils from the salvos tipped the heavy platforms at sharp angles. Togo witnessed his first major engagement of modern battleships, and a furious one it was.

He had to revise his estimate of Russian gunnery ineptitude at long ranges. His own ships were pounding the distant targets with frequent hits that wrought conspicuous but not vital damage; and they were sustaining quite a few blows themselves, especially the *Mikasa*. The Japanese Commander-in-Chief was under a concentrated bombardment rarely if ever experienced by a general in a military offensive.

Togo's aids implored him to enter the conning-tower but he paid no attention to them. The Admiral's faithful and devoted steward of long service joined the chorus of vain entreaty, and shortly afterwards he fell wounded near the Admiral and was removed below decks. In a little while a message came from the steward urgently beseeching the Commander-in-Chief to accept the protection of the conning-tower provided for that very purpose. Togo smiled appreciatively but did not leave the exposed flying bridge.

The Russians knew this was their last chance, and a good one they made it, with evening approaching them from ahead and the Yellow Sea not far off in that darker direction.

The fire-control was not what Scott or Sims would have considered satisfactory in their own ships, but the total number of shots was so great that the low percentage of hits produced frequent crashes on the metal surfaces. Funnels and masts were knocked over and the superstructures torn apart. The vitals of the big vessels were not seriously invaded.

This defect in the armour-piercing projectiles of the Japanese proved to be their salvation. The day looked sorely in

need of rescue. For once during the long naval campaign the Russians seemed to be streaking off beyond control, exercising a free determination as to their own movements.

Both flagships were under heavy fire. The *Mikasa* sustained many square hits and also fell a victim to a most exasperating epidemic of artillery accidents that swept along the Japanese line. Due partly to certain defects in the firing-charges, partly to apparatus unable to withstand the strain of battle, and partly to the over-anxious manipulations of the excited gun-crews, there occurred a series of catastrophes that counteracted the splendid Japanese skill and discipline. Five out of the sixteen 12-inch guns of the fleet (four in each battleship) were disabled in these structural and functional mishaps which, theoretically at least and excepting for the psychological factor, could have occurred in a target practice. It was exasperating to have the Japanese injuries to the enemy's turrets offset in this fashion—and the impairments were just about equivalent.

There was no indication that the Russian progress would be or could be halted before dark.

It was at this point that was reached what Admiral Ballard correctly called "the most critical minute of the war."⁵ Certainly it also was the most critical minute of the career of Togo Heihachiro. The end of dusk would make or break it. Tsushima was to become his crowning glory but the Yellow Sea was his climactic victory.

The scales were turned by a pair of 12-inch shells that, either as part of a single ship's salvo or as a coincidence, struck the topside of the *Czarevich*. It was not luck that the target was hit or that the target was the flagship. What was luck were the simultaneity of the two blows (even if from the same Japanese vessel, as there was no director-firing), the failure of both projectiles to penetrate before exploding, and the particular points at which the trajectories impinged.

Had the shells pierced the deck and burst in the bowels of the ship, the *Czarevich* might have been destroyed but the result would have been less decisive than it was. The other Russian ships would have observed and understood what had happened.

The pair of shells struck the forward part of the topside and exploded upon impact. The structural damage was slight and the fury of the detonation was vented upon the air. One of these bursting charges blew to smithereens or to insensibility

⁵ *Supra*, p. 241.

TRACK OF RUSSIAN BATTLESHIPS IN
BATTLE OF THE YELLOW SEA
AUGUST 10 1904

FROM DEPARTURE FROM PORT ARTHUR
TO TOGO'S TERMINATION OF SORTIE



ROUND ISLAND

TALIEN DAY
RUSSIANS EMERGE THROUGH
MINEFIELD

RUSSIANS SIGHTED
BY TOGO
ENCOUNTER ROCK

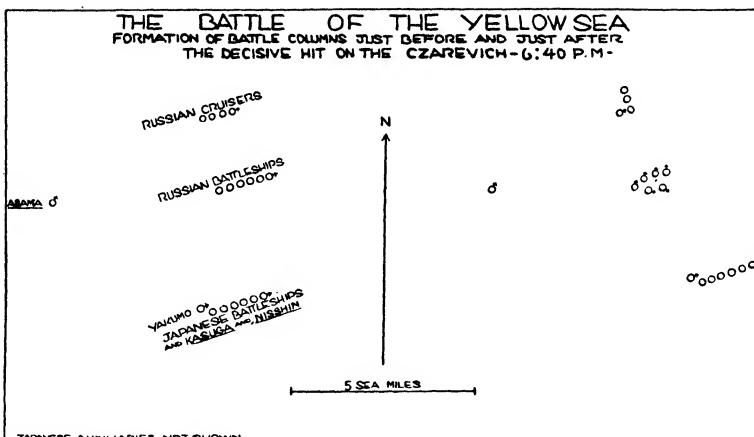
TOGO IN LINE ENGAGED WITH
RUSSIAN LINE FIRST ACTION WITH
RUSSIAN POSITION WHEN TOGO
HAULLED OFF FOR PURSUIT ON
ELLIPTICAL COURSE

FATAL TWO SHELLS HIT CZADEVICH AND
THREW RUSSIAN COLUMN INTO CONFUSION

SEA
YELLOW
SHANTUNG PROMONTORY
WEI-HAI-WEI

20 SEA MILES





every officer and man on the bridge. All that remained of Admiral Vitgeft was part of one leg. Rear Admiral Matusevich, Chief-of-Staff, lay unconscious. The other shell exploded in front of the conning-tower, forcing through its narrow slits as from a high-pressure hose a stream of compressed gas saturated with steel fragments. Against the heavy sides for which the allotment of tonnage had been generous as a protection to the occupants, they were slammed with bone-crushing violence. Within a second the Admiral and his entire staff, the Captain, the Navigating Officer and all of their juniors, including the signal group, were rendered insensible. The two places, bridge and conning-tower, from which not only the ship but the entire fleet was guided were swept clear of conscious humanity. No one remained above decks to report below what had happened or to send a signal. So far as the rest of the fleet could tell, there was nothing particularly significant about those two puffs of smoke on the *Czarevich* at a time when the entire line was sustaining frequent hits.

How long this state of affairs would have continued, the fleet steaming and fighting without leadership, is problematical had not the shell which raided the conning-tower installed a robot quartermaster in the place of the man blasted from the wheel. The helm was jammed hard a-starboard and held there with the tenacity of the damned. To this new, inanimate master the obedient rudder dumbly responded. Suddenly the flagship's head swung to port, the abruptness of the turn heeling over the hull twelve degrees.

The five battleships abaft saw this sharp swerve and peered

in vain for breakdown flag, signal-hoist, semaphore or a steam puff from the whistle.

The *Retvizan*, second in column, unquestioningly followed the leader in what she assumed was an impromptu evolution, but when the flagship continued to turn and doubled back towards the rear of her own column, it became obvious that something was wrong. The *Czarevich* lunged straight at the line, like a snake biting her tail, and nearly rammed the *Peresvet* and *Sebastopol*, fourth and fifth in the formation. Amazed and aghast, they manoeuvred so as to allow the circling flagship to pass between them. What, they wondered, could have happened to Vitgeft? Was this another case of temporary aberration like that of Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon off Tripoli in 1893 when he senselessly cracked together the *Victoria* and *Camperdown*? That mad turn had cost a ship and many of her complement, but this irrational behaviour of the *Czarevich* was occurring at the critical moment of a critical encounter in a major war.

The attention of the bewildered Russian battleships was diverted from the business of battle and escape, to the crowding dangers of threatened collisions. Without plan or organization the units of the disrupted line were moving independently like parts of a severed earthworm. Each Captain looked about him for guidance but there was none. The officers below decks in the *Czarevich* became aware that no rational commands were issuing from the bridge or conning-tower. It took irretrievable minutes to graft a new brain upon the ship and to communicate the situation. Then it was too late.

Togo could not understand what was going on during the first few minutes of this disorder. Were the Russians seeking to form a line abreast like Ting's at the Yalu? If so, why?

Gradually the truth made itself evident. The enemy was in confusion, the chase was over. The day was saved! The Japanese intensified the bombardment.

The Russian cruisers, at first assuming like the *Retvizan* that the *Czarevich*'s alteration of course was by design, made a corresponding turn. As soon as Admiral Reitzenstein recognized that the battleships were in disorder and were being pounded mercilessly by the newly-elated Japanese guns, he gallantly led back the cruisers in a diversion-relief movement.

The Russians and Japanese alike sensed the fact that there had occurred that kind of circumstance which marks the determination of an issue. The Russian line had been broken, and, more significantly, so had the Russian will. No longer did

anyone in the squadron suppose it possible to execute the mission, negative though it was, of reaching Vladivostok. Jeopardy of the Japanese fleet in arresting that attempt was at an end. Nippon still controlled the sea.

These reflections were not those of the moment, although their import was grasped intuitively amid the continuing gunfire and the absorption of action.

Togo turned across what had been the Russian van and placed his fleet athwart the enemy's former course but at a range that still bespoke caution.

The spectacle of these two hits upon the *Czarevich* breaking up the entire battle impressed itself forever upon those who saw it. Togo never forgot the lesson. Undoubtedly it was in his mind when, years later, while Chief of the General Staff, he said to Ogasawara: "The great secret of winning a naval engagement is to have the flagship always lead the way. No matter how disorderly the other ships may be, if the flagship holds her course their morale will be sustained. The flagship always must steam in the van, no matter how badly it may be damaged, as long as it can be handled at all."

That the incident of the *Czarevich* merely confirmed Togo's previous theories about flagships, however, is to be inferred from his turn in succession earlier that day when he sacrificed time in order that the *Mikasa* would be at the head of the line of battle when the fleets came to grips.

Down below decks in the rudderless *Czarevich* it became apparent long minutes after the fatal hits that the ship was running amuck. The ranking officer still conscious was located below at his job far from the groups that had been directing the ship and the fleet. Upon ascertaining the nature of the disaster he managed to transmit a signal from the runaway flagship to the *Peresvet* that Uktomsky, who was aboard of her, now was in supreme command.

The *Peresvet*'s masts had been shot away. There was no place to hoist a flag signal. The smoke from the guns and the wrecked stacks obscured semaphores. The other ships still were looking for orders from the reeling *Czarevich* and not the *Peresvet*. At last Uktomsky managed to communicate to most of the other battleships the fact of Vitgeft's death and an order, issued under increased pressure from the Japanese batteries, to follow him back to Port Arthur.

Togo could have fallen upon this heap of disorganized and demoralized ships and doubtless have finished them all in the waning twilight. He curved around them as Admiral Ito had

curved around the beaten Chinese battleships at the Yalu—and in both cases the enemy ships survived the hail of shells and crept back to Port Arthur.

Upon their withdrawal, Togo had to make a quick decision. Again there was an obvious step: to close the range and deliver the *coups de grace* at point-blank range. The risk, under the prevailing circumstances, was slight. But Togo was convinced that he had eliminated those vessels from the naval war and certainly had barred them from Vladivostok, that it was too late to spare the Army the consummation of the Port Arthur siege, that if the Russian battleships did reach Port Arthur they later might fall into Japanese hands for salvage and use against the Baltic fleet, and that he had no valid excuse for risking any of his own capital ships by mopping-up the victory. Probably he also realized that he had pumped out through the Russian muzzles a large part of the contents of their magazines, which could not be replenished in Port Arthur, at least for the 12-inch guns. Once more he disdained the obvious, but this time with questionable wisdom. The eminent American authority on strategy and tactics, the late Commander Holloway H. Frost, who combined a rare knowledge of naval history with unusual experience afloat,⁶ declared: "Possibly there is something to be said for his (Togo's) original plan of forcing back the Russians without a fight to a finish. But now that fortune had placed an annihilating victory in his hands, nothing can be said for his refusal to accept the gift."⁷

It is noteworthy that every decision in which Togo embraced the audacious proved fortunate and that in those subject to criticism he inclined towards the conservative.

Back over the trail of the day, Uktomsky led the Russian squadron. Wearily they jogged along, favoured only by a placid surface. At dawn five of the battleships, battered and beaten, were in those outer roads they knew so well. The missing member of the sextet was the *Czarevich*. Finding herself detached during the night, she crawled around the Shantung Promontory to Tsingtao, where the Germans were obliged to intern her.

The Russian cruisers scattered in similar confusion but were undamaged by the battle. The *Novik* and three destroyers turned up at Tsingtao. The *Novik*, whose previous boldness already had marked her as a Russian ship apart, coaled within

⁶ He was Operations Officer on the staff of Admiral Sellers, when the latter was Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. fleet, 1933-34.

⁷ Address before The Army War College, Washington, March 16, 1931, on *Joint Operations in the Russo-Japanese War*.

the permissible twenty-four hours and made a courageous dash for Vladivostok via the eastern side of the Japanese Islands. Refueling at Sakhalin, she was found by the searching *Tsushima* and *Chitose*, and forced ashore, but only after seriously injuring and driving off the stronger *Tsushima*. The *Novik* later was salvaged and utilized by the Japanese.

The cruiser *Askold* and a destroyer reached Shanghai, where they were interned. The *Diana* ran all the way to Saigon, where the French reluctantly had to do the same thing but took no measures to prevent some of the officers from slipping out and returning to Russia, to join the Baltic fleet.

One of the Russian destroyers was driven ashore by Japanese destroyers near Wei-hai-wei, but that was the only Russian ship actually lost in this fatal sortie.

Togo's night attack proved no more successful than the one of June 23. His tactics were the same, withdrawing the big ships because of the possible torpedo attacks that Jellicoe dreaded the night after Jutland, and delivering similar assaults by his own flotillas so ineffectively as to impeach the soundness of those fears. The Japanese torpedo craft harried the crushed Russians all their several ways back but could not bump a war-head against any of those slow-moving hulls. August 10 was not a brilliant day or night for the auxiliaries.

The Japanese ships knew that they had been through a fight. The *Mikasa* had sustained heavy casualties and severe damage. Most of the other capital ships had been injured in several places. However, as floating and steaming gun-platforms, they all were intact. The disabled turrets could be repaired. The Russian dash to Vladivostok had been frustrated without sacrificing a single Japanese warship from the force to be marshalled against the Baltic fleet.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BATTLE OF ULSAN

FROM the survivors of the Russian destroyer wrecked on the northern Shantung coast who managed to send a wire from Chefoo, the Vladivostok squadron received word of the despatch of the sortie on the day following its occurrence, but no news of the outcome arrived. Kamimura was more fortunate, thanks to the Japanese holding the interior naval lines, and was notified of all that had happened.

There had been further raiding activity in the Sea of Japan and the Pacific by this northern detachment of enemy warships that had become the terror of Japanese military and commercial traffic and of the communities along the extended coastlines of Hokkaido and Hondo.

Kamimura had come in for a great deal of popular and, indeed, other criticism, but he had played tag with the Russians through the fog and across the horizons as capably as the baffling situation had permitted. Togo stood behind him staunchly and so did Yamamoto, Saito and Ito, all of whom, from their own years of salt-water experience, appreciated the difficulties of policing the wide expanse of seas over which roamed the marauding squadron, latterly under Rear Admiral Yessen.

Kamimura was not even free to concentrate upon this important task. Whenever his plunges into the northern waters drove the raiders back into their hole, he had to rejoin Togo's main body on the other side of Korea, and the mice again would venture forth and play where least expected. When it is remembered that the North Sea blockade failed to prevent the bombardment of the British coast, it does not seem surprising that the Russians were able to dart about the relatively unpatrolled zones outside of Vladivostok.

The swift vessels there were admirably suited to that type of operation. Yessen's flag flew on the armoured cruiser *Rossia*,¹ which Togo had boarded at Taku in 1900. The

¹ About 12,000 tons.

Rurik, an older and smaller ship of the same type but much less modern in appearance, and the *Gromovoi*, also an armoured cruiser and the newest and largest of the trio, were the other two major ships. All of them were considered splendid domestic specimens. They carried the same ordnance² that was mounted in Kamimura's armoured cruisers, and were credited with almost the same speed. Although the *Rurik* was over a decade old, the three ships were substantially a match, so far as concerns specifications, for any three of the Japanese armoured cruisers. At Vladivostok there also was the light cruiser *Bogatyr*, an even faster vessel.³

Unfortunately for Yessen, the *Bogatyr* was not ready for sea when he cleared the harbour⁴ on the day following the report of Vitgeft's departure on the day previous to that. It was Yessen's intention to effect that very junction of the two squadrons for which Togo was on the alert.

Kamimura had his flagship *Izumo* and the *Azuma*, *Tokiwa* and *Iwate*. Rear Admiral Misu was aboard the *Iwate* as division commander. These vessels constituted two-thirds of the armoured cruiser sextet built in Europe after the war and were about to have the first opportunity to display their prowess.

Upon learning of the Battle of the Yellow Sea and its outcome, Kamimura steamed northwards from Quelpart Island through the Straits of Tsushima, expecting to encounter the Vladivostok contingent and also keeping a sharp lookout for the light cruisers that had broken through Togo's main body.

When at daybreak of August 14 certain suspicious lights melted into faint contours, it was no shock to identify them as the phantom raiders of the North. Kamimura instantly sent radio information to Uriu,⁵ who was relatively nearby with the Fourth Division of old cruisers. His flagship *Naniwa* started in the lead, followed by the *Takachiho* and then the *Niitaka* and *Tsushima*, to re-enforce the heavyweights.

Kamimura's long series of searches and reconnaissances was rewarded by the propitious circumstances of this eventual contact. The weather was ideal and Kamimura had the entire summer day ahead of him. The enemy was as far from Vladivostok as it was possible to be in the Sea of Japan, and Kamimura found himself between the Russians and their distant

² Four 8-inch guns each and secondary 6-inch batteries, but main batteries in corners and not on centre line.

³ 6645 tons, with 12 6-inch guns.

⁴ August 12.

⁵ Now a Vice Admiral.

base. This encounter occurred some thirty to forty miles northeast of Tsushima (Island) where the straits widen into the Sea of Japan.

Kamimura's slight superiority of actual speed, which under the circumstances seemed a guaranty that he could make the enemy fight to a finish, also gave him an enormous tactical advantage that increased his paper preponderance of gunnery strength, because of the arrangement of the respective main batteries. Whereas the four 8-inch guns on each of the Russian ships were mounted at the corners of the main deck, so that only two could fire on the same side, four guns apiece of the same calibre on each of the Japanese vessels were mounted by pairs in turrets on the centre line, enabling them all to bear on any broadside target. This gave Kamimura, on the parallel action which he naturally utilized his speed to dictate, what should have been a decisive margin of weight of broadside, wholly apart from any greater proficiency at fire-control.

It looked as though the much-abused Japanese Admiral was about to hand the Vladivostok squadron to his critics on a platter bearing the Elswick hall-mark.

The two commanders sized up each other's columns as they both steamed watchfully on easterly courses towards the coast of Hondo. Behind them was Korea and from the town of Ulsan⁶ on the adjacent portion of that coast the ensuing battle rather remotely was to derive its name.

The lightening day clarified the two rows of warships, whose converging tracks gradually cut the range. At about 5.20 A.M. the range-finders showed about four and a half miles, and both Admirals checked with opening salvos. Soon the 8-inch batteries were ablaze and, as the range shrank further, the 6-inch rifles joined in.

For some reason, Kamimura, in assigning the targets, gave his extra ship to the *Rurik*, the last and weakest in the enemy column, so that she was subjected to twice the bombardment administered to her stronger comrades. In a short time the *Rurik* lost most of her officers, many of her men and was being hammered in an anvil chorus. It looked as though she would be destroyed within a very few minutes and yet she remained afloat for hours, the diminishing number of survivors continuing to fire the diminishing number of useable guns until the very last, in a gallant fight of classic heroism that again won the admiration of the Japanese. How such valour and determination as were displayed by the crews of the *Novik* and the

⁶ Commemoration Bay.

Rurik, by Makaroff and so many other Russian naval officers and men, individually and in groups, could emanate from an organization so miserably headed and so sloppy in peacetime seems as anomalous in retrospect as it did to the Japanese in 1904. However, when one reviews the history of that service and recalls its complete framework, as described in *The Imperial Russian Navy*⁷ which Jane published in 1899, it becomes obvious that some sparks should have been expected to flash from the smouldering embers of that dormant tradition and pretentious establishment before the cinders were extinguished in the Straits of Tsushima.

The *Rurik* dropped behind. The other two Russian cruisers, themselves heavily beset, swerved away from the enemy and then reversed course to enable the *Rurik* to fall in her station as they passed.

On the easterly run Kamimura took some punishment himself but nothing comparable to what he inflicted. It would be assumed that when the enemy sheered away from the Japanese muzzles, the latter would have been pressed closer. This did not happen. Kamimura oddly held his course during Yessen's sixteen-point turn and then, when a few minutes later the former came about himself, it was by an *exterior* swing to port onto a new track that lengthened rather than shortened the range. The choice of course was that most certain to bar retreat to Vladivostok and is approvable on that ground.

The *Rurik*, under further shelling, was unable to proceed in column, and a shot in her steering-engine-room caused her to circle beyond control. Obviously she was a lost ship and the quixotic but admirable efforts of the *Rossia* and *Gromovoi* to save her by manoeuvring in the vicinity should have caused their own ruin at the same spot, such as befell the *Hogue* and *Cressy* in 1914. Kamimura followed Yessen's weaving in and out, the two squadrons banging away at each other and scoring numerous hits with shells that expended most of their fury outside of the armour.

Uriu arrived in the *Naniwa*, soon followed by the *Takachiho*. At first he took occasional shots as the fast-moving engagement brought him within range, but his chief concern was to avoid interfering with Kamimura's swift armoured cruisers.

Yessen realized at last that the *Rurik* was a wreck and that he would be unable to rescue the survivors, so at about half-past-eight he pointed for Vladivostok. The remarkable thing is that he got there. Uriu attended to the sinking *Rurik*, and

⁷ Thacker, 1904.

with that assurance Kamimura embarked upon the pursuit of the *Rossia* and *Gromovoi*. He had nothing to deflect his anxiety from the ships he was chasing, excepting only the Port Arthur cruisers. He was aware that they still might be at large but surely he had learned the difficulty of catching elusive cruisers sufficiently to appreciate the fact that two in the hand were worth many more than one (or even a fugitive battleship) in the fog or below the unknown horizon.

Meanwhile the *Rurik* was played around from behind by her inferior antagonists, who grasped her as one does a lobster. Her claws snapped until the last gun was silenced. Then, to avoid capture by Uriu, the sea-cocks were opened.

The four Japanese and two Russian armoured cruisers steaming to the northward were firing vigorously at each other. The hitting continued, particularly by the stronger adversary, and Yessen's vessels gave forth clouds of smoke, sheets of flame and other indications of being *in extremis*. But they puffed along and occasionally landed a staggering blow on one of the enemy.

All was not entirely well in Kamimura's squadron. The *Iwate* at the rearguard had been roughly treated in the early stage of the action prior to the Russian dash for home and Admiral Misu's flagship bore the effects. The only cruiser of the quartette not an Elswick product, the French *Azuma*, began to manifest organic fatigue as the stiff chase strained her engines. The terrific demands on the personnel began to cause physical and nervous exhaustion. Their salvos came at increased intervals. The Russians, however, were in far worse shape than the Japanese. The decks of the *Rossia* and *Gromovoi* were crowded with dead and wounded, and the upper portions of the vessels showed the havoc of the shells that had burst there.

A report mistakenly exaggerating the *Izumo*'s consumption of ammunition reached her bridge and Kamimura naturally accepted that as typical of the depletion of the magazines throughout the squadron. This created a misconception similar to that which equally erroneous advices momentarily gave Dewey at Manila Bay. Kamimura did not check up.

The battle had come after months of the most arduous over-work. Perhaps the Admiral was dog-tired himself. It is impossible to ascribe a persuasive reason for his abandoning the pursuit within three hours, while still on the high seas, and with long daylight hours ahead and many steaming hours between Yessen and Vladivostok. Kamimura did just that, turning around at 11:15 A.M. and going back to the position of the

Rurik's grave, where Uriu's squadron was conducting rescue operations.

Kamimura knew that the *Rossia* and *Gromovoi* were badly smashed up, but that was a further reason for clinging to them until they were delivered to gravity, beyond reach of the Russian repair corps. As it eventuated, several weeks were required to restore them to seaworthiness with an impaired combatant value, but they did venture forth again to harass the Japanese. It was Kamimura's good fortune that their future activity inflicted little damage and that the *Gromovoi* ran aground.

There has been considerable speculation as to his reasoning. Many explanations have been offered but, in the light of his information at the time and his moves of the day regarded in their entirety, none is plausible.

The bald facts immediately penetrated the veil of censorship and Kamimura's name was reviled by the masses. His residence was stoned. The Navy Department denounced this attitude and declared rather vaguely but emphatically that the Admiral's withdrawal had been in accordance with the orders under which he was operating. It has been suggested that he may have received a radio recall from Tokyo.⁸

Officially Kamimura continued in high favour and took a leading part in the remainder of the naval campaign. This may be attributable to genuine approval of his decision, either on the merits of the decision or because of its possible dictation by some provision or reasonably misconstrued ambiguity in his movement orders.⁹

Even if the authorities privately dissented from his judgment of withdrawal, there were cogent reasons for allowing the matter to rest without removal, rebuke or review. Any such step would have damped the ardour of the patriotic spree into which the Empire threw itself generally when the engagements of August 10 and 14 were announced as unalloyed victories. The opinion that the Japanese Navy had won two glorious battles was of the utmost importance at home, in the camp of the enemy and in the bond markets of the world. Triumphant admirals are not investigated or superseded. The slightest inquiry into the exercises of Kamimura's discretion would have

⁸ See Carlyon Bellairs, *The Battle of Jutland* (Hodder & Stoughton), p. 10.

⁹ Admirals should be more expert in the art of clear expression and more imaginative of possible misreadings than even draftsmen of legislation or of testaments. There can not be repeated too often Mahan's famous adage: "Communications dominate war."

confirmed the demoralizing suspicions of the martial spirit of the Second-in-Command afloat. There also might have been provoked a comparison with Togo's own omission to maintain contact with the Port Arthur squadron on the evening of August 10.

Kamimura was a flag officer whose experience, even though it may have included one deplorable error of judgment, and whose proved excellence of leadership made him too useful for the immediate future to permit the public and service confidence in him to be undermined or to permit his departure from the fleet. His splendid work at Tsushima the following spring more than vindicated his retention at the head of the Second Squadron.

The *Rurik* was the only enemy battleship or cruiser which was sunk in those two actions, but injuries, internments and the collapse of hope rendered both of the Russian squadrons *hors de combat* for the time being. The seas of the war zone were safe for the Army.

In his concluding report to the sovereign after the war, Togo divided the naval campaign into three parts, chronologically, and the first he called "the period of elucidation," whose completion he fixed as of the fall of Port Arthur. The heavy work of the elucidation was accomplished when Kamimura saw the battered *Rossia* and *Gromovoi* recede over the northern horizon, but four and a half months of anti-climactic mopping-up remained to be done before the Combined Fleet could prepare for the second stage, which Togo termed "the period of achieving victory."

Once again the antagonists paired nonfeasances. Had Togo destroyed the Port Arthur squadron at the Battle of the Yellow Sea, he would have been able to commence the urgent refit of the fleet without further delay. As it turned out, the necessity of co-operating with Nogi's Third Army until the end of the year did not deprive the ships of sufficient time in the home yards before Rojestvensky's arrival, because the Baltic fleet dawdled and poked in its own preparations for sea and upon its voyage.

Togo's composure and iron patience withstood the strain of this intermediate duty that for him was devoid of stimulating excitement or thrill of any kind. Early in the siege the capture of Port Arthur was discounted by public opinion at home, and the popular ecstasy evoked by the defeat of Vitgeft created an attitude that his crumpled command no longer was capable of offering opposition. Nogi and Togo were expected to de-

liver the trapped and vanquished squadron. In other words, until the Baltic fleet should enter the scene, Togo's exacting activities could not add to his prestige or that of the Navy but offered liberal opportunities for making mistakes and incurring serious losses.

Shortly after the August naval battles, General Nogi took a leaf out of Admiral Ito's letter-book at Wei-hai-wei and invited Port Arthur to submit without further bloodshed. The Russians not only were unready for any acknowledgment that the citadel was pregnable but, even when this was demonstrated after months more of sanguinary fighting, Stoessel's surrender was followed by his post-war conviction by court-martial. Japan unhesitatingly sacrificed human lives to attain national objectives but Russia wantonly wasted them as her cheapest commodity.

The sinking of those 11-inch howitzers by the Vladivostok marauders had upset the plans of the Port Arthur attack and retarded Nogi's progress. In trying to proceed without heavy artillery, he had met with staggering losses. At this juncture, the victories at sea proved of direct military value. The riddance of the coasts of Japan from the menace of present naval bombardment persuaded the authorities to permit the loan to Nogi of certain guns from the seaport batteries at home. Laboriously they were transported to the Liactung Peninsula and hammered by field artillery and infantry charges into advanced positions. These transposed pieces were able to reach Port Arthur by indirect fire and they showered the supposed berths of the battleships inside the harbour. Togo again co-operated by having the Genoese armoured cruisers, with their brand-new rifles, supplement this barrage from the seaward side, but he wisely was too fearful of the minefields to allow his entire fleet to participate.

The patterns dropped by these blind salvos had a slight chance of covering the Russian ships. The result was in accord with the probabilities: one vessel was straddled, the *Poltava*, and she went down. This campaign of attrition might have been continued until the remaining four battleships ceased to float, but the method was extravagant in its consumption of time. When the intelligence reports indicated beyond doubt that the Baltic fleet was bound for the Far East, Togo urged Nogi to hasten the fall of Port Arthur so that the Japanese warships could refit.

What sorely was needed to finish the trapped ships was a view of them from the artillery positions, to permit spotting.

The observation balloon was out of the ascendance. There was no substitute for a piece of ground high enough to afford a view within the corner of the fortified bowl in which the fleet had huddled. Nogi made up his mind that he had to have 203-Metre Hill, whose summit would provide such a platform. This hill was incomparably easier to hold than to take. A successful assault involved an enormous slaughter of determined troops. The fierce attacks and counter-attacks at this position made its prosaic name known throughout the world and memorable in military annals. Nogi lost thousands of his best men, his own two sons were slain on the carmine slope, but early in December he finally won his point of vantage, which also was the keystone of the defensive arch. At about this time the one energetic leader in the Russian garrison, General Kondradienko, was killed, and a radical difference in the spirit of the defence was noticed immediately.

This broke the siege, which cost Japan nearly 100,000 men. Within a month it was over. During those last weeks the caged squadron was finished. One by one, like beasts in a pit, the battleships were potted, excepting the *Sevastopol*, which refused to submit passively or risk possible enemy salvage. She concealed herself from the landward guns and from 203-Metre Hill by lying once more in the outer roads. The Japanese flotillas had three weeks of torpedo practice at her net-protected hull, but about a hundred of the expensive automobile projectiles, bravely discharged under difficult weather conditions, failed to sink the gallantly-defended lone survivor of the Port Arthur battleship septet. When all hope was gone she was sunk by her crew.

During that autumn period Togo was obliged to engage in various coastal and joint operations within the minefields and to yield additional toll for so doing. There seems no valid reason for his having jeopardized any of his major units, of which he had taken such care when their freer use might have been strategically sounder. Nevertheless, besides several losses among the minor auxiliaries, there were three more hits scored by the nefarious Russian submerged explosives. Two light cruisers fell victims. The *Takasago* was one of the high-powered vessels of relatively recent Elswick construction and a valuable member of Dewa's fast division. She was sunk. The *Akashi* was injured but repaired. The most alarming mishap, however, was to the *Asahi*, whose loss would have reduced his original battleship quota of six to three and his original four *Mikasas* to two. Fortunately the *Asahi* was kept afloat

and preserved for the column at Tsushima, where she was needed to balance Togo's divisional arrangement as well as for her 12-inch guns on a heavily-protected platform.

After the August engagements at sea, the main military offensive proceeded without awaiting the capture of Port Arthur, which diverted Nogi's Third Army and many reinforcements of its shattered ranks. The Fourth Army under Lieutenant General Nozu Michitsura, who had succeeded to the command of the First Army during the Sino-Japanese War, landed between Kuroki and Oku and marched northwards, fighting its way against a Russian counter-offensive, until it stood between Kuroki's First Army, up from Korea, and Oku's Second Army, up from the Liaotung Peninsula, opposite the Russian positions at Liao-Yang. Here Kuropatkin, after unsuccessfully having essayed the offensive, prepared to make a determined stand in an elaborately-prepared position. Field Marshal Oyama personally assumed supreme command of Japan's Manchurian armies and at the end of August he was ready to attack with forces inferior in number to those of the enemy and necessarily upon the ground of the latter's selection.

A great battle was fought at Liao-Yang from August 28 to September 3. It was a nineteenth century battle, waged largely in the open, with rapid movement over a wide terrain and a disconnected front. There was opportunity for resourceful tactics to overcome weakness of position and weight of battalions.

Kuropatkin fell back before Oyama upon Mukden to the northward. Japan won the field but sustained losses equal to or greater than those of the Russian, and the defeated forces were able to retire in good order.

Kuropatkin consolidated his troops for a last-ditch defence of North Manchuria and for a thrust forward to regain the lost territory. On October 25, ten days after the Baltic fleet sailed from Libau, he was appointed to succeed Alexeieff as supreme commander in the Orient. Kuropatkin was a man of more ability than Alexeieff but he also lacked the nobility of character essential for a great leader.

There was severe fighting during the winter, mostly as the result of fresh offensives by Kuropatkin, but the general situation was not altered. A titanic battle was brewing for the near future.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LAST CHALLENGE

AFTER the defeats of Vitgeft and Yessen, Togo's concern shifted to events at the other extremity of the Czar's domains. Would the Baltic fleet sail to Asia? If so, when, of what ships would it consist, and, above all, what would be its doctrine?

Here again the Japanese questions were not answerable by intelligence agents. Even had Togo possessed every scrap of information upon those topics in the minds of all of the Russian naval authorities up to the Czar himself, he would have lacked any certainty because none existed.

The time needed to complete important new units and to prepare others for sea, which factor had entered into the decision of the Japanese to precipitate the war when they did, gave the Czar many months in which to indulge in his habitual vacillation. Finally, however, he realized that to waver indefinitely would be tantamount to permitting a decision by default.

There was to be decided a broad question of strategy, which involved difficult questions of tactics. The raw materials for moulding an intelligent decision were trained judgment, which the Czar lacked, and the unvarnished facts, which were withheld from him.

In 1907-08 Theodore Roosevelt was to show that a battle fleet of that period could complete an interoceanic voyage in better trim to fight than when it started, but, besides having to contend against the neutrality laws, the Imperial Russian Navy lacked a Fighting Bob Evans and such trained personnel as manned the American ships.

The Russian Minister of Marine was Admiral Avelan, who was a seaman but unversed in matters of higher naval strategy. The Chief of the General Staff, upon whose technical advice he largely relied, was Rojestvensky, who was slated for the command of the re-enforcing fleet and who declined to risk being considered personally timid by emphasizing the arguments against the expedition. Uncle Alexis, nominally the head of the

Navy, did not know what it was all about. So Avelan and Alexis urged the Czar not to discard the last white hope.

The Grand Duke Alexander argued that if the remaining squadrons were sent into Togo's home waters, Russia probably would have to negotiate a peace without any fleet-in-being, but the former was considered the erratic member of the Romanoff family and his words were not taken seriously.

There were pressed upon the muddled absolute arbiter all kinds of extraneous considerations, such as alleged public opinion, which upon technical operations should have been led and not followed.

Then, one October day, the Czar donned his Admiral's uniform, reviewed the Baltic fleet, and delivered a farewell exhortation from the fore-and-aft bridge of Rojestvensky's flagship, the *Suvoroff*. When, seven months later, there came the news of Tsushima, the Czar was at a family picnic.¹

A FORTNIGHT after the capture of 203-Metre Hill, when the doom of the Port Arthur squadron and of the stronghold was sealed, and about a week before the actual surrender, Togo was summoned for a series of conferences at the Department to formulate the plans for receiving the Baltic fleet, which then was en route but still far from the war zone.

The *Mikasa* steamed through the Straits of Shimonoseki to Kure on the Inland Sea, and on December 30 the Admiral reached Tokyo. He was acclaimed a hero of the first rank and had to hide in his home and at the Department to avoid the demonstrations of the crowds. The huge hostile armada apparently on the way to her shores made the nation seaminded with an intensity unknown since the days of the early invasions, and all looked for protection to the Imperial fleet and its Commander-in-Chief. The Emperor and Empress sent him special messages of congratulations and good wishes² after the new year commenced with the capture of Port Arthur.

Togo was able to spend January at home with his family. Many working hours were spent at the Navy Department, discussing with Yamamoto, Saito, Ito and the others the probable programme of the formidable Baltic fleet then at Madagascar, the reorganization of the ships and personnel of the Japanese forces, and the innumerable incidental matters. All of the past victories and complete success in the future Man-

¹ Once A Grand Duke, *supra*, p. 223.

² January 6.

churian military campaign would avail Nippon nothing should Rojestvensky capture the Tsushima ferry.

Several shifts were made in the higher command to strengthen the fleet.

Kamimura was retained at the head of the Second Squadron, which was to operate with considerable tactical independence. Dowa and Uriu were kept at their important cruiser posts, both as Vice Admirals. To Kataoka was assigned a squadron comprising the *Chen-Yuen* and about the best of the ships which had pummelled her at the Yalu, a quartette of cruisers, including the *Suma* and the ex-*Esmeralda* (*Izumi*), and a few others. They were grouped in three divisions, the Fifth under Rear Admiral Takedomi, the Sixth under Rear Admiral Togo Shoji (no relation of the Commander-in-Chief), and the Seventh under Rear Admiral Yamada.

Dowa's division was placed in the First Squadron, directly under Togo; Uriu's was placed in the Second Squadron under Kamimura.

Captains Shimamura and Kato, theretofore the Chiefs-of-Staff of Togo and Kamimura, respectively, now wore the uniforms of Rear Admirals and were asked to assume new duties. Shimamura was given a command of his own, the divisional charge of the armoured cruisers under Kamimura. Kato was promoted from the chieftaincy of Kamimura's staff, which did not rate a Rear Admiral, to that of Togo's.

Rojestvensky had no officer on his staff or available for consultation who was the peer of Shimamura or Kato, who stood, successively, at the side of Togo during the war and deserve to share with him the credit for the outcome. Kato was to play a most active part in the formulation of the strategy and tactics that ensured Rojestvensky's destruction.

The other positions in the fleet, from captains down, were checked over by those responsible, and the most promising line-up devised for each ship. Vacancies among the enlisted men were filled with sailors trained to serve in the first line of the Navy. Japan had her Prince Uktomskys but they were assigned to foolproof stations.

The yards did their part splendidly in renovating the ships from bow to stern. Besides being docked and repaired, they were gone over by the various specialists and inspected in every part. The guns which had been fired a great deal were relined, turrets and hoists put in prime condition, all of the complicated electrical apparatus tested and perfected, optical

instruments adjusted, magazines refilled with improved ammunition, and the vessels literally made better than new. The Imperial fleet was discharged from the various stations in stronger fighting condition than when it had sailed from Sasebo the previous February. It was ready in April, and from then on there were incessant drills under realistic conditions.

The *Mikasa* was accorded favoured treatment in the order of attention and was available to the Commander-in-Chief towards the end of February, when he set forth to supervise the establishment of the new operating base. He had returned to his cabin early that month.

Dewa was sent on a southerly reconnaissance cruise.⁸ At Singapore in mid-March he learned of the Russians' departure from Madagascar for points East via an unknown route, and he hastened back to Japan.

Togo's victory at Tsushima directly commenced with his selection of the base, made with the approval of the Department. The decision depended, of course, upon the disposition of the Japanese fleet for the resistance of the approaching invasion of home waters, and this disposition depended in turn largely upon the guess as to Rojestvensky's probable movements and intentions.

It is interesting that the rival Admirals followed the same reasoning. Togo imagined himself in Rojestvensky's place and correctly estimated what information Rojestvensky would possess of conditions in the war zone, and what assumptions the latter would make to supply the gaps in that information.

There were two major questions: would Rojestvensky try to reach Vladivostok without seizing a temporary base, and, if so, by which passage would he enter the Sea of Japan?

Since Port Arthur's fall, there was no Russian harbour available. The British stations and the American Philippines were out of the question. The diplomats assured Togo that France was being held in line on the neutrality issue, and the more that the tide in Manchuria turned in favour of Japan the more reluctant was Paris to antagonize her. China possessed a string of suitable ports and here the Anglo-Japanese Alliance again came to the fore. The British made it clear to both combatants that Chinese territorial waters would be protected against Russia by the Royal Navy.

There were the new acquisitions of Japan herself to the south. Formosa offered no adequate anchorage for a fleet of the magnitude of Rojestvensky's, and there were on that

⁸ February 22.

Island other topographical military difficulties. Togo remembered his own seizure of the Pescadores. Would Rojestvensky try that? The former had them mined and fortified, and saw to it that these measures became known.

Then, assuming that, although Vladivostok had no coal or other supplies for the fleet, Rojestvensky would be driven direct to that destination by the elimination of all others, Togo pondered the probable route.

There would be a choice among three. The very narrow one at the extreme north, through Soya Straits, between Sakhalin and Hokkaido, was wrapped in fog during the spring and approached only by way of the Sea of Okhotsk, which was guarded by the treacherous Kuriles. This route involved hazardous navigation via passages easy to mine. For Rojestvensky to steam that far out of the way would be an enormous added burden. Togo rejected that possibility.

The Straits of Tsugaru between Hokkaido and Hondo were also narrow and made more difficult by a strong current. They were flanked by Japanese naval stations. Before Rojestvensky could reach the north of Hondo his whereabouts would be known to Togo as definitely as those of his own ships. The Tsugaru approach was little, if any, superior to the Soya, and Togo decided that Rojestvensky would not attempt it.

This left the Straits of Tsushima. To try to break through this hub of Japan's naval strength was not a pleasant prospect for any enemy, but it seemed the only course that Rojestvensky could take. Togo made his plans on that absolutely sound hypothesis. The comforting thought was that this assumption involved no serious risk should it prove erroneous. The distances from Tsushima to the two north-easterly approaches made it reasonably certain that, if Rojestvensky surprisingly should essay either, Togo would have time to be at the inner end to greet him.

The basic fact in the situation confronting Togo was that "the period of elucidation" had left him in command of the sea and, therefore, in the broad strategic sense, on the defensive. So long as the *status quo* prevailed, matters were satisfactory to Japan. The burden lay upon Rojestvensky to alter the situation. This could not be done by a fleet-in-being at Vladivostok, whose unsupplied "being" would become more precarious every week.

It is essential to a grasp of Togo's strategy that it be remembered that it would not have been a vital blow to Japan

had Rojestvensky succeeded in breaking through or sneaking through to Vladivostok. Similarly, a surprise raid on the Japanese coast could not have affected adversely the terms of the final peace.

Those were the fundamental concepts, notwithstanding which it was desirable that the Mikado's domains should be protected from bombardment and that the Baltic intruders should be disposed of with prompt thoroughness.

The above considerations dictated a position for Togo's fleet inside of the Sea of Japan but near the Tsushima entrance. He once more found the physiography accommodating to his needs. On the Korean side of the straits, directly opposite their titular island, was a protected anchorage easily adaptable as a base. It was there, at Masampo, that the Russians several years previously had sought to obtain a naval station of their own.

Koje Island lies offshore, forming a deep sound called Sylvia Basin and an approach from the sea, the channel to Masampo, known as Douglas Inlet. This place was even more difficult for an enemy to spy upon than a Japanese home yard. Here Togo planned to kennel his biggest watch-dogs.

For the cruisers he found a good shelter on the other side of the western channel. At high tide Tsushima (Island) is a pair of islands * separated by Tsushima Sound, which is wide and deep on the westerly end but so shallow on the easterly that at low water the two islands become one. On the southerly shore of that sound is Osaki Bay and it was there that the cruiser greyhounds were leashed when not on patrol.

Rojestvensky learned of Togo's general dispositions and, despite the efforts of secrecy, this was merely what the latter had expected.

MARCH witnessed the completed Battle of Mukden. Whether measured by the length of the front or by the numbers engaged or by the ammunition expended, this struggle between the concentrated armies of Russia and Japan was the most gigantic of modern history prior to the World War.

After the withdrawal from Liao-Yang in September, Kuropatkin had rallied his troops for counter-attacks against the Japanese, who had elected to consolidate rather than pursue immediately. This was the time for Russia to strike hard—while Port Arthur still held out. Oyama got wind of the enemy's plan to resume the offensive and decided to do so

* Kamino and Shimono.

himself. A great battle was waged in October south of the Sha River, to whose edge the Russians were pressed back. Kuroki in particular distinguished himself in these operations.

With the surrender of Port Arthur, Nogi and his veteran battalions were released for the northern front and they constituted an invaluable re-enforcement.

The mid-winter clashes between the Manchurian armies were relatively minor. Both sides were preparing for a decisive battle in the spring. In view of the severe and long winter season in that region, it was not to be expected that this titanic onslaught would be precipitated earlier than May or certainly April, but before the end of February it furiously opened.

Besides Nogi's Third Army, which Oyama placed on his left, there was the Fifth Army, under General Kawamura, buttressing the right flank. In between were the armies of Oku, Nozu and Kuroki, deployed on a forty-mile front. Extended as that was for those pre-1914 days, the Russian positions stretched some seven miles further.

The Japanese had about 375,000 men in the field, just about all that they could muster and transport at the time. They were putting all of their military chips on this campaign and faced it desperately. The Russians, with trained armies at home, fearful of possible German complications and revolution, nevertheless slightly outnumbered the enemy at Mukden.

For several days the battle raged without decision. The Japanese were the aggressors in most of the contacts, which became general, and the Russians stood their ground pretty firmly. When, after several days of the bloodiest kind of fighting, Kuropatkin decided to recede, the various Japanese armies were advancing separately with unsatisfactory communication and unity of plan. Nogi did splendid individual work and met Kawamura, to join the two ends of the Japanese line behind the Russian positions, leaving the latter encircled. The only disappointment was that the Russian positions proved to be vacant! Kuropatkin had withdrawn miles to the northward.

The Russian losses are estimated to have been close to 100,000 and about three times the Japanese. The theoretical totals of the two nations' armies were immaterial; the salient fact was that Russia had left behind in those few days about a quarter of her entire Manchurian forces and was faced by a victory-fired enemy whose relative strength at the theatre of conflict had been increased.

Oyama had pushed back Kuropatkin and now stood astride the field of battle while the latter crept to the remote region north of Mukden, near the Siberian border.

It was a decisive Japanese victory—decisive for the moment on land. There was behind the Russians the attenuated thread of the transcontinental railway and there was behind Oyama the ferry to Japan.

More than ever was the situation dependent upon Togo's fleet. The "period of elucidation" with its hampering need for caution gave way to the "period of victory" in which the reserved gentleman from Satsuma at last could let fly with all he had.

As a matter of course the supreme command of the force organized during the summer in the Baltic was entrusted to Vice Admiral Zinivy Petrovich Rojestvensky, one of the very few senior officers who combined merit and success. Born the same year as Makaroff, he was almost exactly the age of Togo. Like Makaroff but to a less exceptional degree, he distinguished himself in the Turkish War. Through varied tours of duty Rojestvensky rose to the chieftaincy of the General Staff, a position corresponding to Admiral Ito's.

While the latter was fighting the Chinese, Rojestvensky was acquiring a familiarity with Oriental waters by reason of his being Flag Captain under Vice Admiral Alexeieff, then commanding the Far Eastern Squadron.

From youth Rojestvensky specialized in naval ordnance and gunnery, he was a good seaman and he knew a great deal about steaming evolutions. Besides having the all-around training and experience of an active flag officer, he was a commander in whom subordinates had implicit confidence. They never doubted his bravery, competence, integrity and innate decency. These fundamental virtues were supplemented by a wholesome Washingtonian ability to get angry at the proper provocation, and by a sense of humour. Rojestvensky lacked that unique spark of Makaroff's but his leadership was the most valuable asset conferred upon the new Second Pacific Squadron.

When during the harrowing voyage almost all other cohesive influences gave way under the stresses and strains of the vicissitudes encountered, the personality of Rojestvensky continued to hold the fleet together and march it to its inescapable doom even though that stalwart sea-fighter himself weakened during the ordeal.

The Russian Commander-in-Chief had an unworthy staff,

cliquey and self-important, which aroused the animosities that mediocre staffs always breed in a fleet. To justify the swagger of their aiguillettes, these aids in the *Suvoroff* had only that modicum of inside information which the uncommunicative Admiral vouchsafed to them, but this was the most sought-after possession in the fleet and they flaunted their monopoly with offensive vanity. The staff's function was not important; Rojestvensky did his own thinking and detailed planning. This proved to be a serious weakness.

The Second-in-Command was Rear Admiral Folkersham, a good run-of-the-mine flag officer, who was seriously ill most of the voyage and died a few days before the Waterloo.

It is difficult to describe the force with which Rojestvensky was asked to recover control of the Far Eastern waters from the battle-tried fleet of Japan. To begin with, there was no such thing as a Baltic fleet in fact. There were unfinished new vessels and anachronistic old ones, all without trained complements, that lay at the ports near Russia's capital. The hastily assembled Second Pacific Squadron was a conglomeration of these heterogeneous ships picked on paper and arranged as one might a bunch of assorted wild flowers, from which Rojestvensky then discarded the worst.

The resulting flotilla had so many of the superficial attributes of a battle fleet that the world watched its despatch with serious attention and the Japanese people contemplated its approach with an alarm that was transcended only by the proud faith in their own.

The story of the voyage is an *Odyssey* with the *Iliad* at the wrong end. It has been told effectively in several forms. There is the classic *Rasplata* by Semenoff,⁵ who reached Libau after the Battle of the Yellow Sea,⁶ just in time to return East aboard the fleet flagship, and survived the last battle to chronicle them all. There are the laconic letters to his wife from Politovsky,⁷ the young expert of the Construction Corps who doctored the various vessels as they developed ailments en route, hated the whole bootless enterprise and went down in the *Suvoroff*. There are the official reports of the Admiral. There are the first-hand narratives of other participants. There are the cold but expressive figures. It was a large-scale venture in conscious futility, the epitome of Imperial Russia's moral bankruptcy.

⁵ (Murray 1909).

⁶ He had been aboard the *Diana* and among the officers permitted to escape French internment at Saigon.

⁷ Eugene S. Politovsky, *From Libau to Tsushima* (Murray 1906).

A lay observer of the armada as it appeared, let us say, when passing Singapore in April 1905 would have been impressed deeply by the sheer mass and number of the forty-five vessels, including seven battleships, six cruisers, a flotilla of destroyers, the other auxiliaries and the train, an array which must have looked to a landlubber like strong medicine for any challenging admiral to swallow in one dose.

The eye of a naval expert would have detected certain patent weaknesses. The ships obviously could not maintain station even at the slow speed they were steaming. The newest and most powerful battleships sat too deep in the water, so that their heavy armour belts were submerged and a useless drag. Even the rudiments of the infant science of camouflage were ignored by the black hulls and—believe it or not—yellow funnels.

The officers aboard were aware of more serious shortcomings. They knew that every little while the procession had to be halted while the engineers, often aided by members of the Construction Corps, repaired breakdowns in the machinery. They knew that the untrained crews were lacking in competent seamen and technicians. A shortage of ammunition had prohibited target practice and the chronic shortage of coal (the cruise was a protracted problem in fuelling without bases) limited tactical exercises to a worthless minimum. The revolutionary telescope sights, developed by Admiral Fiske of the United States Navy and long used by the Japanese, had just been installed and were still unfamiliar gadgets to the Russian gun-pointers. Because of the rejection by the St. Petersburg electricians of Marconi wireless outfits, the ships carried inferior equipment which made it impossible for the Admiral to rely upon this method of communication, which Togo was using with facility. The new signal books contained errors that rendered them perilous to use. Many torpedoes were defective. So wretched were some of the foreign vessels in company as converted auxiliaries that it was hard to doubt the predominance of graft over patriotism in the purchase.

The warships could not steam dependably as units, much less in simple formations, and tactical evolutions of any complexity were altogether beyond them. They could not fire their artillery properly. Their inter-communication system was crude and untrustworthy. As the voyage progressed it became less and less possible to sustain the illusion that even Rojestvensky could get these men-of-war to do anything at all collectively. He lacked even the nucleus of a fleet, and

this damning fact became more obvious every day—to him more plainly than to anyone else.

The departure from Libau was made on October 15. Trouble developed at the outset. Before the completion of the transit of the Cattegat and Skagerrak, the older officers realized that the rusty reservists and raw recruits, many of whom never before had smelled the salt, were no more fit to be in the Imperial Navy than in the Imperial Ballet. Their deficiencies matched those of the matériel. Nothing aboard, from searchlights to steering-engines, from ammunition hoists to signal halyards, was handled smartly.

The armada moving along beneath the Swedish hills had about it that same quality which more recently has been evident in elaborate Soviet factories that turned out machines looking like tractors but failing to work.

An essentially inland agrarian nation, technologically primitive, handling its affairs through an autocratic Government honeycombed with nepotism and corruption, had gone to market and bought itself a batch of warships such as its maritime and industrial neighbours possessed, but the balky contraptions refused to function. Those responsible remained on the St. Petersburg front.

The stolid Russians became nervous as they headed for sea; not timid or cautious but downright nervous. They peered behind every Scandinavian rock for possible Japanese traps. They were startled by every smudge of smoke and by every distant mast, and actually fired upon numerous neutral cargo-carriers and a trawler. Fortunately there were no hits but this good fortune could not continue forever. The erratic behaviour soon was advertised to the world by an opera bouffe performance in the North Sea, where the fleet's wild antics almost brought down upon the Czar's crown the sceptre of Uncle Bertie in an application of Baron Hayashi's Alliance.

As these imposing but neurotic leviathans were nearing the Dogger Bank, where ten years later Beatty and Hipper were to meet in the first clash of dreadnoughts, they should have been on a sharp lookout for the trawlers that frequent those waters. There was one of the prevalent fogs and as night came on the Russians forgot about the fishermen and were scanning the mists ahead for—enemy destroyers from Sasebo!

Through the mists one of the auxiliaries espied lights. The Russian fleet flared up in a blaze of activity. Signals flashed, searchlight beams sliced the black fog, flames spurted from the secondary batteries, shells struck the warships, and a his-

toric curtain-raiser to the Battle of the Dogger Bank was in full blast. The Russians lost it. They were bound to, because, for the most part, they had been firing at one another. Some harmless trawlers from Hull were the other victims and, of several hit, one went down. There was loss of life and there were injuries among the English sailors, whose habitual presence in that vicinity was a matter of general maritime knowledge.

Great Britain was furious, Russia was worried, Japan was delighted.

When the fleet arrived at Vigo, the first port of call, the press of England was howling for war and King Edward's ministers seriously were considering it. There were rumours that the Second Pacific Squadron peremptorily would be ordered home by the Royal Navy as a menace to competent mariners of the high seas. Another report implied that the recall of the Commander-in-Chief would be demanded. The White Ensigns of the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets were said to be concentrating at Gibraltar.

Paris quietly reminded London that Europe was nearer than Asia and that the arch-menace was Germany, not Russia, so the transgressing fleet was allowed to proceed, but with a shadowing detachment of British cruisers that hung on for some time.

The Hull Affair was relegated to an International Commission but its repercussions were noteworthy. The Russian fleet rejoiced that it had not been deprived of Rojestvensky, while with admiration and envy he observed through his glasses the snappy evolutions of the British squadron in the rear. The world learned the bitterness of England's hostility towards Russia and that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was vitalized by sentiment, a realization that enhanced Rojestvensky's coaling difficulties en route. And Togo was convinced that the Second Pacific Squadron was no more of a hard-hitting, hard-fighting naval machine than had been the First.

Of all the ports visited on the cruise, Tangier was the only one that extended genuine hospitality. The Sultan of Morocco followed the precepts of Mohammed rather than those of the international lawyers. He explained to the Russians that he had not been informed officially of the alleged war anyway, and that if a Japanese squadron cared to call it would receive an equally cordial reception.

The colonial authorities at Dakar and Libreville on the western coast of Africa were personally friendly but were

under orders from Paris, inspired by constant Japanese and British diplomatic pressure, to observe strictly the obligations of neutrality within territorial waters. The French felt that in keeping Great Britain out of the war they were doing all for Russia that the entente required and all that was possible.

Under actual or fancied British influence, Portugal gave the fleet a cold shoulder at Great Fish Bay but Rojestvensky coaled despite the injunction against it.

At Angra Pequena in German West Africa there was no trouble because the coal contract shrewdly had been acquired by the Hamburg-American Line.

The ships steamed past Table Mountain, at Durban again looked in vain for some Japanese torpedo stratagems, and finally anchored in Madagascan waters.

For weeks the diplomatic wires had been busy transmitting code groups relating to territorial limits and combatant warships. Some express or implied agreement seems to have been entered into whereby a stay of indefinite duration was to be winked at by the officials at Madagascar, on condition that the rules would be enforced to the letter in all French ports along the remainder of the route.

This proved a splendid bargain for Japan both ways. Nothing could have wrought more havoc with the Russian fleet than its licence to rot at Madagascar and its subsequent expulsion from Cochin-China.

The French did not want these embarrassing visitors sitting around the principal drawing room of Diego Suarez and hustled them off to the detached out-house of Nossi-Bé, an island off the northwest shore of Madagascar, where there were no facilities for obtaining supplies, for satisfactory telegraphic communication or for the respectable recreation of the personnel.

At Tangier Admiral Folkersham had parted company with the main body to take some of the lighter-draft vessels through the Suez Canal. He reached Madagascar⁸ just about the same time as did Rojestvensky from the opposite direction. Folkersham was a sick man and his detachment had become disgruntled, but even more disheartening set-backs awaited the Commander-in-Chief at Madagascar.

He had arrived full of enthusiasm. His crews had retained their good spirits, if they had nothing more, and it was a relief to have surmounted the fuelling obstacles up to that point. Rojestvensky had been resolved to hasten his invasion of the

⁸ December 28.

Pacific. He had reached Madagascar intending to prune the fleet of its weaker members and to strike as quickly as possible with those capital ships relatively fit to fight.

Then came a series of crushing disappointments. There greeted the fleet the news, first, of the destruction of the Port Arthur squadron, and then, of the fall of the stronghold. The implications of these misfortunes were plain. The burden upon the Second Pacific Squadron was heavily increased. Now it would have to face a concentrated and recuperated Japanese fleet and there no longer existed even the theoretical possibility of naval aid in the East nor of any haven excepting remote Vladivostok, where there were no supplies.

The officers at Madagascar would not admit it to one another, but they all knew that the expedition, whose prospects of success never had been bright, now was senseless and suicidal. This conviction percolated below decks to the men whose humble families and friends at home had beheld Bloody Sunday and were beginning to grow restive with the first stirrings of the 1905 Revolution.

The climate of northern Madagascar is excessively humid and this makes the heat unbearable. The squadron's days and nights alike were enervating without relief. Severe ailments with which the naval surgeons from the temperate zone were unfamiliar broke out on every ship, in addition to cases of all of the diseases with which they were acquainted. Many officers and men became pathologically depressed and melancholy, some insane.

On the beach there was nothing to do but gamble with swindlers, consort with the pseudo-Parisian prostitutes who flocked to Nossi-Bé, drink liquor and buy African animals. So much money was lost on games of alleged chance that scandalous rumours of defalcations by paymasters spread about and the Admiral ordered accounts audited. The septic women lengthened the binnacle lists. Over the decks swarmed strange pets that flew, crawled and climbed into every corner.

The officers grew irritable and quarrelsome. The men became unruly and insubordinate. Acts of sabotage were followed by sporadic outbursts mutinous in nature. The chief activity seemed to be the holding of general courts-martial. Although Semenoff's book declares that the compassionate Admiral commuted all death sentences, the inhabitants of Nossi-Bé still speak of the grim spectacle of sailors swinging from yardarms by their necks.

Folkersham's days were known to be numbered and when

Rojestvensky received orders from St. Petersburg to wait—for what, he knew only too well—his health also broke down as the result of exasperation and despair.

Many a commanding officer ashore and afloat has bemoaned the omission to receive re-enforcements, but the Russian Admiral was in dread of having thrust upon him a ball-and-chain addition of “auto-sinkers” which he positively had refused to take along in the first instance. When the wires from the Admiralty, the bad news from Manchuria, the vile climate and the inefficiency of his command finished their combined assault upon his sturdy physique and staunch will-power, he was left a prematurely old man, like Cervera at Santiago, “without fear and without hope.”

Week by week the ambition to make an early start for the Pacific was frustrated by the conditions beyond his control, and the longer the fleet remained at Madagascar under waiting-orders the less fit was it to proceed towards the enemy.

The Admiral was painfully aware of the continuous demoralization of his personnel and decay of his ships. He tried on the men the obvious remedy of hard work but the weather made this physically exhausting and the results of every kind of drill were so discouraging as further to undermine the ebbing confidence of the complements in themselves and in their ships.

The heart-breaking idiocy of the Admiralty was the hardest load that Rojestvensky had to bear. Captain Klado, who had returned from Admiral Skrydloff’s staff at Vladivostok and had started from Libau in the *Suvoroff*, had been sent back to testify before the International Commission investigating the Hull Affair. He ran around Russia delivering lectures and writing articles about the difficulty and enormity of Rojestvensky’s mission, but his amazing affirmative proposal was that, regardless of Rojestvensky’s wishes, every available additional seaworthy warship should be thrust upon the fleet already en route. The *Novoe Vremya* published these sensational outbursts and a campaign was whipped up that echoed in Madagascar, where Klado was cursed furiously by his colleagues in the wardrooms. In Russia, however, the agitation began to move the authorities, who must have known that experience proved the peril of a weak appendage to a strong line. This had been demonstrated by the Japanese themselves as recently as the Battle of the Yalu when Ito’s column was retarded and endangered by the presence of the old *Fuso* and *Hiei*, not to mention the *Saikyo* and *Akagi*.

In the middle of January the Admiralty telegraphed Rojest-

vensky that, by reason of the developments at Port Arthur, it was imperative that he regain for Russia the control of the sea (what other jokes did they know?) and maroon the Japanese Army in Manchuria, that if the force at Madagascar was not sufficient for this purpose all warships still in the Baltic would be sent to join him, and that his own views were desired.

Rojestvensky spoke his mind. He told the Department that he had no prospect of obtaining command of Far Eastern waters, that whatever craft still were available would hamper him, and that the only programme he considered feasible was to drive his best ships to Vladivostok and operate from there. This was tantamount to informing the authorities that at best the objective they sought was impossible of attainment and that above all he wanted no more mill-stones around the necks of the abler divisions. When his advice was not accepted and his aggravated illness forced him to bed, he tendered his resignation.

The Admiralty should have told the Czar and his statesmen to sue for peace, with the fleet at Madagascar. Failing that, it should have relieved Rojestvensky of the irksome command and certainly should have recognized the wisdom of his attitude towards "re-enforcements" that were impairments. What it did was retain the infirm Admiral as leader and direct him to await the unwelcome additions. Some relics were scooped out of the harbour mud and tendered to Rear Admiral Nebogatoff. They consisted of the armoured cruiser *Vladimir Monomakh*, launched in 1882, and three antique coast-defence vessels. Their guns had very limited ranges and the recoils were apt to crack the old hulls. Nebogatoff advised against despatching those tubs on a wartime mission against a modern fleet on the other side of the world, but he could not refuse the assignment if they were sent. On February 15 he sailed with that quartette and seven light auxiliaries, with orders to operate under direct instructions from the Admiralty until he effected a junction with Rojestvensky.

When the latter heard of this outrageous disregard of his views, he managed to keep his composure on the quarterdeck, where he now walked with stooped shoulders and one leg obviously lamed by his illness, but in the privacy of the cabin his steward and his Flag Secretary heard him fume and rage. It was little wonder that the Admiral lost his temper. Not only were the nitwits of the Neva tying loaded tin cans on his tail, but they were adding insult to injury. Two officers whose names Rojestvensky had struck off the rosters submitted for his

approval when his own force was being organized were given berths in the new squadron.

Then, adding foam to the Admiral's cup of anguish, the Hamburg-American Line balked at completing the coal contract to the dangerous East. This breach was inspired after Port Arthur and Mukden by the Government of the Kaiser, who was partial to winners. New and unsatisfactory fuelling arrangements had to be made.

A detachment of vessels originally included in Rojestvensky's squadron but not ready to sail with it in October, reached Nossi-Bé at about the time that Nebogatoff left the Baltic.

It was in those January and February days, when Rojestvensky was arguing with St. Petersburg by coded cables and his fleet was corroding physically, mentally and morally at Madagascar, that Admiral Togo was having his unhurried conversations at Tokyo and his fleet was being restored to prime fighting trim.

Rojestvensky hoped that the folly of the Nebogatoff expedition might be realized before it was too late and he awaited word of its recall to Russia. In the middle of March there came instead a report of its arrival in Crete. The angry Admiral took an audaciously insubordinate step. He cleared Nossi-Bé without notifying Nebogatoff or St. Petersburg of any rendezvous or of his route.

With great relief, the boiled-out fleet left the debilitating climate of Madagascar on March 16 and, with contempt for logic and rational causation, proceeded to follow the disastrous winter at Nossi-Bé with the outstanding achievement of the entire cruise and one of which any navy might be proud. The ships steamed for twenty-eight days across the Indian Ocean, through the Straits of Malacca and into Kamranh Bay, a distance of nearly five thousand miles, without entering a harbour.

There was increasing anxiety of a Japanese torpedo attack when the Russian ships halted to refuel on the swelling seaways or to await some repairs. Trouble was expected with certainty in the Straits of Malacca and, as has been noted, Dewa had gone that far on his recent scouting expedition. Togo was stalking information just then and not trying to waylay the entire Russian fleet with a few cruisers, which in the event of contact doubtless would have kept a respectful distance from the battleships.

The difficulties of coaling en route were greater than ever. When at last the ships dropped their hooks in Kamranh Bay after the long voyage from Madagascar, they were in dire need

of the temporary security of a protected anchorage. The French Admiral on that station was openly sympathetic but it was the same old story of orders from Paris. Before leaving Nossi-Bé, Rojestvensky had heard of the calamitous defeat at Mukden, and he perceived that the reverses suffered by the Russian arms stiffened the official French attitude regarding neutrality. As a matter of fact, French public opinion cooled towards the loser, and by summer, when Witte passed through Paris and Cherbourg on his way to the Portsmouth Peace Conference, he felt himself "treated . . . as a representative of some political nonentity."⁹

Rojestvensky played a weary game of hide-and-seek with the French flagship along the coast, evacuating Kamranh when politely asked to do so and then slipping back first into that port and later into Van Phong Bay, as soon as the policeman's back was turned. He had sought to avoid touching shore at all, thereby to elude the inevitable instructions that he await Nebogatoff, but a halt had been imperative and the unwelcome telegram did not fail of transmission.

Whatever lost energy had been regained by the fleet during the refreshing voyage across the Indian Ocean was dissipated during the tedious wait in and out of the ports of Cochin-China, where another month was frittered away.

Despite the debilitating effect upon the fleet of Madagascar and Kamranh Bay, the Japanese bitterly denounced the prolonged sojourn in allegedly neutral waters and only the completeness of the subsequent victory erased this resentment against France.¹⁰

Finally Nebogatoff arrived, a feat over which Klado subsequently gloated.¹¹ Many of the enlisted men were cheered by this augmentation of numbers, but the sophisticated officers found no cause to rejoice in the sacrifice of quality to quantity. The actual sight of the impediments increased Rojestvensky's sense of outrage. He allowed indignation and pique to affect his judgment. The Commander-in-Chief, who received Nebogatoff only once before the battle, omitted to impart to him by oral discussion a familiarity with the operating plans. This

⁹ Count Witte, *Memoirs* (Doubleday Page, 1921).

¹⁰ In 1907 the Franco-Japanese Agreement was signed, impliedly recognizing each other's sphere of influence in China, and by that time a new deal was entered into between the belligerents of 1904-05. The completeness of Japan's victory enabled her to enter into relationships of amity with both the vanquished foe and his ally, which an indecisive war would have rendered impossible.

¹¹ *The Battle Of The Sea Of Japan* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1906), p. 6.

it was not possible for Nebogatoff to gain from the written orders of which a set duly was delivered to the *Nicholas I.* On May 14 the invaders set forth on the last lap. Rojestvensky's movements were in accordance with Togo's prognostications. The Russian course was laid for the Straits of Tsushima via the eastern side of Formosa, outside of the trade routes. From the time that the Baltic fleet left Cochin-China until it was picked up in the fog by the Japanese scouts the morning of the fateful twenty-seventh, its exact whereabouts were unknown to Togo.

Because it offered the wider stretch of navigable water, Rojestvensky chose the eastern channel of Tsushima between the titular island and the Goto archipelago off Kyushu. He detached commerce raiders to operate as decoys off the Pacific coast of Japan and in the Yellow Sea, but their officers did not attract any attention and the feints were complete failures. Similarly, Togo was not thrown off the scent by the transports that were sent into Shanghai.

The ships halted at sea on the twenty-third for what the flagship signalled would be the final coaling — before Vladivostok.

Admiral Folkersham, who had become delirious, died at about this time. For reasons of morale, the fact was withheld from the fleet, and the *Oslavia* sank during the battle flying his flag. Even Nebogatoff, who automatically became Second-in-Command, was not informed, and when the Japanese guns eliminated the *Suvoroff*, he did not realize that it was upon his shoulders that the mantle of Rojestvensky had fallen.

The question of hour was important in planning the crucial transit of Tsushima — daylight or darkness. Once again the deliberations were ruled by the torpedo, whose meagre performances in the war had not deflated its prestige. If he considered Togo's destroyers more of a menace than the full Japanese broadsides, Rojestvensky used poor judgment. Perhaps he was desperately wagering Russia's last chance on a possible surprise. More likely he regarded an engagement as inevitable and preferred to have his men face it without being exhausted by a preceding night of torpedo attacks, during which the Japanese battle fleet could manoeuvre to fall upon the harassed and slower Russian vessels at daybreak. If that was his reasoning there was much to commend it, as the events of the twenty-eighth were to prove.

At about the time that Rojestvensky's weary warships dragged themselves past Singapore, Togo was assembling the

opposition in the spacious and secluded waters of his temporary Korean base. The new light cruiser *Otawa*¹² was present and a few new destroyers plus one captured from the Russians.

To him that hath. . . The target practice and formation exercises that the Russians needed and could not obtain were prescribed for the Japanese in liberal doses. Togo kept the officers and men at almost constant drills during the six weeks between the re-mobilization and the battle. This and the unremitting scouting to the southward and at the northern straits were the chief activities of the fleet. Kamimura laid an enormous minefield off Vladivostok.

DURING the night of the twenty-fifth the Russian radio operators picked up messages that they were sure emanated from Japanese warships. Rojestvensky gave the fleet a dress rehearsal in steaming evolutions the following day and then ordered the fleet to stand by for the long-awaited contact with foe and fate. The guns were manned that night, the crews sleeping in watches, and it was known that in the morning the fleet, with battle flags flying, would steam into the Straits of Tsushima.

Rojestvensky remained on the bridge, dozing in a chair. He did not share the illusions of the skipper of the *Oleg*, who offered to bet the Admiral that Togo would allow the Russian ships to steam right past him to Vladivostok without firing a shot, in order to gain them as prizes after the war.

¹² 6-inch guns, 8000 tons.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONTACT

ON THE eve of the battle, many neutral experts appraised Rojestvensky's fleet as about equal to Togo's on paper. Since the intricate subject of comparative naval strength has received such exhaustive study in connection with modern treaties of limitation, the conclusion reluctantly has been reached that no absolutely fair yard-stick is available. Respective tonnages, armour, guns, propulsion plants and other physical elements may be compared but there is no way to derive a formula of general equivalence. When, in addition, such important imponderable factors as age, design, accessories and many others are taken into consideration, it becomes even plainer than before that no common denominator exists.

The Russian and Japanese lines of battle that were drawing together consisted of twelve armoured vessels apiece. Togo had the three *Mikasas* and the *Fuji*, a total of four battleships, and the two Genoese and six other European armoured cruisers. Against this dozen the Baltic fleet had five good ships and seven inferior ones.

The First Division included the *Kniaz Suvoroff*, Rojestvensky's flagship, the *Emperor Alexander III*, *Borodino* and *Orel*, the four brand new battleships which really were on their shakedown cruises. They had displacements of 13,500 tons, trial speeds of over 17 knots, and carried the same main batteries (four 12-inch guns) as the *Mikasas*. Any desk comparison would have graded the Russian battleship quartette as superior to the four *Mikasas*.

The Second Division was led by Admiral Folkersham's posthumous flagship *Oslabia*, a sistership of the *Peresvet* and *Pobieda*, carrying four 10-inch guns. She was a good specimen of the battleship class preceding the *Suvoroffs*. Then there were the *Sissoi Veliki* and *Navarin*, two older battleships of lower speed and smaller size, whose four 12-inch guns apiece were of an earlier mark, and the old armoured cruiser *Admiral Nakhimoff*, which mounted six 8-inch rifles.

The remaining four vessels of the Russian line were the "flat-irons and galoshes," as the rest of the fleet called Nebogatoff's anachronisms, incorporated in the organization as the Third Division. The flagship was a battleship dating back to 1889, the *Nicholas I*, whose actual speed at Tsushima already has been commented upon and only was claimed to be 14 knots at theoretical best. The balance of the division comprised the *General-Admiral Apraxin*, *Admiral Seniavin* and *Admiral Ushakoff*, sisterships of a so-called coast-defence type whose low freeboard unfitted them for work on the high seas; they had been built in the early Nineties with an eye to possible German or Swedish warfare in the Baltic.

The nine cruisers were a heterogeneous assortment. Two small new ones, the *Izumrud* and *Jemtchug*, were used as destroyer leaders.

Rear Admiral Enkvist, commanding the cruisers, aboard the fast new *Oleg*, a 6-inch gun light cruiser, also had in his first division the *Aurora* and two armoured cruisers, the *Dmitri Don-skoi* and *Vladimir Monomakh*, which had been built within a few years of Togo's return home from England. The latter was one of Nebogatoff's contributions.

Also under Enkvist was a second division of cruisers, including the *Svetlana* and *Almaz*, small vessels but the latter a new one, and the converted merchantman *Ural*.

There were nine relatively new destroyers supposed to be capable of over 25 knots.

Summing up the specifications, it appears that Russia had more big and fewer small guns and much less speed. Nothing better illustrates the interrelationship of matériel and personnel than the respective artillery strength of these forces, because while the weight of a Russian broadside was by much the heavier, the Russian weight of broadside fired during a given period of time was by much the lighter, due to the greater rapidity of the Japanese fire.

Calling upon the testimony of neutral experts, one finds that shortly after the battle Admiral Fiske, in a characteristically penetrating analysis, wrote that "The two forces were so nearly equal in material, that whatever difference there was may be neglected in this inquiry."¹ He attributed the victory to superior fleet handling and superior gunnery, and these he declared to have been due to Togo's leadership during the battle

¹ Bradley A. Fiske, *Why Togo Won*, U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. XXXI (1905) p. 807.

and his manoeuvres prior thereto, which simulated actual warfare as closely as possible.

In 1927 Commander Frost, applying post-World-War methods to the comparison, adjudged Japanese superiority at Tsushima to have been two to one in matériel and "at least" the same in efficiency of personnel.²

Had there been any wagering by informed experts, however, the odds would have lengthened far beyond two to one that Togo would win the day. That he would dispose of the Russians more thoroughly than had Nelson of the French at Aboukir and as completely as had Dewey and Sampson of their respective Spanish opponents, no one considered possible—excepting Togo and his men.

Togo's battle plan called for annihilation. The time for caution was past. "The way to win a naval engagement," he later said to a close friend, "is to strike hard at the right moment, and ability to judge the opportunity can not be acquired from books but only from experience."

He resolved to throw his battleships upon the strongest First Division of the enemy and to have his *Mikasa* in the van with himself on the flying bridge. His tactics were designed to enable him to select the "right moment."

The Japanese fleet was indoctrinated by Togo with the concept that the approaching battle would not be a contest between ships manipulated by men but a contest between men using as weapons these great floating fortresses as those men's forefathers had wielded swords. Togo was the first to praise the unsurpassable heroism displayed by many of the Russian officers and crews, but he recognized the different concept with which they fought.

"The Russian Navy," he commented in after years, "was not weak but lost to us because of the belief that a battle can be won by the ships as distinguished from the complements. In the end they relied upon the vessels and, when these were damaged seriously, gave up hope. In our Navy, on the other hand, every single man was prepared to fight until he individually was incapacitated, no matter how badly his ship might be injured."

Emphasizing that distinction was not splitting hairs; it went to the essence of Tsushima; it went back generations; and it was the eternal *bushido* as instilled into the Japanese fleet

² Fitzhugh Green and Holloway H. Frost, *Some Famous Sea Fights* (Century, 1927), p. 248.

of 1904-05 by its Commander-in-Chief, who believed that no improvements in matériel could lift the ultimate burden from the martial spirit of the warriors themselves.

The narrative of the Battle of Tsushima, unlike that of the actions in which Togo participated in his youth, has been written, rewritten and analysed, backwards and forwards. Certain precise ship-tracks can never be plotted on the chart because of a lack of the necessary data. So far as the information has made it possible, action charts have been worked out graphically in minute detail by experts the world over.

The laboratory material for studying modern naval warfare is limited. There have been few large-scale engagements. Between the days of sail and the World War, Tsushima was without a rival in magnitude. It was the major battle of fleets between Trafalgar and Jutland. Every move by every ship has been scrutinized under the critical microscopes of the naval war colleges of the world.

Tsushima was not an action of simple development and position like the others in which Togo had fought. There were diverse and widely separated synchronous operations more difficult to contemplate in their entirety than a circus with three rings and various side-shows. An effort to retrace the movements of all of the ships would be confusing to a reconstruction of the core of the action, which was all that Togo himself could envisage and direct.

He devised the major tactics and he indoctrinated his flag officers with his plans, but when the clash came he could not remain aloof like a general on some lofty eminence remote from the enemy's fire, supervising slow operations on a wide front. Rather was he like a cavalry leader galloping at the head of his premier troop, against the enemy's centre, leaving the flank charges to trusted subordinates guided by instantaneous decisions combining command with precept.

Togo rode with kaleidoscopic celerity through an opacity of mist and smoke. From the initial joinder of issue between the respective columns of armoured ships, the action became, as Admiral Ballard has characterized it, "one of the most confusing and complicated engagements ever fought on the sea at continuous full speed, in which the movements were so intricate that to attempt to follow them in detail in a general account is merely tedious."⁸

May 27, about to become the most cherished date in Japan, was the birthday of the Empress. In the Russian fleet, cham-

⁸ *Supra*, p. 275.

KOREA

N

20 SEA MILES

1st. and 2nd. Divs -
(Togo and Kamimura)
Battleships and armoured
cruisers.
4th. Div (Uru)
Old cruisers also destroyers
and torpedo boats.

WESTERN CHANNEL

5th, 6th, and 7th. Divs
(Katsura, Togo the Younger,
and Yamada)
Veterans
also destroyers
and torpedo boats

TSUSHIMA

AKITSUSHI

TOGO'S DISPOSITION
BEFORE TSUSHIMA

FUSO

EASTERN CHANNEL

3rd. Div. (Dewa)
fast cruisers

X RUSSIAN FLEET SIGHTED
BY SHINANO 4:45 A.M.

IZUMI

X RUSSIAN LIGHTS
SIGHTED BY SHINANO 2:45 A.M.

FIRST PATROL LINE
(AUXILIARIES)

GOTO ISLANDS

KYUSHU

pagne was opened that day at lunch in honour of the anniversary of the Czar's coronation, and as the toast was drunk in the wardroom there were visible through the portholes some of the enemy's scouts, signifying the imminence of battle.

When early that morning the alarm came, Togo was in his sentry-box at Sylvia Basin.

The First and Second Divisions, his own and Kamimura's, lay there poised for the occasion. Uriu also was present with his Fourth Division, and it is worth noting in connection with Togo's career that these veteran cruisers were led by his old *Naniwa*, kept alive and vigorous as the old Russian ships were not, because of the difference between the complements. Most of the destroyers were with this main body.

In Osaki Bay, the temporary cruiser headquarters at Tsushima (Island), were the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Divisions of old vessels, under Admirals Kataoka, Togo the younger, and Yamada, respectively, minus certain units hereinafter mentioned as being on patrol.

Some seventy miles southwest of Tsushima (Island) was Togo's outer line of patrol, consisting of the *Akitsushiu* at the northwestern extremity, the *Izumi* at the southeastern, and four useful auxiliaries at regular intervals between. These six vessels spanned the straits.

Behind, as a secondary patrol, was Dewa with his fast cruiser division that now included the new *Otawa*. His arduous duties throughout the Port Arthur campaign prepared him admirably for this work and for almost anticipating Togo's wishes, enabling the latter to grant considerable latitude in the way of independent operation, which in large measure was enjoyed also by the other division commanders.

The old *Fuso* was stationed off the southerly end of Tsushima (Island) in readiness to jump into the fray if it came her way on either side and for general utility during the patrol.

The night of the twenty-sixth was clear overhead with a moon in the last quarter shining dimly through the mist that lay over the sea. Towards morning, as the moon climbed higher, the atmosphere thickened and a damp, penetrating breeze caused shivers that were unseasonable within a week of June. The long sojourn in the tropics rendered the Russians particularly sensitive to this inclement weather.

Togo began to have misgivings about the accuracy of his assumptions. Was Rojestvensky after all going to attempt coaling off the northern coasts of Japan and make a dash

through Soya or Tsugaru? He was long overdue at Tsushima on any reckoning of speed and distance. The twenty-sixth seemed to be the last day upon which the Russians reasonably could be expected to reach Tsushima if that was their course, and the day had passed without a sign of them. There was some question in the minds of Togo's staff as to whether he might not order a new disposition of the fleet on the following day.

The foremost pickets steamed up and down their beats. The *Shinano*, one of the auxiliaries, was well out in the seaway between Goto and Quelpart Islands when she sighted lights slowly travelling in a generally easterly direction. It was 2:45 A.M. The faint moonlight gave little visibility through the mist and Captain Narukawa snooped as close to the stranger as he dared without risking unnecessarily premature discovery of his own vessel, whose lights were out.

The ship he was shadowing aroused suspicion at once because, while she carried some lights, they were not the usual ones, but her profile was not that of a warship. Upon further observation, however, in which Narukawa displayed no such impetuosity as had the Russians at the Dogger Bank, he became convinced that the advancing vessel matched the silhouette of a Russian auxiliary. For an hour and three-quarters of tense self-control after first sighting the lights, he kept his glasses glued on this dim object until finally there were streaks of dawn through the variable mist. The closest scrutiny now failed to reveal any guns, and yet the Japanese officer felt certain of the identity. An enemy unarmed? Of course—a hospital ship!

The low visibility had given Narukawa no alternative to a short-range view, and now suddenly a recognition challenge was flashed at the *Shinano*, which disclosed not only that the latter had been seen but also that there must be other Russian ships in the vicinity.

It was 4:45 A.M. Through a rift in the surface cloud-banks there opened up before Narukawa's thrilled vision the extended formation of the Baltic fleet ploughing along on a course north-east by east. He flashed the most thrilling message it ever had been the fortune of a son of Nippon to despatch. It reached Kataoka in the *Itsukushima* and he rushed it to the *Mikasa*, where it was delivered to the Commander-in-Chief a few minutes after five.

Automatically, the Japanese naval machine commenced to

function. Togo flashed off a telegram to the Department that the hour had struck and that the fleet would "forthwith proceed to sea to attack the enemy and destroy him."

The cruisers leaped into activity and the ponderous battle fleet began to stir the waters of Sylvia Basin. Soon the latter was moving through Douglas Inlet. "The flagship *Mikasa*," noted the Executive Officer of the battleship *Asahi*,⁴ "took the lead of the column and our division formed up in the order of the *Shikishima*, *Fuji*, *Asahi*, *Kasuga* and *Nisshin*. We proceeded out of port over a tumbling sea, and made for the eastern channel of the Tsushima Straits, there to annihilate the Baltic fleet at a blow."

Togo's scouts did a fine piece of work in keeping him informed of the enemy's movements, although for some time after the *Shinano*'s first message the fog drew a curtain across the advancing opponents, who were aware from the outburst of radio activity that their approach had been heralded.

Dashing to the southward, in the fog, Dewa overran the Russians, who were in a compact formation, but the swift vessel built as the celebrated *Esmeralda* had a chance to show her worth and did not lose it. The *Izumi*, on the port wing of the outer patrol line, picked up the starboard flank of the Baltic fleet and hung on beyond gunnery range, broadcasting the position and all other important information to the aroused Japanese forces.

There was the unfailing omen. The invaders had been sighted first in the square of the Japanese operating chart marked 203. Port Arthur's fall had been precipitated by the capture of 203-Metre Hill. Banzai!

Rojestvensky would not permit any deflection of his cruisers and so did not order them to drive off the *Izumi*, an unconscious but clearly implied confession of weakness. Dewa now was astern of the Russians and later Kataoka appeared on their port beam. There still was no firing. This state of affairs, the Baltic fleet advancing into the eastern channel of Tsushima under silent enemy observation and escort, prevailed until 10 o'clock, when Rojestvensky aligned his twelve armoured ships in battle column.

Dewa rapidly overtook the lumbering enemy and steamed along the port flank at a distance of over four miles, whereupon, without orders, some of the Russians opened a futile fire, to which the Commander-in-Chief put a halt.

⁴ Captain Togo Kichitaro (nephew of Admiral Togo), *The Naval Battles Of The Russo-Japanese War*. (Tokyo 1907) p. 46.

The fog thickened again and Rojestvensky, finding himself hidden, sought to shift into a partial line abreast as a surprise manoeuvre and one that might increase the chances of some units breaking through. Strategically he was an invader but tactically he was decidedly on the defensive. The evolution was simple but was not executed smartly. Before it was completed, the capricious mist blew off and foxy Rojestvensky was caught in the midst of his lightning-change disguise. The Russian battle divisions proceeded in two columns, the First slightly ahead and to starboard of the Second and Third. When this formation was reported to Togo, he planned to strike from the eastward, to crumple first the stellar quartette, including the fleet flagship.

Pursuant to his policy of leaving no loophole, he ordered Rear Admiral Yamada to lie in the western channel with the old vessels of his Seventh Division.

The Japanese tactics for the instant situation called for a seven-point programme, commencing with a torpedo reception off Quelpart Island and ending at Kamimura's submerged garden of mines off Vladivostok. The first two parts centred about flotilla operations which the prevailing heavy weather prevented. The rough sea and low visibility gave Rojestvensky all the good breaks in the weather.

The last two stages of the projected assault never were reached because the enemy did not survive that long. It was the third, fourth and fifth that destroyed him. The third was the shock-force gunnery drive against the Russian line. The fourth was the torpedo attack during the following night, and the fifth was the artillery mopping-up by the resumption of fire at daybreak.⁵

This detailed plan, susceptible of adaptation to the reasonably foreseeable variations and flexible enough to cover contingent surprises, was formulated in consultation with Chief-of-Staff Kato and the other operating aids, but, as one of them said shortly after the battle, in according full credit to the Old Man, it "had ripened in the quiet hours of his cabin."⁶

The course of through traffic in the eastern channel lies between Tsushima (Island) on the westerly and two small islands, Ikishima and Okinoshima, on the easterly side. This was the

⁵ See *Description of the Battle of the Sea of Japan*, trans. by Capt. R. H. Anstruther, R.N., from *Marine Rundschau*, May 1906, Journal of the Royal United Service Institution. Vol. L, No. 848 (Sept. 15, 1906), p. 1185.

⁶ *Togo's Victory As Seen From His Flag-ship*, Harper's Weekly, Vol. 49 (August 19, 1905), p. 1196.

bottle-neck through which Rojestvensky was starting to pour his ships into the spacious Sea of Japan. The mist increased its width tactically and that was all the room that Togo intended to allow the enemy when the time came for the big guns to start Part Three.

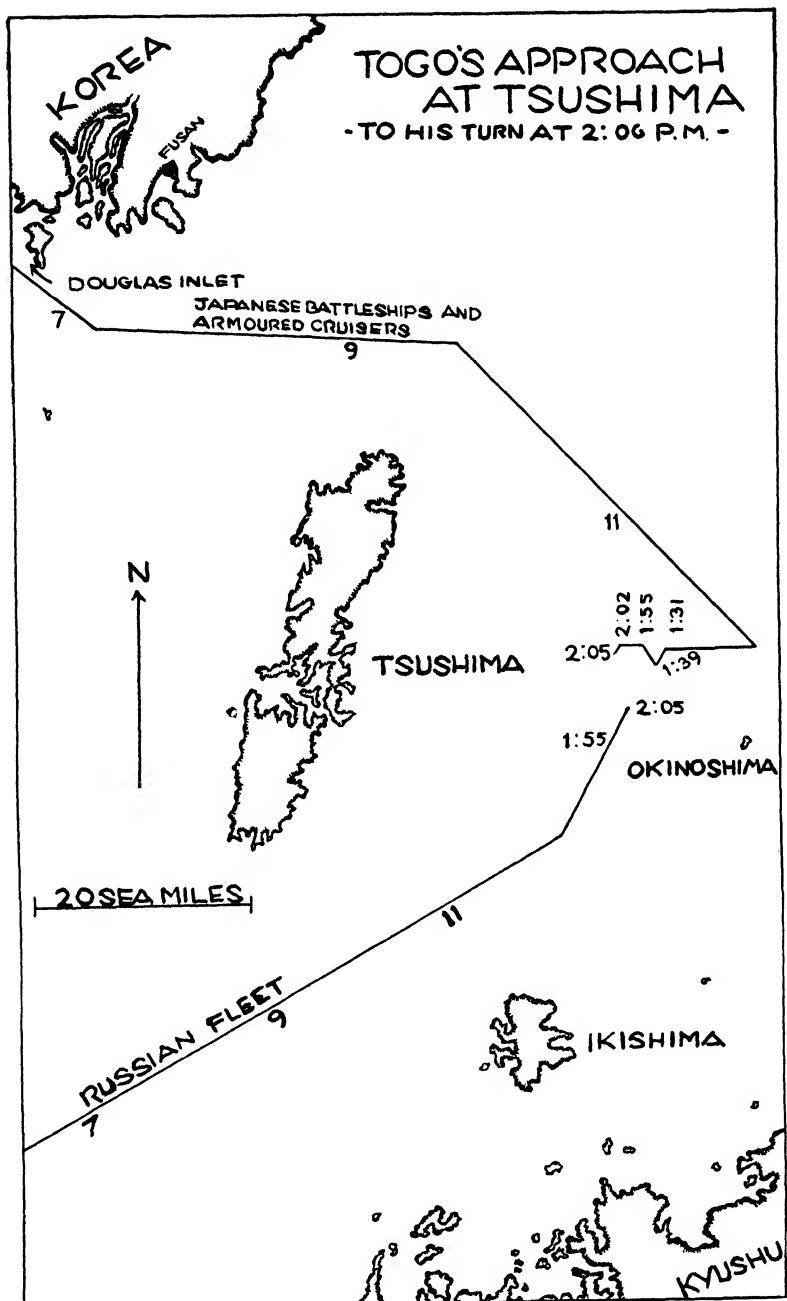
It was half-past six when the Japanese battle force cleared Douglas Inlet. Togo and Kamimura brought their heavy First and Second Divisions around the northern end of Tsushima (Island), dropping the accompanying torpedo-boats en route on account of the seas but retaining the stauncher destroyers.

The rival fleets now steamed towards each other from opposite ends of the long channel, Togo knowing the position of Rojestvensky but the latter merely guessing that the former was somewhere ahead in the fog.

The Japanese cruiser divisions advanced towards their main body, the plan prescribing that they should attack the rear of the Russian armoured line when the twelve Japanese capital ships concentrated their might "to strike hard at the right moment" against the powerful spearhead of the enemy advance.

Okinoshima was in view when those on the *Mikasa*'s bridge sighted Dewa's division, then Kataoka's and the younger Togo's, standing towards them from the southward like gulls accompanying the school of big fish headed for the nets of which the latter helplessly were aware.

At 1:39 the haze surrendered to Admiral Togo's glasses the spectacle that since October had been the subject of his imagination. Above the whitecaps were the dark hulls, the queerly-bright funnels and the nimbose smoke canopies of the Baltic fleet.



CHAPTER XIX

THE GREAT BATTLE

THE "right moment" of Togo's formula was at hand. It was for this that the Japanese battleships and armoured cruisers had been preserved and safeguarded. Now caution and all other conflicting considerations yielded to the vigour of the assault; at last the present was released from anxiety for the future; Part Three and no thought of price!

The *Mikasa* two-blocked a signal, not at the signal yardarm but at the masthead where all could see its waving colours: "The rise or fall of the Empire depends upon this battle; let every man do his utmost."

Togo's information—correct when transmitted—that the enemy's First Division, comprising the best battleships, was in a separate column, led him to descend the channel on the easterly side, so that he could strike from that direction. Visual contact disclosed a Russian formation at variance with the reports, due to a last minute attempt by Rojestvensky to station the First Division ahead of the *Oslabia*, making a single line of battle. This evolution was in process of execution when Togo caught sight of the foremost Russian ships. He also noticed that, with Tsushima (Island) no longer blocking the straight course to Vladivostok, the enemy was pointed more closely to the northward.

This new Russian course counselled a Japanese attack upon the port rather than the starboard side, in order to hurl the Russians away from their goal. The new Russian formation made this feasible by removing the screen from the First Division's flank and thus opening the latter to direct assault.

Togo instantly made his decision to attack from the westward. To bring his dozen ships into position to do this, he increased speed and headed northwest-by-north across the bows and about five miles ahead of the Baltic fleet.

Only then did the Russians sight the main body of the enemy. An officer on the bridge of the *Suvoroff* called to the Commander-in-Chief: "There they are, sir—six," but Rojestvensky,

without looking, shook his head in disagreement, instinctively knowing the true worst.

"No, there are more—they are *all* there," he said as he went down into the conning-tower for the final ordeal.¹

Togo, now on the enemy's port bow, stood ahead at about right angles to the Russian course, to work around for the lateral thrust, and then turned to port, steaming approximately parallel to the enemy in the opposite direction.

Rojestvensky continued to edge over towards the northward, and the fleets drew closer together every second. For Togo further to have adhered to the plan of swinging in a wide arc and lunging against the enemy from the westward would have involved a dangerous race against time. To lose would have meant either throwing the impact at a part of the Russian column well abaft the First Division or attacking the latter from its port quarter, under gratuitous exposure to the rest of the line. Neither alternative was satisfactory.

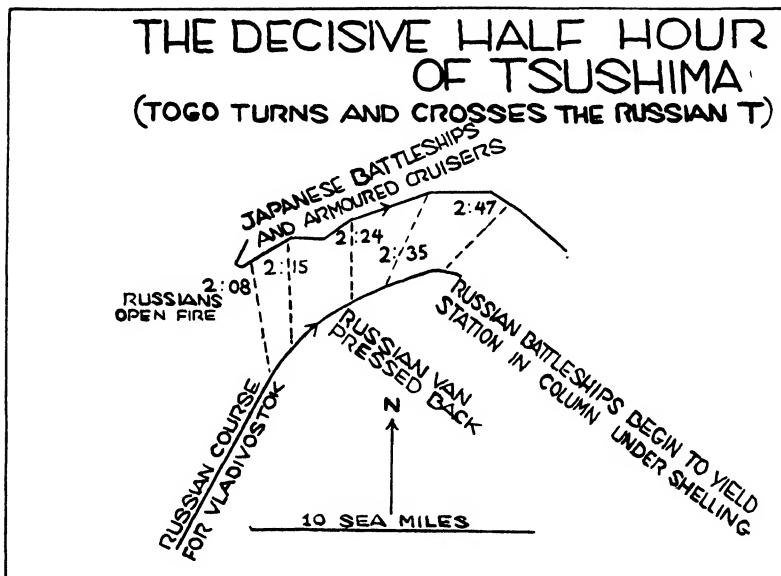
The rapidly-shifting scene indicated that the stage was being set for an engagement on opposite, parallel courses, brief and indecisive, after which the Baltic fleet would gain the Sea of Japan between its destination and the Japanese force, which then would have to fight a pursuing action of the nature of Kamimura's against Yessen in the same waters.

If, however, Togo were headed on an opposite course, the same as the enemy's, the superior Japanese speed would enable him to strike the van of the Russian line from ahead or abeam, as before contact he had expected to do from the other flank.

To reverse course sounds simple, but each of the two possible methods had a serious disadvantage. A turn of sixteen points *together* would invert the column and result in an exchange of relative positions of the extremities between Rear Admiral Shimamura in the *Iwate* and the Commander-in-Chief. Togo's views as to the proper place of the fleet flagship at such a time of times prohibited this manoeuvre.

To make the turn by ships *in succession* was to concede to Rojestvensky at the outset an enormous advantage, one that between gunnery equals might prove decisive. It is no exaggeration to compare this handicap to a grant of a first free shot to an individual duelling antagonist. This evolution would involve each vessel proceeding to the same spot, wheeling about in as sharp a semicircle as rudder and screws permitted, and then advancing on the new track. In other words, the turn

¹ Capt. Vladimir Semenoff, *The Battle Of Tsushima* (trans. by Capt. A. B. Lindsay, Dutton, 1906), pp. 49-50.



would be in the form of a narrow U and, until completed, the bunched ships, while in motion individually, would occupy a fixed area of water, constituting an immensity of stationary target that gunnery officers dream about.

During such an evolution the ships on the further side of the U would be masked from firing and some minutes would elapse after they steadied on the new course before their guns would open, during which interval the Russians would be unmolested in delivering the easy opening salvos.

Caution had been jettisoned. The fleet in sight was the enemy's last. Togo was confident of his officers' ability to execute the manoeuvre under fire, of the iron nerves of his men, and of the inferiority of Russian fire-control. He did not hesitate, and his audacious command sent a thrill through the line: Ships sixteen points to port *in succession!*

This was the sovereign decision of the battle — made before the Japanese column fired a single shot.

The *Mikasa* put over her helm and swung in a constricted half-circle towards the enemy and then quickly doubled past her eleven comrades. Her speed cones were two-blocked and there showed above the smoke of the flagship's belching funnels the pennant signal: "Follow me!" The *Shikishima* fell in behind her on the new course, at the proper interval, and the rest

of the division made the turn with the precision of railroad cars being hauled around a bend by the locomotive, whereupon Kamimura pivoted his Second Division on a point slightly inside of the one on which Togo turned.

Semenoff wrote:² "I looked and looked, and, not believing my eyes, could not put down my glasses. The Japanese ships had suddenly commenced to turn 'in succession' to port, reversing their course! . . . This manœuvre made it necessary for all the enemy's ships to pass in succession over the point on which the leading ship had turned; this point was, so to speak, stationary on the water, making it easy for us to range and aim. Besides—even with a speed of fifteen knots, the manœuvre must take about fifteen minutes to complete, and all this time the vessels which had already turned would mask the fire of those which were still coming up."

The Russians viewed this move with "both delight and amazement."

"How rash!" declared a lieutenant. "Why, in a minute we'll be able to roll up the leading ships!"

The storm broke. When the first two Japanese battleships had rounded the imaginary post and were marking out the hairpin figure, a torrent of 12-inch shells came whistling at them. Everything depended upon the fire-control of the leading Russian ships, whose navigators still were trying to integrate the two columns. Would these Baltic guns shoot more effectively than had those of Port Arthur?

Togo watched as the critical moments passed. The early salvos would tell the story. His own gunners could straddle a target at this range (three and a half miles) but he staked victory on his conviction that the Russians could not. Their shells splashed around the *Mikasa* and the corner where the ships successively were turning, but hits were few.

For several minutes that seemed like hours Togo held his return fire. Then at about three miles he opened on the *Suvoroff* and, as the other Japanese ships fell into column astern, they set their cross-wires on the leading Baltic ships for which the telescope-sights had been waiting many months. The *Oslabia*, with her tempting Rear Admiral's flag, still was protruding from the engaged side of the Russian line. Being nearer than the *Suvoroff* to most of the Japanese ships, she attracted an even heavier concentration of fire.

There was no nervous premature shooting by the Japanese before the position was correct and the "plot" was ready. The

² *The Battle Of Tsushima, supra*, pp. 52-8.

self-control was characteristically perfect. Captain Yatsushiro of the *Asama*, next to the last ship in Kamimura's Second Division, amazed those on the bridge by playing the flute until it was time for the batteries to open.³ Asked afterwards why he had given such an untimely recital, he explained that it was to preserve the general calmness during the tense interval until the *Asama* commenced firing. All hands were prepared to die anyway, said Yatsushiro, and their sole desire was to score as many hits as possible, for which accuracy *sang-froid* was an essential.

To complete the turn of the twelve ships required sixteen minutes, exactly one more than Semenoff's estimate. When at last, with the gunnery duel in full blast, the *Iwate* swung onto the end of the new column, Togo knew that the deployment had been accomplished and without substantial damage. He also knew that Rojestvensky's first time at bat was over and that now his own heavy hitters were having their inning.

The Japanese artillery skillfully had been rolled into the superior position and now it performed with proficiency. Admiral Fiske has pointed out that on Togo's side was the experience of previous combat and that "the manoeuvres and drills of his fleet during several months before the final battle were held under the conditions of absolute war and, therefore, under conditions of the most intense realism."⁴

The twelve Japanese starboard broadsides picked up the assigned targets with unhurried composure. The first salvos were "overs," then came several "shorts" whose splashes crept closer and closer to the Russian targets. Then there were direct hits, and finally straddles. Rojestvensky had been unable to inflict any injury when the golden opportunity had been presented; now he was sustaining a devastating bombardment that tested the defensive armour of his ships. The Japanese fire-control showed a remarkable improvement since the battles of the preceding August.

The Russian superstructures began to collapse, but the Japanese missiles again failed to reach the vitals. The *Suvoroff* and *Oslavia* were under a shower of shells. These two battleships tossed beneath the explosions like lightships in a hurricane. Funnels and masts were shot away. The decks were slippery with blood.

The Russian line became entangled. The original two columns were not even yet entirely a single one and the offensive

³ Ogasawara, Jap. ed.

⁴ Why Togo Won, *supra*, p. 808.

power of the awkward battleships was reduced as they tried to straighten out their line during the heat of action. Some ships had to slow down and halt for a minute or two. There were near-collisions. Already the First and Second Divisions were in confusion.

The *Osiabia*, bearing the coffin of Folkersham on the upper deck beneath the Holy Image, was being overwhelmed with gunfire. The fleet flagship also took a terrific beating, and to a lesser extent the rest of the Russian leaders shared the punishment.

When one learns that after the classic turn Togo stood across the enemy's bows and crossed his T, this must not be visualized as describing a movement typographically exact. It means that the Japanese Admiral, capitalizing the position gained by his sixteen-point turn and superior speed, forged ahead of the Russian van and flung his effective broadsides across Rojestvensky's projected path, subjecting the leading ships to a concentrated bombardment which compelled them to employ their own full broadsides and thus fall away from their chosen course. The early pattern of the battle thus followed Togo's design. His ships curved around the bending Russian line as the two columns swept clockwise on concentric circles. To Rojestvensky's hostile trespass of the straits and approach towards Vladivostok, Togo was dictating a positive NO.

These were the operations that were to be cited repeatedly by Admiral Fisher in support of the high speed of his *Dreadnought* class.⁵ Togo was travelling at sixteen knots, sufficient to main station on an outer circle. It was then that the presence of Nebogatoff's weighted snails proved costly. Long after the post-mortem recriminations had been drowned out by the guns of Tannenberg and the shouts of the new ochlocracy, the controversial issues soberly were re-examined by two competent Russians. General Golovin, with whom Admiral Bubnov collaborated, declared in *The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century*:⁶ "Owing to the inclusion in that squadron of obsolete ships, its speed was reduced to 10 knots in the Battle of Tsushima, whereas the best divisions of the squadron could have developed a speed of 16 knots."

The disparity between the respective fire-controls was even greater under the difficult weather conditions than would have been the case on a smooth surface. The instability of the platforms disturbed the Russians much more than it did the better-

⁵ See *Memories and Records, supra*, Vol. 2, p. 114.

⁶ Trans. by C. Nabokoff, 1922.

trained and better-conditioned Japanese, with their expert use of good telescope-sights. Togo counted upon these factors and, in his crossing of the T, he did not discard the advantage that his more capable fire-control could derive from a reasonably long range.

In pushing the enemy around to the eastward, he held him at an arm's length of about three miles.

This was the fast, furious, decisive part of the action. The Japanese were holding their formation, whereas the Russians, although still hours away from complete disintegration, gave indications that their resistance was broken. To a lay observer in the clouds above, the engagement would have appeared just to be getting into full sway, but the two Commanders-in-Chief knew that Japanese domination had been asserted successfully and would be maintained. Within a very few minutes of the completion of the Japanese turn, Togo realized that the invasion from the Baltic had been stopped by the mere inauguration of Part Three of his programme.

Before three o'clock the *Suvoroff* was expelled from the remnant of a line, and the *Oslabia* was in a bad way. With a fortuitousness reminiscent of the two shells that simultaneously struck the *Czarevich* and broke up the Battle of the Yellow Sea, three successive shots hit the *Oslabia* near the water-line beneath the forward turret. A surviving officer said that they opened "not a hole—but a regular gateway." The big battleship made water fast, heeled over and capsized.

This event had a great effect upon the morale of both fleets.

"One could see at that moment," wrote the Executive Officer of the cruiser *Oleg*, "groups of sailors, clad in white, falling from the decks into the water. The sight of the sinking battleship was terrible. It produced on all of us a strong impression, like a knife struck into our hearts."⁷

In the Battle of the Yellow Sea, not a single Russian battleship had been sunk; the Japanese officers and men, seeing the *Oslabia* float bottom up and then disappear, were assured that the spring target practice was producing tangible results.

"After the first hour of the action," says the *British Official History*, "when the *Suvoroff* had been disabled and the *Oslabia* sunk, all cohesion was lost and the Russian movements can no longer be dignified by the name of tactics: they became nothing more than the efforts of a defeated and disorganized fleet to avoid the overwhelming fire of the enemy and to escape."

⁷ Rear Admiral S. Posokhow, *Recollections of the Battle of Tsushima*, U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. 56, No. 826 (April 1980), p. 286.

The Japanese had sustained some hits themselves. The imperturbable Captain Yatsushiro had forgotten about his flute and was making repairs that removed the *Asama* from the battle for most of the afternoon. It was upon the *Mikasa*, however, that the Russians shrewdly centred their fire. Rojestvensky did not underestimate the value to the Japanese fleet of its Commander-in-Chief. The percentage of Russian hits was low, but such was the density of the shells hurled at the Japanese flagship that she was struck again and again.

Over thirty shells hit the *Mikasa* that day and her casualties were by far the greatest in the fleet, but Togo on the exposed platform above the main bridge emerged unscathed. It is no wonder that in the same way that the American people regard the apparent immunity of George Washington to the bullets that flew around him, felling his mounts and even penetrating flaps of his uniforms, the Japanese people consider Togo's repeated escapes, some very narrow, as having been providentially miraculous.

It was in the light of this first-hand experience that, when the Emperor asked Togo to designate the most intrepid individual in the Japanese fleet during the battle, he astonished the sovereign by naming a foreigner—Captain Pakenham. This non-combatant observer had stood alone on the after-bridge of the *Asahi* throughout the action, his starched collar and monocle in place as usual, making notes of the proceedings. When he tired, Pakenham procured a chair and sat on the quarterdeck as though he were aboard the committee-boat keeping score at a yacht race.

Togo stood on the bridge amid the smoke and the uproar that pervaded not only the sea but also his own deck, calm and alert as always, watching every move with the phlegm and stamina of a youth and the keen understanding of his rich experience.

The Captain of the *Alexander III*, who led the column after the *Suvoroff's* displacement, tried the only sensible manoeuvre under the circumstances that were becoming more hopeless by the minute. He perceived Togo's fast ships hauling ahead on the outer circle towards the southeast, leaving reopened behind them the direct course to Vladivostok. The Russians veered to port and headed for that now-fanciful destination. There was just a bare chance that they might slip away behind the *Iwate's* receding stern.

This Russian move showed Togo that he had pulled ahead too far and, in rectifying the position, he gave himself a

generous leeway of distance at the expense of a little extra time. He had to retrace his longitude, of course, but he did this by two eight-point turns to port, separated by seven minutes. Exercising his discretion, Kamimura did not at once follow these changes of course by the First Division but held on to see that no Russian ships were escaping to the eastward.

Togo's two turns having been made by ships together, the van temporarily was relinquished to Vice Admiral Misu in the *Nisshin*, and the *Mikasa* brought up the rear. The evolution was executed in this manner because Togo foresaw that, after heading off the northerly thrust, he would find it advisable to change direction again and then could reinvert the column without having had to turn in succession either time.

Kamimura came around behind Togo and cut across on a straight line to take station ahead of the latter on his return northeasterly run. The two divisions did not reform a single column, however, but operated quite independently the balance of the day.

By these manoeuvres of Togo's the Russians were turned back and the thwarted ships made a complete circle under heavy fire, eventually steaming towards the northeast until, an hour later, at about 4:30, they again were driven south and turned another clockwise circle. The *Alexander III* and *Borodino* were heavily bombarded in the process.

The *Suvoroff*, out of control, was the storm centre of the fight, in the midst of the shifting no-man's-land, receiving a raking fire from every passing and repassing enemy division that saw her through the mist. She was like the *Wiesbaden* at Jutland but, although much thicker of skin, her curse was her rôle of fleet flagship. Togo bombarded her with determination; so did Kamimura; Togo sent destroyers to torpedo her; and before the afternoon was over the *Suvoroff* came also under the guns of most of the Japanese destroyers. She was used like an abandoned ship in target practice. Her buoyancy seemed to defy the laws of flotation as she persistently drifted on, and her crippled armament continued to sputter when it seemed impossible that any creature could remain alive in that inferno.

Those Russians, hopeless and even without a cause excepting abstract loyalty and self-respect, fighting for a Government that exploited them in peace and betrayed them in war, knew how to die as heroes, and there were other crews in the Baltic fleet that day which displayed equal gallantry.

Probably never has a warship been torn to shreds of steel and flesh with greater ferocity than was the *Suvoroff*. The spectacle must have reminded the Second Division of the long-drawn-out defence of the *Rurik* on August 14, of which they did not even see the end. A Japanese eye-witness described the *Suvoroff* early in the afternoon as being "so battered that scarcely any one would have taken her for a ship, and yet," he added, "even in this pitiful condition, like the flagship which she was, she never ceased to fire as much as possible with such of her guns as were serviceable."

Rojestvensky did not escape unhurt in the holocaust. The people in the conning-tower were shaken about by the explosions like dice in a cup and it was with the luck of dice (good or bad?) that the Admiral was not among the dead. A leg-wound had been followed by the fracture of his skull against the steel casing. Later it was learned that some pieces of bone were plunged into that brain which had fretted for so many heartbreaking months. The concussion naturally stunned him.

Rojestvensky first was removed to a turret when the conning-tower completely collapsed and, as the flagship was being shot and torpedoed from under him, the surviving officers resolved to transfer the Admiral to another battleship. A destroyer was hailed alongside and, by a fine piece of seamanship under conditions forbidding the use of a boat, he was placed aboard almost forcibly. Although still dazed, he had refused to budge. A few of his staff accompanied him, and so did Semenoff.

There was no opportunity to complete the transshipment to another battleship and the Admiral's condition precluded his leadership. To Semenoff he murmured his last command: "Nebogatoff — Vladivostok — course North 23° East." Then Rojestvensky collapsed in a merciful faint.⁸

Pursuant to the specifications of Part Three, the Japanese cruisers attacked the rear of the enemy line at the port quarter of the formation, encountering the Russian cruisers and auxiliaries. There was violent fighting between the secondary divisions, but the multiplicity of movement through the mist and smoke rendered those encounters almost distinct from the battle of the giants and beyond the scope of Togo's immediate observation and control. Dowa, Uriu, Kataoka and the younger Togo performed their functions admirably.

⁸ *The Battle Of Tsushima, supra*, p. 155.

Meanwhile, to the northward, Togo and Kamimura, steaming on similar northeasterly courses and bombarding every Russian battleship that could be seen through the thickening atmosphere, swept across the scattered Russian front until once more they were so far to its northeastward that no target could be discerned.

Now the enemy's weakness of formation was his futile strength. There seemed no place to grab him in force.

Togo was puzzled as to just what he should do at this time. He hesitated to be drawn too far south and yet that was the direction in which the enemy seemed to be going. At 4:35, shortly after the Russian battleships fell back into the southerly mist, Togo turned eight points together to port and then, after an eight-minute run to the northward, turned eight points together to starboard, reforming the column. He ordered the nearby destroyers to attack the crippled Russian line.

Kamimura, still in advance, did not follow Togo's manoeuvre, but kept ahead. Not wishing to lose contact, however, he swung around to starboard, trying to keep in touch with both the First Division and the fading enemy. When Kamimura perceived Togo moving to the southward, the former completed a loop and paralleled the latter's course a little to the east. Both divisions were too far east to hold the Russians in sight and there was a lull in the major phase of the action.

Like Jutland, the other great naval battle of the age of steam and steel, Tsushima was fought under conditions of low and variable visibility. Over the sea hung the low banks of mist that in some spots thickened to fog density and in others left clear gaps. Within this uneven vapour were being spread the sooty streams of jet-black Russian funnel-smoke and the better controlled Japanese, and also was being blown the powder-smoke of the guns and of the shells. To an airplane above the theatre of combat the various divisions would have been observed steaming in and out of these eclipsing clouds like trains passing through tunnels. And as soon as any ship sighted an enemy, both sets of batteries would proceed to increase the obfuscation.

Sometimes Togo would have a broad seascape spread out on one or more bearings, sometimes he would discern vessels faintly through a film, and sometimes his view was that of a valkyr riding the steed *Mikasa* through a cloud.

In retrospective descriptions of the battle there is a completeness and interrelationship utterly beyond any participant's vision at the time. The identity of individual vessels,

for example, mostly was uncertain and limited to a recognition of its class: "There's a *Suvoroff*."

At 5:30 the two divisions of the Japanese battle forces were to the southward of the enemy battleships still wrapped in fog.

The Japanese cruisers had been driving the Russian cruisers and auxiliaries in upon Nebogatoff's Third Division and found themselves engaged with these slow stalwarts, which had been having a relatively quiet afternoon. They were not able to do much affirmatively but were too solid and strong for the light cruisers to take in their stride while executing their assignments.

Dewa's flagship *Kasagi* became incapacitated, and Uriu's flagship *Naniwa* and several other Japanese ships were damaged.

Kamimura sensed the situation and threw himself into the welter, scattering the opposition into the fog.

In Captain Klado's propaganda he had said of the superannuated tubs now in the Third Division: "All these old ships could be used to attract the enemy's fire and consequently diminish the number of projectiles which otherwise might strike the modern ships which we already have sent on. . ."⁹ His guess about the Japanese admirals was not good. Kamimura was not diverted by Nebogatoff's ships from the pursuit of their betters. After fifteen minutes he turned to the northward, along the westerly enemy flank.

After the southerly runs of the First and Second Divisions and after Kamimura stood westward into the cruiser mêlée, Togo turned his six ships back to the northward and skirted the starboard flank of the enemy's irregular and uncertain position, raking every Russian ship sighted on the way. The auxiliary *Ural* was torpedoed. The repair ship *Kamchatka*, which ever since leaving Libau had been sounding the false alarm "Japanese warships" and had precipitated the Hull Affair, now beheld the terrifying First Division and felt its recognition blows. Again the struggling wreck of the *Suvoroff* was repassed. Togo having ordered one of his flotillas to despatch her an hour before, he was astonished to observe that an occasional shot of dying defiance still issued from that smoking wreck.

At about six o'clock Togo perceived that he again was near

⁹ N. Klado, *The Russian Navy In The Russo-Japanese War* (Hurst & Blackett, 1905) (trans. by L. J. H. Dickinson from the French translation), p. 178.

the decrepit enemy battleships, six of which he sighted on his port bow, "flying in a cluster to the northward."¹⁰

The *Osliabia* long since had gone to the bottom. Although the *Suvoroff* did not succumb for some little while, she was adrift in the rear, and her end plainly was a matter of minutes as the Japanese cruisers and destroyers continued to flay the dauntless sea-serpent that would not die until sundown. The *Alexander III*, previously driven from the line, effected makeshift repairs and was struggling along. Another cripple was the *Borodino*, third of the bulwarks in the *Suvoroff's* division. She was in a precarious condition. The group of ten survivors limped on, however, in another push towards the now-Elysian destination. Without the two flagships that had sailed from Libau in October, the rest, though groggy, still were full of fight but as entities without a common purpose excepting survival.

It was about 6:30 when Togo picked them up ahead. Nebogatoff's division was not sighted but the other six were chugging along, with the *Alexander III* and *Borodino* vaguely in the lead.

"Approaching at once," said Togo of his division, in his official report, "it steamed parallel to these and then renewed the fight, gradually emerging ahead of them and bearing down on their van. The enemy had steered northeast at first, but his course gradually was deflected to the west, and he finally pushed northwest. This fight on parallel lines continued from 6 P.M. to nightfall. The enemy suffered so heavily that his fire was much reduced, whereas our deliberate practice told more and more. . . It was now getting dusk and our destroyer and torpedo-boat sections gradually closed in on the enemy from the east, north and south, their preparations for attack having been already made. Therefore the First Division ceased by degrees to press the enemy, and at 7:28 P.M., when the sun was setting, drew off to the east."

During this half hour's engagement the *Alexander III* was overwhelmed by Togo's implacable broadsides and sheered off. Kamimura, following at nearly an hour's interval, saw this beaten battleship drift through the fog and capsize.

As Togo was calling it a day, the *Fuji* scored a sensational finale. While making the turn in column to withdraw, her after turret fired a last shell at the *Borodino*. It was a 12-inch projectile and hurtled straight to the bull's-eye, plunging its violent nose into one of the magazines. Before other salvos could

¹⁰ Togo's official report.

finish her, the *Borodino* blew up and disappeared within a smoke cloud. After the battle a Japanese vessel landed one of the *Borodino's* officers and of the large complement he alone survived.

Part Three of Togo's plan was completed and the seas were calming down to facilitate the after-dark performance of the torpedo craft, which were awaiting the curtain-call for Part Four.

CHAPTER XX

BATTLE'S END

THE overnight respite was needed by the Japanese battleships and cruisers to clear their decks of the shambles and débris, for the morning's eventualities. Grimy and exhausted, the men who had fought the action in cramped turrets and in blind vaults below decks were grateful for a breath of air and a glimpse of the sky. When the sawing and hammering of the carpenters produced the stacks of coffins, all hands were summoned for memorial services. Muscles were sore and nerves fagged, but the consciousness of success was a strong enough stimulant to sustain the fast pace of the activities.

The reports transmitted to the flagship showed the fleet in remarkably good condition. The *Mikasa* herself had more casualties than any other two ships combined. The First and Second Divisions had sustained about 150 hits and no unit escaped. Although, as has been noted before, the fleet flagship had been the favourite target, her principal woe arose, as on August 10, from self-inflicted damage, a spontaneous ammunition explosion in one of the turrets. The *Nisshin*, Misu's flagship, had borne the brunt of holding one extremity of the First Division, and while still fully seaworthy, was crippled in her offensive mechanism, several guns being disabled. The Admiral himself was slightly wounded. The *Asama*'s temporary repairs left much to be desired in her mobility.

Upon determining late in the afternoon that the *Kasagi*'s hull could not be mended in the rough seaway and that she might founder before reaching smooth water, Dowa signalled the *Otawa* and *Niitaka* to attach themselves to Uriu's division, and with the *Chitose* as escort, took the flagship to the nearest suitable point on the coast of Hondo. The *Kasagi* made this haven all right, but the ship not being reparable quickly, Dowa shifted his flag to the *Chitose* and hastened back to the centre of activities.

Togo knew that of the four *Suvoroffs*, St. Petersburg's vaunted invincibles, he had sunk three, as well as the fifth modern battleship, the *Osiabia*.

All of the Russian cruisers were intact, having fallen back under the wing of the Second and Third Divisions and of the fog. Enkvist's ships were somewhat bruised but had inflicted upon the enemy cruisers about as much damage as they themselves had sustained. The fact of their survival did not disturb Togo as it had been his scheme to clear away the armoured ships first and then scour the seas of the lesser units.

The Russian destroyers also were all afloat.

The two hospital ships had been captured, and of the seven auxiliaries, three had been destroyed. It has been mentioned that the *Ural* ran afoul of Togo's battleships, which incidentally sank her in passing. The troublesome, nervous *Kamchatka* and also the *Russ* were sunk during the cruiser engagements.

Thus the crisis was past, but there remained plenty to do. Although hardly unaware of the current of circumstance, and that its favourable drift was beyond the fickle power of fate to reverse, Togo was not regarding the battle as already completed. His attention was riveted upon Part Four, whose execution lay outside of his continued control, and preparations for instituting Part Five at daybreak. The arena was cleared for Part Four by a sunset radio order, which as pre-arranged sent the cruiser divisions to the northerly rendezvous with the armoured ships.

Togo had taught the destroyers and torpedo-boats all he knew and had laid out a general *modus operandi* for the night. The rest was up to them. Needless to say, the younger officers in charge of these strenuous vessels, and the crews which manned them, strove mightily and gallantly to emulate with the torpedo what their comrades of the battle-wagons had wrought with the gun.

All through the eastern channel and well into the widening stretches of the Sea of Japan fifty-eight of these vessels hunted the scattering enemy. The waves were less turbulent than they had been during the daylight action but were rough enough to make hard-going for the flotillas. It was difficult to find and identify the enemy. Darting about in their zeal, the swift raiders criss-crossed among one another and there were several collisions.

The Russians had not yet learned how to use searchlights and, particularly, when not to use them. Thanks to this ineptness and an untimely display, some of the Japanese flo-

tillas located the enemy's armoured group and launched torpedoes.¹ All three of the surviving units of the Second Division were fatally damaged. The *Navarin*, already crippled by the day action, went down with almost all hands; the *Sissoi Veliki* and *Admiral Nakhimoff* crawled towards Tsushima (Island) where, after dawn, to avoid capture, they scuttled themselves.

Togo's programme called for the withdrawal of the cruisers and armoured ships during the night in order to avoid interference with and possible damage from the torpedo attacks of his own flotillas and to be ready for Part Five at dawn.

Their disposition was somewhat analogous to that of the previous day, only at the opposite side of the straits. The First and Second Divisions lay about two hundred miles north of the eastern channel. Back of them was Matsushima and, off to the east and southeast, respectively, the Liancourt Rocks and Okishima, a series of islands athwart the Sea of Japan which divided it into distinct north-and-south lanes. The direct one to Vladivostok lay between the Korean coast and Matsushima. Togo planned to crouch and did crouch there. His cruisers were between him and the Straits of Tsushima.

This net was devised to catch all of the armoured ships. Togo was well aware that some of the faster units might slip out between the meshes, but he was fishing for the sharks, not the minnows.

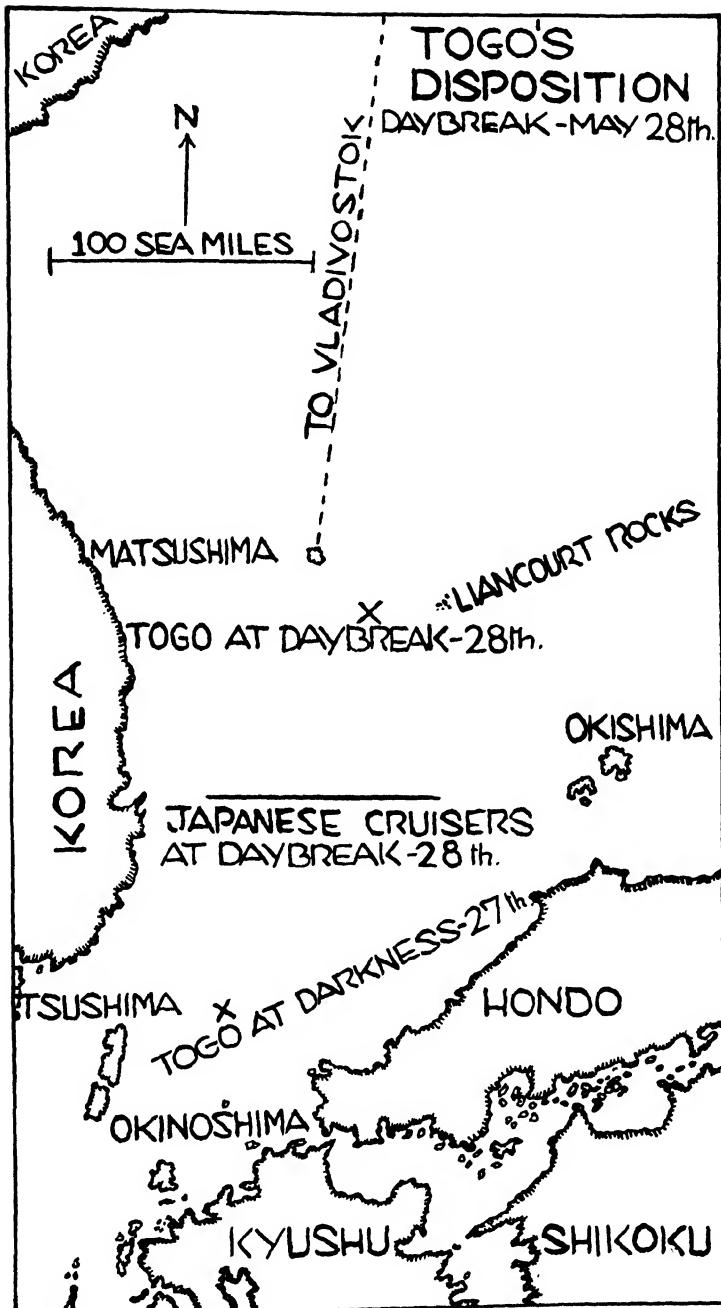
Once more Togo's prognosis proved correct and the angling was good.

The Russian giants had been demolished in the gunnery battle; the Second Division had been finished by the nocturnal torpedoes; and now the four "auto-sinkers" of Nebogatoff plus the maimed *Orel* (the fourth and last *Suvoroff*) and the light cruiser *Izumrud* were swimming towards Togo's gaff. These ships had had a harrowing night dodging torpedoes and groping about the straits for an avenue of escape.

Togo's scheme provided an appearance of the latter. Daylight found the eastern channel vacated by the Japanese fleet, the flotillas having withdrawn at the first glimmer of daylight and the larger ships being spread to the northward like a football team awaiting the new kick-off at the beginning of the second half.

Nebogatoff accepted at face value the situation as he saw it. There is considerable doubt that his sluggish hulks could have eluded Togo's ubiquitous scouts the way the swift *Almaz* did.

¹ See table of Japanese Night Torpedo Attacks in *Some Famous Sea Fights, supra*, pp. 281-2.



But the Russian Admiral did not try any artifice. Upon observing the clear horizon at dawn, he headed straight for Vladivostok, laying the course through the centre of the trap near Matsushima. For an hour the ocean seemed free of enemies.

The joy and hope were short-lived. Early in the morning some Japanese cruisers sighted the Russians and soon the net was being drawn around them. The cruiser divisions of Kataoka, Uriu and the younger Togo picketed the offing as Togo and Kamimura steamed hard with poised spears towards the kill.

The sprightly *Izumrud* had been ambling along with the gouty greybeards, chafing at their slowness. Nebogatoff hoisted the negative in answer to her request to make a solo break for Vladivostok.

The *Ushakoff*, last of the Third Division, was unable to keep up even with that slow body and was out of sight astern.

The other three vessels of the "re-enforcement" quartette were not much worse physically than when they left the Baltic against Nebogatoff's own counsel, but that was bad enough, and now their untrained, unfit crews were exhausted and unstrung from the ordeal they had undergone.

The *Orel* was not much of a help. Her Captain lay dying of wounds and there were other important casualties. The ship still had the use of three of her four 12-inch guns but otherwise had been badly mauled in the previous day's action.

Togo was arraying some of his artillery to bombard these Russian vessels at a range that would brook no return fire, excepting possibly from the weakened *Orel*. At about five miles the *Kasuga* opened on the flagship *Nicholas I*. The first shot went over, the second fell short, and the third plunged through the smokestack.

Plainly the game was up. The Russian flagship's gunnery officer told Nebogatoff that the guns could not reach the assailants. His grossly inferior speed prevented flight and narrowing the interval. The Admiral was in the situation of a besieged city whose guns are outranged by those of the investing army; he could not hit back, he could not run away, and he could not even charge the enemy.

A decision of soul-searching intensity had to be made. Should he have the batteries squirt out silly "shorts" at maximum elevation as an empty gesture until the vessels blew up or sank? Should he open the sea-cocks? Or should he strike the colours?

Rojestvensky's comprehensive battle orders covered this

contingency explicitly: "In case of being surrounded by superior enemy forces and unavoidable disaster seems certain" the ship in question was to be sunk by her crew to avoid capture. Nebogatoff estimated that with most of his boats unfit to lower, three-fourths of his 2000 men would drown were he to scuttle the vessels. Later he declared that this awful quandary found him lacking the courage, not to plunge himself and his personal misfortune into oblivion, but to consign to the bottom of the sea those hundreds of lives dependent upon his humanity. In the unfortunate Admiral's *apologia*² he cited as authority for disregarding the Chief's directions a discretionary provision in Article 354 of the 1899 Naval Instructions. This sanctioned surrender "to avert useless bloodshed," subject to the unanimous approval of the officers. This consent Nebogatoff obtained, at least from those on the flagship.

If one presumes to dissent from the conclusion arrived at under the unanswerable bombardment that threatened extinction any second, it is only after an undisturbed deliberation denied to that group of men who virtually were backed up against a wall by a firing-squad.

When Czar Nicholas I had heard of the *St. Raphael's* surrender to the Turks, he had commanded the Russian Navy forthwith to find and destroy that symbol of dishonour, which order was executed. Now that proud monarch's maritime namesake hoisted at her yardarm the international code signal of surrender.

The Japanese ceased fire. When Togo was satisfied that no trick was being attempted, he sent details of officers and men to transfer the prisoners and take over the prizes. Several hours were consumed by the task, which involved many complications. Nebogatoff was "invited" to repair aboard the *Mikasa* with his staff, wearing their side-arms. The Russian officers were received by the conqueror with Samurai courtesy and they were permitted to retain their swords.

Nebogatoff's surrender came as a shock to the attendant *Izumrud*. It was for that that the Admiral had insisted upon retaining her company! Upon reading the signal of relinquishment, the swift cruiser stood not upon the order of her leaving. Darting boldly towards the enemy's coast, because that was the only open direction, she outran a couple of pursuing vessels, which in two or three hours strangely abandoned

² *Admiral Nebogatoff On The Battle Of Tsushima* (trans. by Capt. G. A. West), Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, Vol. L, No. 344 (Oct. 15, 1906) pp. 1262-72.

the chase as had Kamimura on August 14. The *Izumrud* reached Siberian waters but, as fate would have it, only to wreck herself outside of Vladimir Bay in a dense fog.

When the straggling *Ushakoff* hove into sight of her division comrades, lying-to under the colours of the enemy, the spectacle seemed a hateful hallucination. The Japanese fleet, nearby and silent, gave mute confirmation to the apparent surrender. Shimamura in the *Iwate*, with the *Yakumo*, skirted the leaking *Ushakoff's* range of fire and began to hurl 8-inch shells at the last Russian armoured ship at large.

The latter's Captain convened the officers, who protested that they had not sailed this vessel from Libau as a gift for the Mikado and that they would fight to the bitter end, thus taking exactly the opposite stand from that of the council on the *Nicholas I*. The *Iwate* signalled a demand for surrender and the *Ushakoff* opened a return fire, ineffectual but expressive. After half-an-hour the ship was too crippled to offer further resistance, and the sea-cocks were opened.

This heroic defence aroused the admiration of the Japanese. When the *Ushakoff* careened and sank, the victors conducted the rescue operations so zealously that Nebogatoff's estimate of casualties from scuttling were cut by two-thirds. Of a total complement of 422, 339 were saved. The skipper was not among these, going down with the ship he refused to surrender.

Because of their bravery, these survivors were treated by their captors with especial consideration.

Togo tried to incorporate the captured battleships in his own line and actually tested their manoeuvrability with the fleet that night. The *Orel*, however, was too severely damaged to be useful and the other three vessels were as burdensome to him as they had been to Rojestvensky. Togo sent them under escort to port. The *Orel* arrived at Maizuru with the Japanese flag at half-mast for the Russian Captain, who had died en route of his wounds. The others made the longer voyage to Sasebo.

With the sinking of the *Ushakoff*, the Russian line of battle was disposed of completely.

Togo's forces were reporting to him the elimination of various other units of the scattered Russian armada.

The cruiser *Svetlana* was heading northward on the morning of the twenty-eighth through the zone densely occupied by Japanese warships. Near Matsushima she ran smack into contact with the *Otawa* and *Niitaka*. A hot engagement ensued. The *Svetlana* gave tit for tat but there always were two tats

and, after inflicting injury upon her assailants, the Russian light cruiser was sunk.

Another incident reflecting glory on Russian arms was the defence of the old cruiser *Dmitri Donskoi*, which has been described vividly by Commander Frost:⁸

"The *Donskoi* had taken a leading part in the defense of the auxiliaries during the main action and her upper works had been considerably shot up. . . The *Donskoi* headed toward Matsushima at eleven knots and was not sighted until 5:20 P.M.," (the twenty-eighth) "when she ran into the *Otawa* and *Niitaka*, returning from their encounter with the *Svetlana*. These ships approached on the port beam, and soon afterward all four ships of the Fourth Division appeared to starboard. At 6:50 the *Otawa* and *Niitaka* commenced firing, being joined half an hour later by the Fourth Division. The *Donskoi* put up a splendid fight with her six opponents who seem to have shown little energy and withdrew as darkness came on. The Second Destroyer Flotilla then made an unsuccessful night attack. By this time the *Donskoi* had received serious damage; her speed was much reduced; her captain mortally wounded; one-third of her crew were killed or wounded and the remainder completely exhausted by the events of the last thirty-six hours. The ship was taken in close to Matsushima and the crew transferred to the island during the night. In the morning a few men took the ship into deep water and sank her. The *Donskoi*'s story is an epic of the sea."

After several vain efforts during the night to find a clear path to the northward, Rear Admiral Enkvist in the cruiser flagship *Oleg* wriggled between the torpedoes and stood down the eastern channel of Tsushima. Lacking the mechanical fitness to steam around the Pacific coast of Japan to Tsugaru or Soya, he headed for the Straits of Formosa.

Dawn of the twenty-eighth disclosed the cruisers *Aurora* and *Jemtchug* following him. The Captain of the former having been killed, the Admiral shifted his flag and staff to her.

Many of the officers preferred destruction to internment. The Executive Officer of the *Oleg* repaired aboard the *Aurora* to present a request from the officers of the former flagship that another try, however hopeless, be made for Vladivostok. Enkvist was on the bridge. Visibly moved by the appeal, the Admiral replied: "I understand yours and your officers' act and noble intentions. As an officer I entirely share it, but as an admiral I can't agree with it. All last night we

⁸ *Some Famous Sea Fights, supra*, pp. 279-80.

tried to break through, unsuccessfully. The enemy's fleet, almost at full strength, and his destroyers barred our way. Several times we changed our course before falling finally to South. Now it's too late. To sail North means to bring to certain disaster your cruiser and the cruisers *Aurora* and *Jemichug*. I am old, I have not long to live, but besides me there are more than 1200 young lives which can be useful to our country. No, my friend, tell the officers that although I share with all my heart and appreciate their desire, I can not agree with it. I undertake the full responsibility for everything."⁴

The three cruisers made Manila and there were obliged to deliver the breech-blocks of their guns to the American authorities.

An amazing incident of the cruise occurred on the day following the battle. In the clear light of noon, first one and then several columns of smoke were reported on the southern horizon. A little later those on the bridge of the *Oleg* were delighted to confirm to one another the positive recognition of Nebogatoff's Third Division, whose almost simultaneous surrender was unknown, standing for the Straits of Formosa. It was, of course, an illusion, but one shared by the entire group of observers. There also had been "heard" imaginary gunnery thunder.⁵ The Russian nerves, jumpy at the Dogger Bank in October, now were frayed to a frazzle.

The Russian destroyers were all afloat on the morning of the twenty-eighth but then they came in for earnest attention under Part Five. That day five of them were sunk. One fled to internment at Shanghai with two of the auxiliaries. The last auxiliary steamed to Madagascar as though some evil spirit that had stowed-away there were bringing her back to the scene of the fleet's miserable winter.

Three units reached Vladivostok with the tragic tale of the transit of Tsushima. The light cruiser *Almaz* and a destroyer shrewdly sneaked along the thinly-patrolled Japanese side of the Sea of Japan. The other destroyer that made the original destination broke away after being intercepted.

This latter vessel and a companion, the *Biedovy*, were southwest of Matsushima in the late afternoon of the twenty-eighth, when the approach of two enemy destroyers dispelled the growing hope of escaping undetected. To the astonishment of the Japanese, the *Biedovy*, with apparent eagerness, solicited a

⁴ *Posokhow, supra*, p. 288.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 290.

harmless capture, while the other Russian destroyer dashed off to the northward.

The *Biedovy* looked intact. The amazement and curiosity of the Japanese officers increased as a closer view disclosed a cluster of gold braid on the deck. The group was imposing enough in rank to be the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, and that is what it turned out to be. In its midst, dazed almost to the degree of unconsciousness, was Admiral Rojestvensky himself, for whose sake his devoted aids were surrendering the ship. The destroyer to which the Admiral had been transferred from the *Suvoroff* became endangered and they had transshipped the Chief to the *Biedovy*.

Russia subsequently dealt harshly with these officers who had undergone the months of hardship, had fought through the battle, and then had surrendered their vessels under circumstances which to the stay-at-homes seemed unjustifiable. Nebogatoff and his Captains and Rojestvensky's aids were convicted by courts-martial and served some years in prison before being pardoned. Under the original sentences Nebogatoff and those on the *Biedovy* were sentenced to be shot. Rojestvensky, his sense of fairness outraged at the charges against his officers, insisted upon being tried with them. Even an intemperate group of blame-shifters could not condemn a man for what others had done while he was unconscious, and Rojestvensky was acquitted.

It was some time before Togo was able to check off from his list the few ships which had not been sunk or captured, but by the night of the twenty-eighth he knew that he had scoured Japanese waters of the invaders and had achieved one of the most crushing naval victories in all history.

The deaths were 4830 Russians and 117 Japanese, and the total casualties over 10,000 and under 1000, respectively. Togo's losses in ships were three torpedo-boats against virtually the entire Russian armada.

Japan was thrown into a frenzy of combined relief and unrestrained ecstasy. Not only was the threatened invasion of home waters repulsed, the enemy shattered and the war won, but there surged from the Soya Strait to Kagoshima Bay the conviction that the Imperial Navy had restored to the Mikado the domination of his seaways lost in the early era of steam.

Japan had come into her own. All that has happened since 1905 in the enhancement of Japanese power and prestige was discounted in popular and official imagination upon the arrival of the news of Tsushima.

Togo was the hero, not of the hour but of the centuries. His long career and the long campaign found their exclamation point in his final exploit. The sheer perfection of the victory, the smooth consummation of the plan, the arduous and colourless preparations, combined to magnify the credit due to the sea-fighter extraordinary, who had risen unobtrusively from the bombardment by Kuper to the subjugation of Rojestvensky.

For the entire war, the score-card of the Imperial Navy was almost as remarkable as for Tsushima. Seven torpedo-boats had been lost out of fifty, and twelve other ships out of seventy-two, about 46,000 tons (mostly the two mined battleships) out of about 267,000, and these losses were offset by the substantial prizes. Nowadays captured enemy warships are not readily adaptable to incorporation within a planned fleet using its own distinctive ammunition and apparatus, but the Japanese considered the Russian acquisitions important reinforcements.

The Commander-in-Chief's self-effacing modesty added to his hold upon the popular regard and imagination. There was about him nothing of the gloating victor. He was mindful of the elements of national excellence which had enabled him and his colleagues to forge the maritime weapon and wield it with success. He was aware of the narrow margin by which Vitgeft had been stopped on August 10 and he knew that the ultimate triumph had not been without grave mistakes on both sides. We may be reasonably sure that, above all, he suspected that in Captain Pakenham's private opinion the performance of the Japanese, brilliantly sufficient unto the day, was not up to the technical standards of the Royal Navy.

His generosity to the enemy appealed to his compatriots, who knew that there were no histrionics in the behaviour of this simple man. As well might one suspect the equally dependable Kuro Siwo of playing to the gallery.

Togo sent some officers to Rojestvensky at the Sasebo Naval Hospital with a message of respect and solicitude. As soon as possible, the Japanese Admiral called upon his stricken adversary. The two sailors exchanged salutations, under unavoidable restraint it is true, but as cordial brethren of the profession they both served. The conqueror's rôle was not an easy one to fill with tact.

"There is no need for a warrior to associate an honourable defeat with shame," said Togo. "We fighting men suffer either way, win or lose. The only question is whether or not

we do our duty. During the battle of two days your men fought most gallantly and I admire them all and you in particular. You performed your great task heroically until you were incapacitated. I pay you my highest respect.”⁶

The visitor apologized for the limited facilities of the hospital and expressed his wish for the wounded patient's speedy recovery.

That meeting took place early in July, several weeks after the battle. In the meantime the entire world had revised its attitude towards the dormant nation which Perry had aroused a mere half-century before. The cable reports of Tsushima were received with incredulous amazement. Even those who had expected a Japanese victory were unprepared for a clean sweep almost without cost. There seemed about the sudden and fierce destruction of the Baltic fleet a dramatic assertion of national independence and policy.

Overnight the Empire of Japan advanced into the front rank of nations. Then and there was yielded the recognition that in future years expressed itself by so many tangible achievements and continues to win diplomatic defaults.

A man was sitting in the White House who saw beyond the first horizon. To Kaneko Kentaro, the noted Japanese publicist then in the United States, the President tossed off one of his spontaneous effusions:

May 31, 1905

My dear Baron Kaneko:

No wonder you are happy! Neither Trafalgar nor the defeat of the Spanish Armada was as complete — as overwhelming. If you are coming to Washington in the next three weeks, pray let me see you. As Commander Takeshita left my office this morning the Secretary of the Navy, looking after him said, “Well, there goes a happy man. Every Japanese, but perhaps above all every Japanese naval man, must feel as if he was treading on air today.”

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT⁷

⁶ Ogasawara.

⁷ Read aloud by Baron Kaneko in 1922 at the banquet held in connection with the reunion in Tokyo of the Class of 1881 of the U. S. Naval Academy, pursuant to the invitation of Classmate Admiral Uriu. See *America-Japan*, Vol. 2, No. 7 (July 1922), p. 94.

CHAPTER XXI

BATTLE'S FRUITS

THE armies were deadlocked. Russia could not drag her hind legs to Manchuria for an effective leap upon the enemy. Japan's military strength was approaching its limit. Both wanted peace. To enhance her bargaining-power and to round-out the insular control along the continent, a move was decided upon analogous to the Pescadores-Formosa campaign of 1895. A joint expeditionary force was despatched to Karafuto (Sakhalin).

This long, narrow, northerly Island, slightly exceeding Formosa in area, which is a physiographical part of the mainland but in 1905 was regarded as a meagre extension of Hokkaido economically, seemed no precious gem for the Mikado but in the Czar's diadem glittered with an offensive sparkle. In later years the forests and the oil deposits endowed the place with a more substantial allure.

The remote Island was sparsely settled and weakly fortified in 1905. The Thirteenth Division of the Army under Lieutenant General Haraguchi was detailed to proceed there with a naval force, denominated the Northern Squadron, formed of fifty-one assorted vessels commanded by Kataoka and Dewa. In this new organization were some new ship names: *Iki*, *Okinoshima*, *Mishima*. The Japanese characters on their sterns were imposed upon obliterations, for these vessels were among those surrendered by Nebogatoff, now being utilized in coastal operations of a nature suited to their original design.

The expedition sailed from Aomori and Otaru¹ in July and attacked the Island in much the same way that Togo had the Baltic fleet: at its extremities. The resistance was slight, and by August 1 the Japanese sledge-hammer had swatted the Russian fly.

There were also naval operations during the summer along the Siberian littoral but they were not of importance in framing the peace treaty.

¹ 4 and 21, respectively.

THE war had been ailing for some time and the blow dealt to it by Togo at Tsushima proved fatal.

Roosevelt had known since the opening torpedo at Port Arthur that there were implicit in the Russo-Japanese conflict the possibilities of a complete dismemberment of China by all of the maritime powers and of a world war upon the scale of the one that occurred a decade later. With splendid statesmanship he devoted himself to the avoidance of both contingencies.

The November election greatly enhanced Roosevelt's prestige, authority and confidence. He maintained a benevolent neutrality that bespoke his and the people's pro-Japanese sentiments, but his imagination encompassed the danger to America of an unchallenged sea power in the Western Pacific. The President hoped that Japan would win but that Russia would remain in the Far East as a check upon Nipponese imperialism.

His part in the international fermentation of that time has been reconstructed by Tyler Dennett from the original documents and set forth clearly in the latter's *Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War*.²

After the fall of Port Arthur and more particularly after the Battle of Mukden, between which events were heard ominous rumblings of the lava heaving within the Muscovite volcano, there was serious talk in all of the capitals of a conference to liquidate the issues without further bloodshed—and continued jeopardy to the interests of the other European nations.

The Czar's stupidity and stubbornness enabled the Plehve gang, smeared with the gore of domestic pogroms, to persuade him that to stop the war would be pulling the cork that sealed the revolutionary crater. On the Japanese side the desire for peace was masked behind the bargaining pretence that the continental expedition was just one happy picnic. Plainly the invitation to measure Japan's minimum demands against Russia's maximum concessions would have to emanate—or at least appear to emanate—from an outside source.

There was a scramble for this honour and its honorarium. As early as the summer of 1904, Eckardstein broached the subject of peace to Hayashi in London, but Germany was the very power which Japan blamed for the loss of Port Arthur in 1895. France hinted at mediation, but her kindnesses to Rojestvensky and her open alliance with Russia made this suggestion as unacceptable to Japan as it was distasteful to

² (Doubleday Page, 1925).

the Kaiser. When amid the tea talk of an April reception Delcassé interpolated a proffer of his good offices to Minister Motono, the time was nearly ripe and the diplomatic wheels began to revolve at accelerated speed.

Roosevelt was hunting in the Rockies, and by the process of elimination, the Nobel Prize was manoeuvred by the Japanese to swing within his unseeking but capable grasp.

Matters dragged along for several weeks until there flashed around the world the news of Tsushima. Three days after the battle, Foreign Minister Komura cabled to Minister Takahira:³ ". . . You will express to the President the hope of the Japanese Government that in actual circumstances of the case and having in view the changed situation resulting from the recent naval battle, he will see his way directly and entirely of his own motion and initiative to invite the two belligerents to come together for the purpose of direct negotiation. . ."

Four days later, Ambassador Charlemagne Tower was leaving the cathedral in Berlin after a service in connection with the wedding of the Crown Prince, when there was thrust into his hand a private missive bearing the Imperial signature. The opening sentence read: "The situation created by the annihilation of the Russian fleet in the Korean Straits is clearly to be defined by the expression 'loss of the command of the Asiatic waters.'" The letter then suggested that, if the President would take the first step towards effecting a conference of the belligerents, the Kaiser would exercise his alleged influence over the Czar to procure Russia's acquiescence.

Although the Czar petulantly had been protesting at every opportunity that Oyama's omission to pursue and attack the withdrawn armies of Russia in Northern Manchuria was not consistent with Japanese averments of victory, it was impossible for Russia to prolong the war. In his memoirs Witte summarized the realities that the myopic ruler could not see: "We had exhausted all our means and had lost our credit abroad. There was not the slightest hope of floating either a domestic or a foreign loan. We could continue the war only by resorting to new issues of paper money, that is, by preparing the way for a complete financial and consequently economic collapse."⁴

Characteristically Japan was slow and cautious in the preliminary exchanges, Russia was vacillating and unreliable, and Roosevelt was swift and irresistible, permitting neither party

³ May 31. Dennett, *supra*, p. 215.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 185.

to cut off its nose to spite its face. Russia shied away from a session under the auspices of this dynamic friend of Japan's, and nominated the Hague. No European background was satisfactory to Japan, and Roosevelt, knowing that he could guarantee a Square Deal to both parties, refused to release Russia from a previous commitment by Minister Cassini to the selection of Washington.

Russia sought an armistice pending the negotiations for peace, but Japan would not consent to an abatement of her Siberian and Sakhalin campaigns, frankly avowing the intention of having as strong a territorial position as possible when the rival delegates met.

From St. Petersburg came rumours and expressions of hope that the pre-eminent and reputedly friendly Ito would be drafted as chief plenipotentiary, but the person sent was Komura, whose portfolio of the Foreign Ministry made him the logical designee. The preferences of the Romanoff clique did not even govern the appointment of the Russian representative, the Czar feeling constrained, after vainly seeking a suitable substitute, to commission the resourceful Witte, his Number One statesman, who personally was a pet aversion of the Czarina's and far from a favourite of her husband. The associate delegates were the respective envoys at Washington, Takahira and Rosen, the latter just having relieved Cassini.

Because of the season, it cheerfully was agreed that the sessions should be shifted from the deserted *rôtisserie* on the Potomac to a New England resort. Roosevelt was perched on Sagamore Hill, with the *Mayflower* within call of Oyster Bay, so a seaport was desired for the meeting. Newport was the natural place but the President feared that the millionaire hostesses might draw an embarrassing colour-line. Quite fittingly, the choice fell upon quiet Portsmouth, in whose harbour was located the oldest United States Navy Yard and there had been anchored in bygone days many of the American warships that made the early *voyages* to the Far East.

In the cabin of the *Mayflower* the President tactfully supervised the breaking of the ice between the rival delegations and then he left them to their own devices. There ensued a diplomatic fencing contest between Witte and Komura, in which the former displayed his dexterity and skill despite the most exasperating lack of support and even intermeddling by St. Petersburg. He adapted himself to the American setting and converted the anti-Russian atmosphere into one of sympathy for the under-dog. He handled his contacts like a native poli-

tician and simulated a candour that won the press. Knowing that it was a safe bluff, he suggested that the sessions of the conference be public,⁵ and the reporters erroneously credited him with a sincere desire to trade in the open.

Komura, an ordinary man superficially, had no flair for playing to the galleries, and he lost their good will. The Japanese publicity technique was miserable.

The delegates opened their sessions formally in the Navy Yard on August 9 and got down to business the next day. Soon it became clear that most of Japan's demands would be met but that as to others there would be the most stubborn objection if not final denial.

Russia was willing to assign to Japan the Kwantung lease, to recognize Japan's predominance in Korea, to withdraw from Manchuria and to transfer to Japan the southern portion of the Manchurian tributaries of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Japan demanded as additional naval booty those fugitive Russian warships which had been interned in neutral ports and a restriction upon the future Russian naval force in Far Eastern waters. The vessels in question were not of substantial value and obviously many years would elapse before Russia would be in a position to maintain a Pacific squadron of strength, so these proposed stipulations would have served only to offend Russia's pride. Witte talked Komura out of them but the latter did obtain certain valuable fishing rights in the North Pacific.

The impasse was caused by Russia's positive refusal to cede Sakhalin or pay an indemnity. The Czar had proclaimed his insistence that not one square foot of Russian territory would be relinquished or one kopek of indemnity paid, and his stupid inability to realize the weakness of his own position was a positive asset in the negotiations.

It looked to everybody concerned, including the President, as though the conference would break down and the war be prolonged. That this did not occur was due to Roosevelt's intervention. He reminded the Russians of the law of conquest and reconciled them to a renunciation of the lower half of Sakhalin, by showing them that thereby they really were receiving a gift of the upper half, then in enemy possession. He anticipated Clemenceau's device in 1919 of making an indemnity smell sweeter by calling it by another name and he bargained down its size. With these further concessions wrung from the losers, the President gave the Japanese the

⁵ *Memoirs of Count Witte, supra*, p. 141.

unenviable alternatives of continuing hostilities solely over an issue of the amount of money to be exacted or closing the deal. The opinion of the world would have condemned such a war as crassly and barbarously materialistic. On August 29 the delegates reached an agreement.

The papers were signed at Portsmouth on September 5. Roosevelt considered the terms fair to the belligerents and satisfactory to the United States. He believed that Komura could have squeezed out all of Sakhalin—and so did the Japanese people. Witte, advocate for the loser, who resignedly had accepted a thankless mission, was made a Count. Everywhere, particularly in Japan, he was credited with having won back from Komura a part of what had been lost to Togo and Oyama.

Witte and Rosen estimated the outcome as a notable triumph of negotiation. The former attributed it largely to what he considered the vile American food, of which he partook very sparingly but with which he said Komura gorged himself until his stomach collapsed simultaneously with the final Japanese concessions.⁶

The Japanese populace received the details from America with disappointment and a sense of again having been deprived of their rightful spoils. The Government was abused and Komura was in boisterous disfavour. What had been desired by the masses was an old-fashioned boot-heel subjugation of the vanquished, like the Roman conquests or the subsequent Treaty of Versailles.

In the Navy there was particular indignation at what was regarded as a diplomatic surrender. The officers held their tongues but below decks there was grumbling. Many of the ships lay at Sasebo. On September 10, Togo's barge shoved off from the *Mikasa* and he boarded a train on the way to Tokyo. Once more he was to have a dramatic escape.

That very night, the flagship took fire. Before the flames could be brought under control they reached the after-magazine, which exploded with a terrific roar that shook the vicinity. A rip eighty-one feet long was torn in the stern and there were nine other holes blown through the hull. Many of Togo's wartime shipmates were lost. The celebrated battleship which had led the fleet to victory went to the muddy bottom of the harbour.

In many respects the catastrophe resembled the destruction of the *Maine*. The cause of each explosion remains a mystery of the sea. It was thought abroad that the *Mikasa* may have

⁶ *Memoirs of Count Witte, supra*, pp. 150-1.

been sent to her doom as some demented sailor's perverted protest against the supposed betrayal at Portsmouth. After as thorough an investigation as the circumstances permitted, the Japanese Navy Department announced that the magazine had been detonated by the spontaneous combustion of defective ammunition.

Plans were made to raise the wreck. In December and in January strenuous efforts to do this failed, but the following summer the task was achieved.⁷ The *Mikasa* is now preserved as the hallowed naval shrine of the Empire.

No matter how critical the Japanese might be of the Russian peace terms, they could not overlook a notable offset to the credit of the Katsura-Komura Ministry. Three days after the American conference had been called to order, Hayashi and Lansdowne quietly signed the second Anglo-Japanese Alliance, whose consummation was published after the settlement at Portsmouth.

The new compact with Great Britain was broader in scope than the first. The guaranty of Korean independence was scrapped. There was recognized the British "special interest" in the region of India. Most important was the change in the mutual military and naval obligations. Whereas the 1902 treaty had provided for aid in the event of a war against two or more powers, the 1905 agreement stipulated that either party would assist the other against a single enemy. This was a genuine, thoroughgoing dual alliance, and the limitation to wars of defence was of no practical importance.

Thanks in large measure to this partnership, renewed and extended at the moment of Russia's naval expulsion from the Pacific, Japan was enabled to consolidate her gains. By direct treaty with helpless China a formal approval was given to the transfer of Russian leases and easements to Japan.

In November 1905 Korea assigned to the Mikado full authority over the former's foreign relations; in 1907 Korea's internal administration also was assumed by Tokyo; and on August 29, 1910, the treaty of annexation was signed, realizing the dream of Hadeyoshi.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance in its several reaffirmations proclaimed the integrity of China, but this proved a mockery. As Dr. Chung-fu Chang demonstrates so clearly, it marked the

⁷ Details of salvage operations in articles in *Army and Navy Gazette* and *Engineer*, quoted in U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Vol. 82, p. 1602.

break-up of the Celestial Empire.⁸ China emulated just enough of Japan's Westernisms to lead to complications, not enough to ensure self-protection.

Togo naturally was distressed that his *Mikasa*, which had survived Russian shells, mines and torpedoes during those embattled months, should succumb to an internal cancer, whether of personnel or matériel, within the confines of her own base. Returning there, he hoisted his flag on the battleship *Shikishima*.

The monster naval reception and victory celebration at the capital was scheduled for October. The Commander-in-Chief marshalled his Combined Fleet at Isé Bay⁹ for the last cruise. When the ratifications of the peace were proclaimed,¹⁰ the fleet was there, off Yamada, where Japanese warriors had worshipped since before the Christian era. Togo led his officers and men ashore to these ancient shrines to offer thanks for the victorious peace.

The Imperial fleet steamed from Yamada to Tokyo Bay, where the Emperor and his people waited to accord a hero's welcome. Togo elected to arrive on October 21, the exact centenary of Trafalgar. His own apprenticeship beneath the flag of Nelson and the renewal of the Alliance lent particular significance to the celebration of the Japanese naval victories on this paramount British anniversary.

One hundred and sixty powerful men-of-war, all flying the Rising Sun, lay in extended array off Yokohama. The remoteness of the Perry era, which was well within living memory, was emphasized by the presence of those Russian vessels in Togo's captive train.

The Commander-in-Chief went to the capital by rail to deliver his report of the naval campaign to his sovereign just as the commanders of old rendered their accounts orally and in person before the development of modern methods of communication.

Monarchy displayed its lavish pomp. The Admiral was received at the Palace with every ceremony that the protocol experts could devise. Ushered through the manned galleries and corridors to the foot of the throne of the oldest reigning dynasty, Togo finally stood in the light of heaven reflected by

⁸ *The Anglo-Japanese Alliance* (Johns Hopkins Press, 1931). See his conclusion on p. 281.

⁹ At the head of Isé Bay lies Nagoya, the largest industrial centre between Tokyo and Osaka.

¹⁰ October 16.

the countenance of the great Mutsuhito. Royalty was present in profusion. Prime Minister Katsura was there with his Ministers. Baron Yamamoto and Admiral Ito beamed at the vindication of their choice for the command afloat.

Satsuma restored to the crown its ancient seaways; Saigo and his followers returned in glory to the Imperial Standard.

The audience was stiff and brief. Togo read aloud his report of the naval operations from the first midnight torpedo attack at Port Arthur in February 1904 to the post-Tsushima activities at Sakhalin. The tone was proud but not boastful. There was at the end a cordial word of appreciation for the achievements of the sister service ashore.

Mutsuhito, the great Emperor, whom Togo sincerely loved beyond all else in life and whom he sincerely regarded as the providential instrumentality for achieving Japan's renaissance, responded with a gracious but not extravagant expression of gratitude and commendation.

The Admiral was escorted to another hall, where he was regaled with a cup of saké by the Ministers and officers, freed from the restraints of the royal presence.

Before taking the train for Yokohama, Togo made his official call at the Department.

The following day the Mikado reviewed the fleet. As the royal train pulled in at the Yokohama wharf, the warships split the morning air with a gunnery salute. At the Custom House the Emperor received Togo and his staff, who then became hosts for the occasion.

In the Admiral's barge, the party went out to the *Asama*, where the Imperial Standard was broken at the main. The Crown Prince and other princes of the blood, besides many of the ranking officers of the fleet, already were on the quarter-deck. The armoured cruiser, which had tasted royal ceremonials at the coronation of Edward VII, got underway and slowly steamed along the lines of fighting ships. Togo stood beside the Emperor, pointing out the various squadrons, divisions, flotillas and units, explaining the function of each and its exploits during the war. The rails were manned, the national anthem was played by every band as the *Asama* passed, and those extreme honours reserved for sovereigns and presidents were paraded for this occasion unprecedented in Japanese history.

Beginning the next day, Tokyo held a series of enthusiastic celebrations that lasted a week. The people gave over the city to a naval holiday. There were the parade through the arch

of triumph, the entertainments, the parties, the almost continuous festivities of day and night. From the Crown Prince down, all rivalled one another in extending hospitality.

In conclusion, there was an impressive memorial service at Aoyama Cemetery for those sailors who had not returned with the fleet. Togo quite spontaneously took the hand of a small child whose dead father had been one of the Admiral's officers and he uttered a plain word of heartfelt sympathy for all who mourned husbands, fathers, sons, brothers and friends who had sailed from Sasebo on one-way journeys. It is said that Togo asked his own son not to meet him at Yokohama, for fear that such a conspicuous reunion would deepen the grief of those families whose representatives in the Navy were not coming home.

While at Tokyo, Togo was appointed a member of the committee to investigate service achievements during the war. There were many demands upon his time during the autumn months of demobilization.

Like Ito after the Chinese War, Togo now was slated for the position of Chief of the Naval Staff, and also, as a matter of course, membership on the Board of Admirals. Chief of the Naval Staff corresponds, as has been indicated previously, to Chief of Naval Operations in the United States and First Sea Lord in England. Togo relieved Ito on December 20.

When the time came for the Commander-in-Chief to go over the side forever, to leave the sea and the fleet after his long career of service afloat, he bade good-bye to his comrades in words that will not soon be forgotten. He had shifted his flag from the *Shikishima* to the battleship *Asahi* and it was aboard the latter that the memorable parting took place.

There were heavy hearts and many a moist eye as the Admiral spoke:

The war of twenty months' duration is now a thing of the past, and our United Squadron, having completed its functions, is to be herewith dispersed. But our duties as naval men are not at all lightened for that reason. To preserve in perpetuity the fruits of this war, to promote to an ever greater height of prosperity the fortunes of the country, the Navy, which, irrespective of peace or war, has to stand between the empire and shocks from abroad, must always maintain its strength at sea and must be prepared to meet any emergency. This strength does not consist solely in ships and armament; it consists also in immaterial ability to utilize such agents. When we understand that one gun which scores a hundred percent of hits is a match for a hundred of the

enemy's guns each of which scores only one percent, it becomes evident that we sailors must have recourse before everything to the strength which is over and above externals. The triumphs recently won by our Navy are largely to be attributed to the habitual training which enabled us to garner the fruits of the fighting. If then we infer the future from the past, we recognize that though war may cease we can not abandon ourselves to ease and rest. A soldier's whole life is one continuous and unceasing battle, and there is no reason why his responsibilities should vary with the state of the times. In days of crisis he has to display his strength; in days of peace to accumulate it, thus perpetually and uniquely discharging his duties to the full. It was no light task that during the past year and a half we fought with wind and waves, encountered heat and cold, and kept the sea while frequently engaging a stubborn enemy in a death-or-life struggle; yet, when we reflect, this is seen to have been only one in a long series of general manoeuvres, wherein we had the happiness to make some discoveries; happiness which throws into comparative insignificance the hardships of war. If men calling themselves sailors grasp at the pleasures of peace, they will learn the lesson that however fine in appearance their engines of war, these, like a house built on the sand, will fail at the first approach of the storm. From the day when in ancient times we conquered Korea, that country remained for over 400 years under our control, only to be lost immediately so soon as our Navy declined. Again when under the sway of the Tokugawa in modern days our armaments were neglected, the coming of a few American ships threw us into distress, and we were unable to offer any resistance to attempts against the Kuriles and Sakhalin. On the other hand, if we turn to the annals of the Occident we see that at the beginning of the 19th century the British Navy, which won the battles of the Nile and of Trafalgar, not only made England as secure as a great mountain but also by thenceforth carefully maintaining its strength and keeping it on a level with the world's progress has throughout the long interval between that era and the present day safeguarded the country's interests and promoted its fortunes. For such lessons, whether ancient or modern, Occidental or Oriental, though to some extent they are the outcome of political happenings, must be regarded as in the main the natural result of whether the soldier remembers war in the day of peace. We naval men who have survived the war must take these examples deeply to heart, and adding to the training which we have already received, our actual experiences in the war, must plan future developments and seek not to fall behind the progress of the time. If, keeping the instructions of our Sovereign ever graven on our hearts, we serve earnestly and diligently, and putting forth our full strength await what the hour may bring forth, we shall then have discharged our great duty of perpetually guarding our coun-

try. Heaven gives the crown of victory to those only who by habitual preparation win without fighting, and at the same time forthwith deprives of that crown those who, content with one success, give themselves up to the ease of peace. The ancients well said: "Tighten your helmet strings in the hour of victory."

When the text of this farewell address reached America, President Roosevelt was beset by multifarious legislative problems and facing the threat of a strike by the anthracite-coal miners. So impressed was he, however, by the sermon of the *Asahi* that he directed copies to be broadcast to his own soldiers and sailors in the form of General Orders by the Army and the Navy Departments.¹¹ He wrote a suitable introduction. "In the recent war in the East," it began, "Admiral Togo took his place among the great sea fighters of all time."

This unusual adoption of the Japanese Commander-in-Chief's remarks did not escape comment in the American press. The *New York Herald* compared Roosevelt's action to the speeches of the Kaiser, whose erratic indiscretions the President himself privately condemned, and implied that Russia would be offended and the diplomatic world amazed. The adverse criticism was levelled solely at the official endorsement by the White House in so striking a form. For Togo's words there was only praise, excepting on the part of the pacifists and those smug sophisticians who sneered at what they called platitudes.¹²

In Japan the admonitions of the Admiral were taken to heart—and so far have been remembered more steadfastly than Washington's fellow-countrymen have remembered the precepts in his farewell address.

¹¹ February 8, 1906.

¹² On March 3, 1906 Togo cabled his gratification to Roosevelt.

CHAPTER XXII

HALO AND PARITY

THE Japanese Navy was not called upon to fight another fleet action during the remainder of Togo's life but continued to fulfil its function of safeguarding the Empire's access to the continent. In 1907 the British authority, Archibald S. Hurd, wrote: "In naval power, judged by the misleading processes of the statistician, Japan is a mere pygmy. . ."¹ By the autumn following Togo's death one who as a junior officer had served under him in the *Naniwa*, as Prime Minister,² refused to accept for Japan a tonnage quota second to that of any other sea power. Within the span of Togo's life his nation passed from Perry to parity.

Dominating the enormity of China and Siberia was the fleet of a fragment nation, and the anomalous situation must have reminded them of that comment by Gibbon, who did not live to see the great victories of his contemporary Nelson but shared the tradition whence they sprang: "In the height of their prosperity, the Turks have acknowledged that if God had given them the earth, he had left the sea to the infidels; and a series of defeats, a rapid progress of decay, has established the truth of this modest confession."³

In point of time Tsushima occurred two years nearer Togo's return from his apprenticeship in England than his death. The long period of personal anti-climax was replete with opportunities for the hero to manifest human frailties, and yet, by reason of his uncompromising simplicity and his aloofness from the arena of controversy, the head that could not be turned by applause wore an increasingly brighter halo until the virtual canonization at the end.

If the man lacked colour he did possess a rare dignity of character and a rare sense of proportion that could not be

¹ *Japan's Naval Development, The Nineteenth Century And After*, No. 367 (September 1907), p. 369.

² Admiral Okada Keisuke.

³ *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Chap. LXVIII, in connection with the siege of Constantinople in 1453.

hoodwinked by proletarian adoration or patrician acclaim. He never reclined upon his laurels. Reminiscent of the restriction upon statues in Erewhon was the comment Togo made when asked to pose for photographs to be sent to Angelo Zanelli, who was selected from the sculptors of the world to carve the figure for the grand Memorial built around the restored *Mikasa* in 1926.

"It does not seem proper to me," he said privately, not at all for effect, "that expense should be incurred in this manner at the present time. How can you be sure that I always shall live up to the monument that you propose to erect to me? I intend to remain prudent at all times until my death, but who can tell?"⁴

When the ensuing last decade of Togo's life witnessed the revival of Shinto-nationalism with a politico-religious fervour, Togo's survival provided the convenient and ideal personification of the Samurai virtues restored to their ancient pre-eminence. He and his times remained spiritually congruent.

Togo's intrinsically important achievements had been performed when his flag was hauled down for the last time as Commander-in-Chief. Although many of the recitals in his obituary specify dates subsequent to 1905, the significance of these later years does not lie in anything the Admiral did but in his projection beyond the event of the unsullied hero. His glamour remained as bright after his quarter of a century of continued residence among his admirers as if, like Nelson, he had fallen on the day of supreme triumph.

Japan seized every possible opportunity to glorify the living idol, and repayment was accepted in frequent drafts upon his prestige for the continuous enhancement of national maritime strength. For four years he served as Chief of the Naval Staff. His personal link with England was utilized to tighten the Alliance. His intimacy with the Japanese Royal Family was availed of to ensure the naval indoctrination of the next two rulers. His unique position of authority above all factions within and without the Navy enabled his infrequent and hence precious words of counsel to rise above the clamour of controversy, as the beacon atop the Tower of Loyalty that Togo and Nogi dedicated in 1909 on a summit above Port Arthur shone above the coastal mists.

Togo's incumbency of the office of Chief of the Naval Staff was during the period from December 20, 1905, when the Com-

⁴ Quoted in letter from Signor Zanelli to the author.

bined Fleet was dissolved, to December 1909. His superior, the Minister of the Navy, was Saito Makoto, promoted from the post of Vice Minister, so there was no break in continuity from the preceding Yamamoto-Saito-Ito régime. As Chief of the Staff, Togo had direct access to the sovereign on all naval matters.

Needless to state, the Admiral permitted no post-war let-down in the morale. At his desk he was mindful of the precepts in his own farewell address to his sailors.

On the matériel side, he found much to be desired. The loss of the battleships *Hatsuse*, *Yashima* and *Mikasa*,⁵ the cruisers *Yoshino* and *Takasago*, and various minor units were not filled by the captured Russian vessels, which could not satisfactorily be incorporated in the Japanese fleet. Many years later, during the World War, Togo stood alongside of the present Mikado watching the old surrendered flagship of Nebogatoff's meet her ignominious end as the target at gunnery practice. When, however, pursuant to the terms of the Washington Treaty, some Japanese-born ships were led to a similar fate, the Admiral pleaded on sentimental grounds to be excused from witnessing the spectacle.

At the conclusion of the Portsmouth Peace there were under construction three battleships,⁶ four armoured cruisers⁷ and one light cruiser.⁸

Togo and his assistants were deeply impressed by the value of superior speed, which had saved the day at the Yellow Sea and had been the dominant factor at Tsushima. Their programme included a preponderance of swift armoured cruisers. Then came Fisher's wonder-ship, the fast all-big-gun *Dreadnought* with sufficient armour protection to qualify as a battleship,⁹ and the naval designers of the world tore up their blue-prints.

The Naval Staff in Tokyo evolved a plan for a fleet whose nucleus would comprise eight dreadnaughts¹⁰ and eight armoured cruisers of the improved type to be called battle cruisers. The Diet was at the height of its power and funds for this programme were not forthcoming with the generosity

⁵ Subsequently raised as noted *supra*.

⁶ *Satsuma*, 19,000 tons, in Japan; *Katori* and *Kashima*, each 16,400 tons, in England.

⁷ *Ibuki* and *Kurama*, each 14,600 tons; and *Tsukuba* and *Ikoma*, each 12,000 tons; all in Japan.

⁸ *Tone*, 4000 tons, in Japan.

⁹ 10 12-inch rifles; 21 knots.

¹⁰ So revolutionary was the *Dreadnought* that the name soon became generic.

that the Department deemed fitting. In those days, the cost of armaments still was reckoned in Japan and the war loans were hanging over the Treasury. The renewed partnership with the Royal Navy was regarded as a substitute for many divisions of capital ships.

No considerations of economy, however, interfered with the development of the home yards or of the new types. Under Togo's administration, auxiliaries as well as capital ships were given due recognition. The submarine won its place in the naval organization and destroyers were built sturdy enough to operate with the fleet on the high seas in moderately rough weather.

It must not be inferred that even in those days, when democracy was on the ascendant, the cyclical neglect of the American Navy that followed every maritime emergency had any counterpart in the relative treatment of the Imperial Navy after Tsushima. Japanese Ministries have risen and fallen, finances have swollen and shrunk, premiers have been ex-admirals and landlubbers, but the lessons of Kagoshima and Shimonoseki, of the Yalu and the Sea of Japan, never have failed to guide a single session of the Diet, much less a council in the Palace. In proportion to her wealth and income Japan's appropriations for the Navy have been lavish compared to those of any other contemporary sea power.

THE two outstanding contributions of Togo to the ceremonial emphasis upon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance were his attendance upon the Garter Mission in 1906 and his visit to London in 1911 for the coronation of King George V. Both occasions coincided with renewals of the treaty.

When the victory at sea was rewarded by the 1905 reaffirmation of Britannia's favour, King Edward listed with his own pen the members of a distinguished delegation to fasten about the leg of the Mikado the esteemed Garter. Prince Arthur of Connaught headed the group, which also included, among others, Lord Redesdale, one of the early attachés in Japan, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour. At Yokohama H.M.S. *Diadem*, transporting the Garter and its escorts, was greeted by Ambassador Sir Claude Macdonald, who all too vividly remembered a prior occasion upon which he had awaited Admiral Seymour. On the Japanese reception committee were General Kuroki, representing the Army, and, as representative of the Navy, Admiral Togo.

Lord Redesdale wrote that the first interview with these "two

mighty leaders with whose exploits the whole world has been ringing . . . was not a little exciting." He described Togo as "a quiet, silent man, with a rather melancholy face, lighted up, as the spirit moves him, by one of the sweetest of smiles." He noticed what practically every one else who met the Admiral invariably perceived in the first few minutes, that he was "lost in thought."¹¹ Sir Edward Seymour declared that "a more modest and retiring man than the Admiral has never worn a naval uniform."¹²

To the British Order of Merit, limited to twenty-four members, no foreigner ever had been admitted. This decoration King Edward had decided to bestow upon Yamagata, Oyama and Togo. The medals were inscribed "For Merit," and it was observed that the Admiral flipped his around so that these words of commendation faced inwards.

The Emperor himself met Prince Arthur at the railroad station in Tokyo, an unheard-of honour, which was the first of a succession of unprecedented acts of royal hospitality proclaiming the fact that Japan's regard for her ally transcended mere friendship.

As mentioned in an early chapter, the Mission journeyed down to Kagoshima where, with Togo as the chief guide, the guests were entertained in cordial splendour at the scene of the bombardment of 1863. The Englishmen were impressed by the spontaneous demonstrations of affection and reverence on the part of the people of Kagoshima and its environs for the foremost son of Satsuma.

In 1922 another generation manifested a similar pride in the Admiral when he once more acted as host to a visiting member of the British Royal Family, this time the Prince of Wales. By then the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had been engulfed in the Washington Conference, but the significance of the changed relationships was not yet clear to the masses anywhere.

When with her customary discrimination Japan was ready to distribute the awards for the Russian War, Togo came in for his full share. He was made a member of the Order of the Golden Kite, First Class, and received the annuity of fifteen hundred yen that accompanied the medal. His uniform did not afford space for all of his decorations and in his funeral procession it required twelve officers to carry them. When the

¹¹ *The Garter Mission, supra*, pp. 2-3.

¹² *My Naval Career and Travels, supra*, p. 392.

Mikasa was dedicated as a patriotic shrine there was bestowed upon the Admiral the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum with the Collar, of which Prince Kan-in was the only other possessor.

In 1907 Togo was tagged with the title of Count. It was understood that he sought no further elevation in the peerage, which had nothing at all to offer him, but upon his deathbed he was raised to the rank of Marquis. It has been mentioned before that these imported titles engrafted upon the native hierarchy are inconsequential in comparison with precedence at the Imperial Court, where in his late years Togo was the first commoner. His privilege to carry a cane in the Mikado's presence, awarded in 1933, placed him in a more select circle than the title of Prince would have done.

In speaking of the sailor's inability to reconcile himself to plumage and celebrity, the people never tire of the story that, after the triumphal return from Tsushima, Togo was embarrassed and annoyed by the profusion of his likenesses on public display everywhere he turned, and vainly tried to buy out the supply at the source. When a lock of Nelson's hair arrived from England with a request for a lock of Togo's, his wife and friends had great difficulty in coaxing him into submission.¹⁸

The old gentleman politely diverted into channels of public benefit, funds raised to present him with a more commodious residence. He preferred his old plain home to any new one and he tenaciously clung to the modest mode of domestic life that his officer's salary previously had made obligatory. Above all he wished to spare his family from the dangers of wealth and reflected fame. With thrift amounting almost to parsimony he somewhat paradoxically combined a distaste for riches, and with considerable difficulty he succeeded in remaining and dying a relatively poor man.

As a minor concession, he did enlarge his house after his retirement from sea duty, but its simplicity was not lost. When the 1923 earthquake turned Tokyo upside down, this structure remained standing in a devastated neighbourhood, but it was threatened by the invariably attendant fire. The aged Admiral refused to abandon the ship and, despite almost forcible efforts to remove him from danger, he sent members of his household to a place of safety and personally directed the fight with his customary coolness until the flames were under control.

¹⁸ Ogasawara, *Togo. Contemporary Japan*, Vol. III, No. 2 (September 1984), p. 267.

The ordinary-looking residence is now one of the hallowed shrines of the Empire.

His two older brothers having died, Mutsuhito's third son, the future Emperor Yoshihito, was the Crown Prince. He was twenty-six when the Russian War ended, and his aging father sent the young heir apparent on tours throughout the realm. Admiral Togo was one of the guides and counsellors chosen to accompany the Prince. A notable journey was undertaken to the continent in 1907, during the course of which the veteran sea fighter pointed out many of the scenes of the naval engagements of the two recent wars. On the return voyage from Chemulpo, after a state visit to the capital of Korea, Togo directed a stop at Douglas Inlet and Sylvia Basin, where he had laid in wait for Rojestvensky. Taking the Prince aboard a destroyer, the Admiral showed him the interior of this protected anchorage and explained its strategic significance, past and future.

Korea's absorption within the Empire, after the historic rivalry between the Islands and the Peninsula that antedated the dawn of recorded history, marked Japan's definite assumption of the Far Eastern hegemony.

The post-war Nipponization of the Hermit Kingdom had been in charge of the capable Ito, who retired as Resident General in 1909. After returning home, he went to Manchuria in October for an important meeting with Kokovtsoff, the Russian Minister of Finance, to discuss issues of evacuation that the war had not settled and were to be still moot at Togo's death. As Ito alighted from his train at Harbin and walked towards the waiting Kokovtsoff, a fanatical Korean patriot shot him from behind. The foremost of the Meiji statesmen, who for so long had eluded the political assassins of his own country and the huge libations of saké which had given him renown as a sober drinker, succumbed within half an hour. His body was brought home by the *Akitsushiu*.

Princess Ito's stoical concern was chiefly lest the shock prove too much for her husband's lifelong friend Inouye, who was recovering from a serious illness.¹⁴

Prior to his departure from Japan on this fatal trip, Ito had delivered a kind of Polonius-Laertes dissertation to one of his sons. In the course of it he said that it was Japan's mission "to safeguard all the Oriental nations," and added: "So the domination of the Sea of Japan, the China Sea, as well as the

¹⁴ He survived until 1915.

Pacific Ocean, is a matter of the most vital importance for our protection.”¹⁵

The nineteenth century spoke to the twentieth and that principle is still the national guide.

It was the month after Ito's assassination that Togo, with Nogi, dedicated the Loyalty Tower at Port Arthur.

Shortly after this widely-publicized ceremony, the Admiral was relieved of the duties of Chief of the Naval Staff and was appointed to membership in the High Military Council of the Empire, the supreme war and preparedness board of Japan. Togo's interest in all matters appertaining to the service remained active. He cheerfully undertook special tasks that involved hard work, responsibility and no glory, such as the inspection of the Kure Base in 1910 and that of some of the other naval establishments from time to time.

It was during Togo's administration that the Naval Staff was compelled to recognize that the so-called Atlantic fleet of the United States was concerned equally with the welfare of America's *West Coast*. While Fighting Bob Evans was feeling his way safely through the fog-filled Straits of Magellan, Goethals successfully was digging the “impossible” short-cut. Canada and Australia had Asiatic immigration problems similar to those of California. By 1911 the Anglo-Japanese Alliance threatened to endanger Anglo-American friendship, and England was constrained to insist upon its modification so as to exempt from its application any situation involving the United States. The Alliance was doomed, but not until the British Dominions on the Pacific were able to assert full equality with Great Britain after the World War was it abrogated. In the meantime and even afterwards both London and Tokyo strove to maintain the appearance and sentiment of the traditional partnership.

Fortunately, the 1911 amendment of the Alliance, incorporating the great unnamed exception of the United States, could be obscured by public protestations of Anglo-Japanese unity as the bonds were being loosened. The coronation on June 22 provided the colourful tableau behind which Sir Edward Grey and Ambassador Kato signed the new document on July 13. The Mikado's contribution to the screening pageant was a delegation nominally headed by Prince and Princess Higashi-Fushimi but made notable by the inclusion of Admiral

¹⁵ Nakamura, *Prince Ito*, *supra*, p. 72.

Togo and General Nogi. Every circumstance of his life and career pointed to the outstanding Sailor Visitor as the most interesting and glamorous guest at the anointment of the Sailor King of the Sailor Empire.

Commander Taniguchi accompanied the Admiral as his aid. Togo and Nogi were disappointing to the celebrity-chasers aboard the Japanese liner. The famous veterans did not strut the decks in full dress, nor did their disarming informality of attire and manner bespeak a readiness for general social intercourse. The two elderly gentlemen either had to toss themselves without reservation among their fellow passengers, the latters' uneasily understood alien questions, importunate intimacies and cameras, or retire within a privacy of special privilege. The choice was inevitable, and during the long voyage the pair of grizzled warriors could be seen, content with each other's companionship, playing *go* (Japanese chess) by the hour, conversing little. The route was via the Suez Canal and the steamer made the usual calls, many at the places Togo first had glimpsed in 1871.

The coronation was the last great festive occasion in pre-war England and the attending Indian rajahs did not find the spectacle pale even after the Durbars of Delhi. Togo and Nogi were singled out from the foreign commoners for especial attention and were entertained as strenuously as the visiting representatives of the Almanach de Gotha.

Naturally Togo enjoyed most meeting his old friends and his professional colleagues. The Royal Navy Club, which previously had entertained as guest of honor no foreigner excepting Admiral Mahan, unbent in a dinner to the British-trained victor of Tsushima. Admiral Seymour appropriately was the master of ceremonies.

At the mammoth naval review at Spithead, where were assembled the concentrated squadrons of the Royal Navy and men-of-war of almost every other maritime power, Togo and his aid alone of all the foreigners were invited to observe the spectacle from the Admiralty yacht. Nearly a million and a half tons of warships were moored in long rows, and every type was represented. The new Japanese armoured cruiser *Kurama*, flying the flag of Vice Admiral Shimamura, Togo's old Chief-of-Staff, happened to lie next to the *Rossia*, which had escaped from Kamimura at the Battle of Ulsan. Many of the European vessels destined to achieve fame or notoriety in the World War were swinging at their chains in the Portsmouth roadstead that June day.

It was almost exactly forty years since Togo Heihachiro had arrived at that harbour to learn the profession of which he now was the most eminent living exponent.

The high-spot of his return to England was his visit to the new *Worcester* and his reunion with his fellow graduates. This has been treated in the chapter dealing with his apprenticeship aboard the old training ship. Mention was made there of Togo's memorable address to the lads scrubbing in 1911 the decks he had squilgeed in the Seventies and of his stirring greeting at the banquet of the *Worcester* Association. At Captain Henderson Smith's grave the Admiral displayed real emotion.

When the coronation programme had run its glittering course, the Japanese Prince and Princess re-embarked for home. Nogi already had started on a European tour, one object of which was to pay a call of respect upon Stoessel, his adversary at Port Arthur. In view of the outcome of the siege it seemed to Togo far from a kindness to the brave defender of the fallen fortress to stir up the old memories and an indelicacy for Nogi even to enter Russia. Togo elected to travel in England and Scotland with Admiral Dundas and to return via the United States, which he never had visited. There were a few pleasant weeks in the North of Great Britain.

One night in the Trossachs an inn-keeper ushered Togo into the best room, and the Admiral, plainly alarmed about something, confided to Taniguchi that the twin-beds probably implied the assignment of a Scottish lassie as a complaisant geisha girl. The Commander, whose chamber contained only one bed, readily changed quarters with his scandal-dreading chief but the amorous hospitality did not eventuate.¹⁶

In Japan, where there is no acknowledgment that Togo's American visit may have been prompted by official suggestion, the Admiral's itinerary is ascribed to his desire to see his friend-by-correspondence, Theodore Roosevelt. Certainly the two men had a high regard for each other and were eager to meet. There were present all of the elements of mutual respect: each was an undisguised realist and patriot.

Crossing the Atlantic in the new *Lusitania*, the Admiral and his aid reached New York on August 3 and established themselves in the Knickerbocker Hotel on Times Square. There was as yet no Empire State Building or Radio City but the ship-news reporters already were asking incoming celebrities to comment upon the sky-line of Manhattan. The faint vibration caused by the subway under Togo's hotel doubtless re-

¹⁶ Dundas, *supra*, pp. 203-4.

minded him of the frequent harmless seismic tremors at home. He found himself in the busiest modern metropolis he ever had seen.

The American reception was as enthusiastic as that in England and there was no other distinguished visitor with whom Togo could share the limelight. In his unbecoming high hat and ugly Western apparel, the people had difficulty in visualizing this soft-spoken little civilian as the Commander-in-Chief on the exposed bridge of the *Mikasa* during the battle against the Czar's fleets, but they liked his unaffected manner and his smile. He was a spontaneous baby-patter and the crowds hailed him as they would have a presidential nominee.

At Washington, President Taft gave a White House banquet and both Houses of Congress threw open their doors in official salutation, the Senate suspending its business in honour of the Japanese Admiral. Aboard the *Mayflower* he carried his wreath and his sincere regard to the grave of Washington and the beauty of Mount Vernon. (Was not Washington something of an Enomoto or a Saigo who succeeded?) Togo did not skip Annapolis, where his valued Uriu had learned the trade.

New York turned on its most ebullient hospitality, public and private. The climactic banquet, captured by the Japan Society and the Peace Society jointly, was featured by extravagant tributes to international arbitration, but at the official dinner by the State Department, given at Togo's hotel in New York, the floral centrepiece was fashioned in the shape of the *Mikasa*.

The long-anticipated meeting with America's leading citizen took place in his home at Oyster Bay. The atmosphere was informally congenial and the day was enjoyed by the two men from beginning to end. Togo and Roosevelt liked each other at sight. They exchanged gifts and chatted of trifles with sober intensity and of major themes with hearty good will and no nonsense.

The Admiral was in demand by every city but his time was limited. With his hold the worse for an experimental cargo of baked beans at Boston, he departed from the United States at Niagara Falls. Canada's reception left nothing to the imagination. At Seattle, happy and tired, Togo started on the last leg of his trip around the world, sailing for home aboard a Japanese passenger vessel. Two American cruisers escorted him through Puget Sound to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. The steamer gave to the 1893 skipper of the *Naniwa*

another glimpse of Honolulu, where now the modern city buildings flew the Stars and Stripes in perpetuity, and on September 15 he was back on Japanese soil at Yokohama.

This was the period when the Kaiser was building against the Royal Navy and rushing the enlargement of the Kiel Canal. The sizes of the projected warships dwarfed by comparison those that had fought at Tsushima. Japan planned her first four battle cruisers¹⁷ and two thirty-thousand-ton battleships.¹⁸ A couple of years later two more battleships were laid down,¹⁹ followed in 1917 and 1918, respectively, by the 16-inch-gun *Nagato* and *Mutsu*.²⁰

DURING the year following his trip abroad Togo sustained two losses.

Off Drotona Island in the Kuriles, his old *Naniwa* struck a rock and had to be beached.²¹ The crew was landed safely but the historic ship was a wreck.

Late that summer the Periclean Age of Meiji came to its end. Mutsuhito's death left the faithful servants of his own generation stranded on a strange shore, feeling like useless survivors of their own period. Indeed it seemed to some of these veterans, including Nogi and Togo, that it was socially extravagant and even a bit disloyal for them to remain behind their master. During the elaborate funeral, Nogi and his wife privately but ceremoniously committed *seppuku* at their home. Within a few days Togo was a chief mourner, in name and in fact, at the interment of his sovereign and of his Army colleague in the two great wars.

In 1913 Togo was promoted to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Fleet, which carried with it membership on the Council of Field Marshals and Fleet Admirals, a kind of exalted sub-committee of the High Council of National Defence, to which Togo already belonged.

After an illness and an operation for a stone in the bladder, in the autumn of 1913, the old seaman was summoned to a new kind of duty. It is not strange that Lee and many other re-

¹⁷ *Kongo*, *Haruna*, *Kirishima* and *Hiei*, each 27,500 tons (Wash. treaty figure), 8 14-inch rifles, 26 knots. Superior to the famous British "Cats" of the *Lion* class.

¹⁸ *Fuso* and *Yamashiro*, 12 14-inch rifles, 22.5 knots. (4 more main guns and heavier armour than *Kongos* in compensation for lower speed.)

¹⁹ 1915, *Hyuga* and *Ise*, slightly larger and faster than *Fusos*, same main battery.

²⁰ Japan's newest and most powerful capital ships. About 33,000 tons, 8 16-inch rifles, 28 knots.

²¹ June 26, 1912.

tired warriors undertook educational work, because they were accustomed to teaching and leading young men. Usually they became affiliated with a university or other institution. Togo, however, had an opportunity for greater and wider influence. He was to reach the minds and welfare of all Japan through the single person of the new Crown Prince, the present Emperor Hirohito, who was born in 1901. The sailor protested that he was not qualified for this duty but his objections were overruled.²²

From the spring before Sarajevo until the Washington Conference of 1921-22 the Admiral served as President of the Office for the Crown Prince's Studies. This did not impose upon him the duties of a tutor in any ordinary sense but rather those of a supervisor-of-tutors and companion-in-chief. A photograph of Togo and his assistants looks like that of the faculty of a college, and the grave expressions of these savants dissipate any illusion that in Japan the "royal path which leads to geometry" is a gay one.

The professors travelled about from palace to palace with their student body, wherever his royal person might be required. When away from Tokyo, the Admiral would seek lodgings in some modest, inexpensive hotel and live very plainly and quietly. His bladder trouble compelled him to forego saké and this was a privation. "No teetotaller," he used to say, "can be a capable man."²³

The military aspect of the royal training was emphasized by Admiral Togo's presidency, and the latter often stood at the Crown Prince's side when conversation was in order, when new places were being visited, or when subjects of general interest were being discussed. Just as had his father before him, this next heir to the throne learned from the veteran of Port Arthur, the Yalu and Tsushima that the shores of harbours had attributes other than scenic and that the depth of water might be more significant than its hue. After the Crown Prince attained his majority in 1918 and was adjudged ripe for an adult comprehension of military and naval affairs Togo escorted him to manoeuvres and implanted within the royal mind those concepts of national defence which today fortify the throne.

THUS Togo spent the years of the World War, so inconspicuously important in the furtherance of Japan's unswerving pro-

²² Ogasawara, *Togo. Contemporary Japan, supra*, p. 258.

²³ See *The Trans-Pacific*, May 31, 1934, p. 10.

gramme. He was well towards seventy when the outbreak of the European conflict was accepted by the Okuma Government as an apparent opportunity (1) to set a compelling example of compliance with the Anglo-Japanese contract, (2) to drive out from her neighbourhood another European power, the very one upon which she had been seeking to revenge herself since 1895, and (3) to entrench herself more firmly upon the continent while the Western powers were absorbed in Europe. So fast runs history that by the time Togo died the first of those objectives had been proved to have been beyond reach, the attainment of the second had been followed by a *rapprochement* between those two widely separated military autocracies, and the third had emerged as the purpose of overshadowing significance.

Togo saw Germany ousted from continental Asia and from her Pacific islands.

The joint siege of Kiaochow was commenced from seaward with a blockade²⁴ and mine-sweeping operations. The investing troops were disembarked a hundred and fifty miles north of Tsingtao and occupied the intervening portion of Shantung, an area many times more extensive than the territory covered by the 1898 lease.²⁵ To symbolize the Alliance, a small contingent of Colonials carried the British flag into Tsingtao when, after a gallant but hopeless defence, the city fell.²⁶

The Imperial fleet stood watch over the line of overseas transportation to Shantung. The possibility of German naval interference should have been eliminated more quickly than it was. As upon prior occasions, Japan erred in concerning herself with direct convoy protection instead of with the hunting and destruction of the few enemy warships at large.

The German squadron based at Tsingtao avoided being trapped within the blockade. The Japanese omitted to shadow it, even by intelligence reports, during the tense weeks of July 1914. When war broke out, Vice Admiral Spee was in the Carolines, lost to allied contact, with his two armoured cruisers.²⁷ From there he went to the Ladrones and the Marshalls, other German possessions.²⁸ Two light cruisers were

²⁴ Declared August 27, 1914.

²⁵ See Thomas F. F. Millard, *The Great War In The Far East* (pamphlet, Shanghai, 1915).

²⁶ November 7, 1914.

²⁷ *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, 22 knots, 8.2-inch guns.

²⁸ At Ponape, largest island in present Japanese Mandate, when he learned of Britain's declaration; at Pagan in the Ladrones (almost within 1000 miles of Tokyo Bay) August 11; and in the Marshalls the last ten days of the month.

with Spee but he detached the *Emden* for what proved to be one of the most famous commerce-raiding cruises in naval history.²⁹ Her depredations harassed the Allies for three months. Two other light cruisers were off the coast of Mexico, one on the Atlantic side, in connection with the revolution.³⁰ These succeeded in joining Spee at Easter Island in October. He wrought considerable havoc, cutting cables, capturing merchant vessels, raiding allied outposts, destroying the squadron of Rear Admiral Cradock off Chile,³¹ and finally requiring the British Admiralty reluctantly to despatch from the war zone three valuable battle cruisers to end his career.³²

The Japanese sent in search of the elusive Spee such sorry veterans as the old Russian *Retvizan* and some of Kamimura's armoured cruisers of the 1904-05 campaign, but the Imperial fleet did not permit the detachment of any units swift and strong enough for the pursuit.

The Japanese Navy co-operated with forces from Australia and New Zealand in hauling down the German flag at the fourteen hundred odd islands in the Pacific over which it flew. By the time that Spee was drowned in the distant Atlantic, the cable station at Yap and all of the other volcanic protrusions and coral atolls in those several archipelagos had been reduced to possession, along with their Malayan-Polynesian inhabitants.

During the remaining four years of the war Japan continued to lend naval assistance with vigour and cordiality in theatres as remote as the Mediterranean, where her destroyers escorted allied convoys, but there always was one unalterable limitation. There was permitted no substantial impairment of the battle fleet, which stood constant guard over the Straits of Tsushima — surely not against the blockaded High Seas fleet of the enemy. Neither before nor after Jutland was the British line in the North Sea augmented by any capital ships flying the Rising Sun, as, for example, after the American entry into the war Admiral Beatty received the contribution of Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman's strong Sixth Battle Squadron.

If Togo could not command the fleet during the World War,

²⁹ Detached early in August and sunk by the *Sydney* in the Indian Ocean November 9, 1914. The other ship was the *Nürnberg*.

³⁰ *Leipzig* and *Dresden*, 4.1-inch guns. The *Dresden* was in the Caribbean.

³¹ Armoured cruisers *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were sunk, light cruiser *Glasgow* and converted merchantman *Otranto* escaped, in the action off Coronel on November 1, 1914.

³² The *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, fast 12-inch gun vessels under Vice Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, defeated Spee at the Falkland Islands, December 8, 1914. The newer *Princess Royal* was sent to Halifax lest Spee transit the Panama Canal and attack Canadian convoys.

at least he had the satisfaction of knowing that his Chief-of-Staff at Tsushima, Admiral Kato, was his able surrogate. Later in the war, Kato became Minister of Marine. Shima-mura was Chief of the Naval Staff. Others who had learned the Togo Doctrine at first hand filled important positions afloat and ashore, and this was to be the case during the balance of the Admiral's life.

Almost within a month of Spee's apprehension and destruction by the British, Japan showed President Yuan Shih-kai where her prime foreign interest was centred. 1915, the year of the Dardanelles and the *Lusitania*, was opened by the furtive presentation at Peking⁸³ of the Twenty-One Demands that foreshadowed Japan's encroachment upon the core of Chinese independence as well as further encroachments upon Chinese territorial integrity, and which fairly represented the modern policy of Nippon. The Western nations had absorbing problems nearer home and were glad to extend full credit to Tokyo's explanations. Two years later, when the United States was at war six months and in bloody earnest, the alert Japanese procured the Lansing-Ishii agreement, with its ambiguously-phrased recognition of Japan's "special interests" in China.⁸⁴

At the Peace Conference, the acrimonious clash between President Wilson's Fourteen Points and the Secret Treaties resulted in that compromise whereby the lone idealist was granted his text and the realists their construction of it. It was because of Wilson's surrender on the Shantung issue in return for Baron Makino's withdrawal of the racial equality clause, which jeopardized the Covenant of the League of Nations, that the outraged American Commissioners almost resigned.⁸⁵ Japan did not repudiate the promise in Okuma's ultimatum to Germany of Shantung's "eventual restoration . . . to China,"⁸⁶ but she argued that the performance be left to her sense of honour and fitness, and, despite the bitter protest of China, a co-ally, Japan's insistence upon this prevailed. To Japan accordingly were ceded all of Germany's rights and claims in Shantung,⁸⁷ subject only to the former's parol promise to return them to China some time.⁸⁸ At the Washington

⁸³ Delivered by Minister Hioki January 18.

⁸⁴ Notes exchanged November 2, 1917. See translation from Ishii's memoirs in C. Walter Young, *Japan's Special Position In Manchuria* (Johns Hopkins Press, 1931), Appendix A, pp. 872 ff.

⁸⁵ Robert Lansing, *The Peace Negotiations* (Houghton Mifflin, 1921), pp. 264-5.

⁸⁶ August 15, 1914.

⁸⁷ Articles 156, 157 and 158 of the Versailles Treaty.

⁸⁸ Ray Stannard Baker, *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement*. (Doubleday Page, 1922), Vol. II, pp. 268-5.

Conference in 1922 Japan was to obtain concessions for promising again to perform the promise made in 1919 to perform the promise made in 1914.

To Japan also were allotted the German Pacific archipelagos, north of the equator. In deference to the above-mentioned arrangement whereby Wilson might handle the lexicon if the other insiders could paint the atlas, these possessions were denominated mandates instead of colonies. The natives and the international lawyers are still striving to discern a distinction.

These islands spread over a surface of ocean extending across more than ten degrees of latitude and some forty of near-equatorial longitude.³⁹ They consist chiefly of the groups known as the Carolines, the Ladrone and the Marshalls. They bring the Empire further south than Manila and further east than Guam, and they contain lagoons and harbours suitable for at least auxiliary naval bases and many landing places for aircraft. A hostile fleet venturing from the Eastern Pacific towards Japanese waters would find these scattered outposts, supplemented by the Bonin Islands to the north, a dangerous picket-line to penetrate. Recent Japanese naval manoeuvres have been held in that zone. Presumably the battle fleet would operate behind a first line of submarines and mines.

Crowning Japan's successes at Versailles was her award of one of the five permanent seats on the Council of the League, assigned to the nations commanding the five largest navies in the world.

After the separate Russian peace with Germany and during the chaotic post-armistice period there occurred that discordant inter-allied expedition to Siberia which was predominantly Japanese and swept as far as Lake Baikal.⁴⁰ Even though the troops were recalled, the last Japanese withdrawing in 1922, this invasion of the continent tended to fasten Japan more tightly than ever upon Manchuria and to instil covetous thoughts regarding Vladivostok. Had she been unaccompanied in Siberia and had her relative naval position been what it is today, Japan could have dug herself in to stay.

It is arguable that this would have tended towards Far Eastern stability. Since that time, the development of military aviation has made Vladivostok, like Korea before 1904,

³⁹ For complete description see Paul H. Clyde, *Japan's Pacific Mandate* (Macmillan, 1935), pp. 1 ff.

⁴⁰ See Maj. Gen. Wm. S. Graves, *America's Siberian Adventure* (Cape & Smith, 1931).

a "dagger pointed at the heart of Nippon," and the Soviet régime has encouraged a sentimental pride in the retention of that Pacific port, two factors making for trouble.

The flying bombers that now nest there in concealed numbers can arch the Sea of Japan and inflict destructive raids upon the congested industrial centres, and this adds one more element of fearsome uncertainty to life in the volcanic archipelago. The submarines, mostly of German fabrication, secretly shipped overland in sections⁴¹ can sneak down the Golden Horn and menace Japanese commerce. But neither jointly nor separately can these overhead and undersea fleets perpetrate any damage of decisive gravity or thwart the Imperial Navy's delivery of the Army on the mainland, where the Commissars will have to engage its full strength at the end of their railway, just as the Grand Dukes were obliged to do in 1904-05. This single avenue of communication, although double-tracked, is more vulnerable today than it was in that campaign because of the threat from the sky. A line of transport along a road-bed and rails, fixed and immovable, is much more susceptible to intersection and interference than a line of transport across the trackless straits, guarded by a mobile and self-defended surface fleet. Despite all amateur and irresponsible chatter, despite deeply-conceived propaganda, despite prognostications as to the future, the authoritative view at the present time is that a column of battleships with automatically-controlled anti-aircraft guns and attended by auxiliaries and especially by aircraft auxiliaries is not rendered obsolete by enemy aircraft.

One domestic justification for Japan's present thrust westward into Communistic Mongolia is that a flank movement from there cutting the doubled trans-Siberian tracks can isolate Vladivostok. If Japan had retained this city in 1922, the pressure for aggrandizement would have been relieved and Russia would not have been a great loser in substance as she has made relatively little use of this Oriental seaport.⁴² The Soviet Union's western frontiers would be more secure today if she could concentrate on their defence. It is undeniable that Japan's appetite for Siberian expansion probably would not have been satisfied east of Lake Baikal, but the appetite would have lost its edge. As it is, Russia, unable to challenge or even annoy Japanese control of the sea, holds her strip of

⁴¹ See despatch from Hugh Byas in *N. Y. Times*, December 6, 1934, p. 14, col. 2; also, December 5, p. 1, col. 5, and despatch from Berlin, December 18, p. 6, col. 4.

⁴² For a description of the modern Vladivostok in decay see E. Hoffer, *N. Y. Times*, June 24, 1934, Section VIII, p. 20.

Pacific coastline only at Japan's sufferance. Whenever Japan is ready to pay the price in money and lives of another war against Russia, she can seize Vladivostok. The aerial raiders might in surprise raids burn Tokyo and Osaka, and the submarines might pick off a few detached warships, trooopsips and merchantmen, but ultimate victory could not be withheld from the ruler of the adjacent waters.

Since the World War Japan has passed through two major international crises prior to that of 1935. The first was the controversy with the United States in 1920-1921 over the unhampered international use of the cable station on the Island of Yap in the Carolines. As a precursor of the long-subsequent transfer of American naval power to the Pacific, Admiral Rodman had steamed through the Canal in 1919 with the better half of the fleet, and the attitude of the Pacific Dominions precluded Japanese support by the Royal Navy. The diplomacy of Tokyo yielded to the imprudence of defying, unaided, the United States fleet.

The 1931 crisis found a different situation. Without any outside help, Japan then felt absolutely secure in the Western Pacific and, by the same token, regarded an Asiatic naval offensive by the American Navy as a most improbable audacity. During that decade's revival of Nipponese nationalism, the booming and then collapsing rival across the ocean seemed to be emasculated by a decadent wave of self-neglect. Ironically, the transient pacifism of the Republic that had fought to save the world for democracy fostered a reaction against the imported democracy in Japan and nurtured the intensified militarism and imperialism that now pervaded the Empire.

Between the Conferences of Washington (1921-22) and London (1930), the United States, with a per capita wealth seven times greater than Japan's,⁴³ expended upon new warcraft (laid down and completed) less than one-seventh as much per capita.⁴⁴

At Washington in 1921 Kato was confronted by an American fleet, built and building under the 1916 programme and the exigencies of the war, vastly greater than his own, and Japan's lesser resources rendered competitive construction a forlorn hope. During the ensuing decade the seemingly impossible came to pass. By the time of Togo's death, the Japanese fleet, although numerically inferior in capital ships, had units

⁴³ 1922 figures.

⁴⁴ The greater purchasing power of the same amount of money in Japan almost doubles this disparity. Japan laid down 124 warships of 384,091 tons; the U. S. 21 warships of 115,120 tons.

in that category that on the average were swifter and perhaps stronger, had substantial equality in aircraft carriers and heavy cruisers, and had an actual preponderance in light cruisers, under-age destroyers and submarines. How could such an absolute control of home waters have failed to stimulate the undeviating Japanese Imperial programme into activity before the advantage should be lost? Indeed, the election of the navally-sophisticated Franklin D. Roosevelt convinced Japan that the anomalous naval superiority of the moment might not be suffered to endure. But when the delegates answered President Harding's summons in 1921, this change in relative strength lay many years within the inscrutable future.

The shift by the Royal Navy from the rôle of possible ally to that of possible foe and the British Empire's post-war Singapore Base policy had for Japan the enormous compensation that English embarrassment and naval perplexities were relieved at the expense of the American Navy. With consummate skill, Balfour and Kato manipulated the Washington Conference so that Secretary of State Hughes could seem brilliantly to achieve the arrangements devised at the London Imperial Council the summer before. The benefits accruing to the United States were the saving of a few hundred million dollars (mostly during years of prosperity) and the acknowledged leadership in what proved to be the fatuous movement for curtailment of armaments. It must not be inferred that Japan was pleased at the outcome. Forgetting that the Alliance was moribund before the Conference met, she regarded the abrogation of that partnership as occurring only then.⁴⁵

Despite the invariable talk of relative naval "needs," a term that begs the entire question, the 1922 agreement was predicated upon the relative prevailing strength, Japan being accorded the then-existing approximate ratio of five to three in capital ships. She retained ten in number: the four battle cruisers of the *Kongo* class and the six newest battleships,⁴⁶ as opposed to eighteen American battleships ranging from the

⁴⁵ The Japanese grievances against their treatment at Washington may be read in George Bronson Rea, *The Case for Manchoukuo* (Appleton-Century, 1935); and their disappointment may be read in Capt. Sekiné Gumpel, *Japan's Naval Claims*, *Contemporary Japan*, Vol. II, No. 8 (December 1933), pp. 396 ff.

⁴⁶ The two *Fusōs*, the two *Ise*s and the brand new *Nagato* and *Mutsu*. The original schedule had contemplated excluding the *Mutsu*, but Kato pleaded that this would break the hearts of the school-children whose pennies had provided this ultra-modern post-Jutland super-dreadnought mounting 16-inch rifles, and she was spared, with compensations to Great Britain and the U. S.

two 1909 *Floridas* with their short 12-inch rifles⁴⁷ to two of the unfinished *West Virginias*.⁴⁸ The Japanese line naturally was much weaker in total hitting power⁴⁹ but, ship for ship, its vessels were faster, sturdier and probably more effectively mounted, having no guns of a calibre under fourteen inches.

Improvement of American fortifications west of Hawaii and British north of Singapore was proscribed. Any operations by the United States fleet off the Asiatic coast would require a superiority it had renounced.⁵⁰

Japan thus was left with free access to the mainland and in supreme control of the entire Western Pacific northwest of her new island barrier. Moreover, she was able to increase that margin of superiority by employing the funds released from competitive capital ship construction for the rapid building of vessels in the unrestricted categories. Those who believed that American sacrifices in the capital ship and aircraft carrier agreement would set a noble example were disturbed by the feverish Japanese and British laying down of auxiliaries and then were disillusioned at Geneva in 1927 by the natural British and Japanese insistence that any limitation of cruisers must recognize the actual strength in that category although enhanced deliberately for purposes of negotiation.

At the time that his royal protégé outgrew his need for formal education, Togo retired from regular public life. As the years took their toll upon his strength and as his constitution weathered the seventies and some of the eighties of his span, he felt more and more entitled to the seclusion of his home, his family, his books, his flowers and his dwarfed trees.

Hyo, the elder son, had followed the paternal example of seeking an education in England, but his vocation was agriculture, which led him into teaching and public office. The other son, Minoru, had entered the Navy, but shunned any advantage from the magic name. At the time of his father's death, Minoru was a Commander attached to a submarine

⁴⁷ 45 cal. The 12-inch guns of the later *Wyoming* and *Arkansas* were 50 cal. and each ship had two more.

⁴⁸ After some uncertainty in the selection, the choice fell upon the *West Virginia* and the *Colorado*. Jane (see *Fighting Ships*, 1931 edition) and some others include the earlier *Maryland*, mounting the same battery, in this class.

⁴⁹ U. S.: 44 12-inch, 124 14-inch, and 24 16-inch. Japanese: 80 14-inch and 16 16-inch. The U. S. fleet speed a scant 20 knots; the Japanese 22.5 knots and the four battle cruisers capable of a squadron speed of 26 knots.

⁵⁰ The round-trip on each refit or repair absence would be nearly 7000 miles.

depôt ship at Kure. The only surviving daughter married a naval officer. There were latterly four grandchildren and they were the genuine delight of the old gentleman's last years. His inability to modulate their irreverent demonstrations of affectionate intimacy was a matter of national knowledge, and more than once he was caught conniving with one of them to circumvent a parental order.

During the first part of this closing period, Togo was brisk of step and emerged from his gateway whenever a royal or public occasion warranted his attendance. The fatal illness of the Emperor Taisho⁵¹ caused him such anxiety that his own health was seriously impaired. The ensuing royal demise involved the usual series of ceremonies. As the new ruler, who ushered in the Era of Showa, was Togo's pupil, the Admiral felt a close personal interest in the accession. That Japan's reigning Emperor has manifested such a lively interest in all national activities and such a modern attitude towards his surroundings must be credited in large measure to the influence of his chief tutor. Togo's ideal ruler was his beloved Mutsuhito, and of Hirohito it often is said that in many respects he reminds Japan of his illustrious grandfather, which is the acme of praise.

It was with pride that the faithful servant of the Royal Family beheld this young man assume the reins of government. Hugh Byas, the Tokyo correspondent of the *New York Times* travelled to Kyoto for the coronation on the same train as that in which Togo also rode as an ordinary passenger. In a personal letter,⁵² Mr. Byas wrote: "At almost every station groups of his old seamen were on the platform to welcome him. They would come up to his carriage window, perhaps with flowers but as often with nothing. The old gentleman would stand at his window and listen to them, smiling a little but saying almost nothing. Indeed, in one or two cases where the halt was brief he would just smile and bow and let it go at that. He wore an old plain undress uniform without a ribbon or decoration."

In 1927, after a recurrence of his old bladder trouble, Togo submitted to another operation and it was successful. He managed to get about until the last year of his life.

There was gratification that this heroic relic of Japan's greatest naval glory still was present in the flesh and there existed a keen desire to preserve him as long as possible. He

⁵¹ Yoshihito.

⁵² To the author.

had escaped all enemy shells and the hazards of the sea, he had survived internal ailments and the earthquake, but even Togo, the people suspected, was not immortal. It was with general approval that the ageing Admiral made himself increasingly but not unreasonably inaccessible. Otherwise he would have been the prime public sight of the capital.

When Admiral Anderson visited Tokyo as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Asiatic fleet in 1923, shortly before his unexpected return there to head the foreign earthquake relief, the American Ambassador announced an Imperial audience.

"That will be fine," declared the Admiral, "but tell me—can I meet Admiral Togo?"

"That," replied the diplomat, "will be more difficult to arrange."⁵³

Togo's seclusion did not bar professional brethren of Admiral Anderson's standing, but the Ambassador's reaction indicated the widespread respect for the privacy of the old sailor's snug harbour. When, for example, he finally was coaxed before a microphone, the broadcast was a national event.

People began to collect Togiana and the scarcity of his writings, even of his autographs, made them commercially valuable. There is a story that an old acquaintance from Kagoshima, who called regularly, never failed to ask the Admiral to jot down something on paper. Eventually becoming suspicious, Togo inquired what his visitor did with all of those slips.

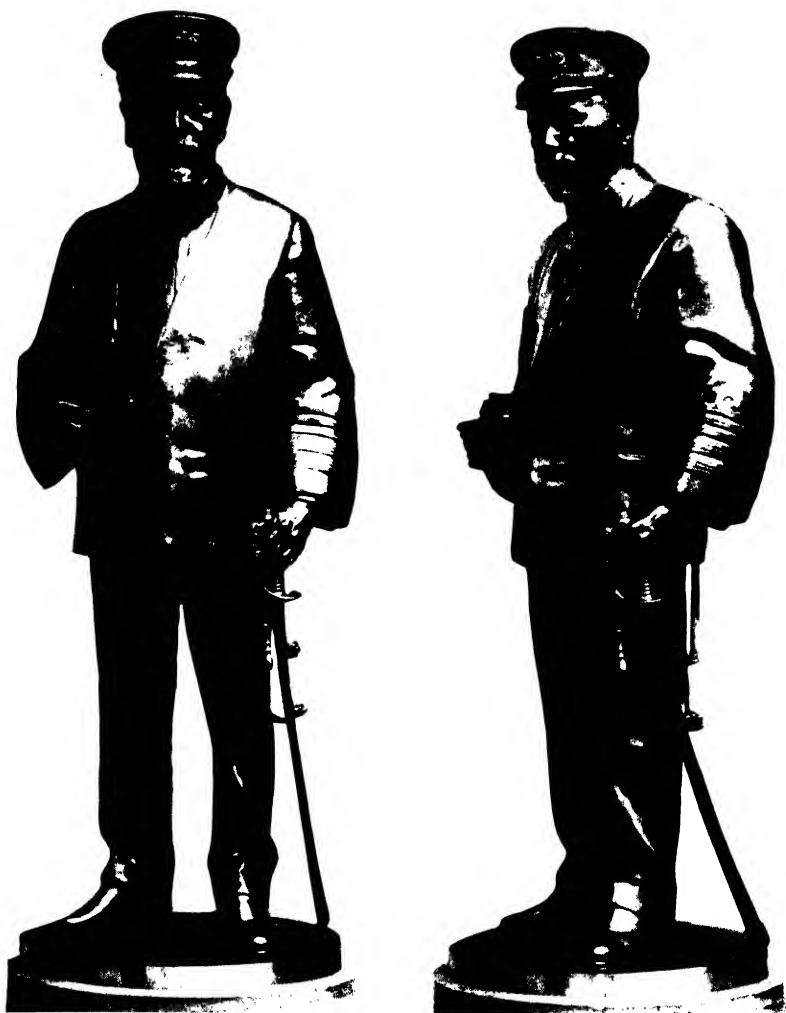
"I sell them," was the astonishingly frank reply, and the amused Button Gwinnett proceeded to supply another specimen.⁵⁴

He always made a public appearance on the anniversary of Tsushima, when the festivities centred about him and the nation regularly rejoiced afresh as it had when the tidings came that May day in 1905. The twenty-fifth anniversary was made an unforgettable gala occasion. Everybody knew that, long before the fiftieth, Togo as well as most of his officers and blue-jackets would be gone.

This big twenty-fifth celebration followed by four years the enthusiastic and ceremonious rededication at Yokosuka of the *Mikasa*, rescued from the ships doomed under the treaties, by

⁵³ Related by Admiral Anderson to the author.

⁵⁴ The Trans-Pacific, May 31, 1934, pp. 10 and 19.



ANGELO ZANELLI'S STATUE OF TOGO AT TSUSHIMA,
ON THE *Mikasa* MEMORIAL

(*Kindness of Signor Zanelli*)

virtue of an international reprieve and public subscription. Togo himself contributed the first coin and it is on display in the preserved battleship, where Zanelli's statue for ever will dominate the monument that has become the most fitting of cenotaphs. Named for the beautiful sacred mountain near Nara, the historic warship has become another national shrine.

Togo was consulted on virtually all important matters of naval moment and in Japan there is a comprehension of the relationship between policy and sanctions. Nevertheless, the Admiral adhered unalterably to his conviction that warriors should remain aloof from direct statesmanship as long as they considered themselves primarily warriors and that prestige won on the field or the bridge should not be utilized to gain acceptance for political or diplomatic programmes.

Gradually the Meiji leaders disappeared and Togo's was one of the few old heads left from those already legendary times. The peerless pair, Ito and Inouye, were gone. Hayashi, Katsura and Komura had preceded Inouye. Okuma and Yamagata had followed in 1922. Earthquake injuries had proved fatal to Matsukata. Of the old Genro only Saionji survived. Togo had heard taps sounded for most of the Admirals who had fought under him: Kamimura, Dewa, Kataoka, Kato, Shimamura and the rest, excepting Uriu, who seemed to be spared to represent them all at their Chief's burial. The old soldiers, too, Oyama, Nogi, Kuroki, were beyond the range of lending counsel.

When Yamamoto died a few months before Togo, the obituaries referred to the former as the head of the Satsuman naval clique. Nothing could have emphasized more plainly the fact that the then surviving world-renowned sailor of Satsuma was greater than any group, a personality belonging to all Japan, incomparably more so than even Yamamoto, despite the latter's premiership in two cabinets.

Togo's generation had left him almost alone but the younger ones continued to regard the Admiral as the living link with the naval—which they knew better than had their forefathers—is the national—past. No matter what posthumous glories await Togo's memory at the hands of an imaginative and ingenious posterity, there need be no fear that his contemporaries overlooked any opportunity to honour the hero in the flesh. Through the royal thanks and the popular demonstrations, necessarily confined to the hackneyed forms, there

burned the perceptible warmth of rare spontaneity and sincerity. Togo received his garlands while he lived.

THE upheavals of 1929 that started in South America and spread throughout the world were followed by such economic depression and political complications that by 1931 the time seemed opportune to Japan for the furtherance of the Twenty-One Demands of 1915. While Japan was not particularly prosperous herself, the national wealth was under concentrated control and Big Business joined effectively with the Government in which it had a strong influence. The revival of Shinto-patriotism, and indeed many other domestic factors, including the protracted hardships of the masses, combined with the foreign situation to suggest another stride in the march of Imperial expansion.

Adapting the technique to the times, Manchuria was not seized in name nor even as a mandate but was made a puppet "independency." Japanese troops tramped through Manchuria in 1931 as they had in 1894 and 1904, but the then-recent Kellogg-Briand Pact⁵⁵ was not offended by a declaration of war. The Nine Power Treaty was reconstrued to read "black" for "white." Secretary of State Stimson wrote vigorous protests, but, at London in 1930, rather than return home frankly empty-handed, he had traded away the remnant of potential American naval control west of the date line and so his protests were regarded as innocuous.

The Imperial forces moved against Shanghai and its environs in a ruthless demonstration of terrorism designed to smash the anti-Japanese boycott which had been damaging Osaka and Tokyo manufacturers. The ancient Woosung forts⁵⁶ offered amazing resistance and General Tsai Ting-kai shattered all Chinese military tradition by the gallant defence presented by his Nineteenth Route Army.

The Japanese did not acquit themselves impressively and soon deplored the conspicuous Shanghai project, which was an impulsive deviation from the main course of their continental expansion. Foreign observers, impossible to exclude from the international settlement, were astonished at the ineptness of the Japanese aircraft and at the general military clumsiness of the assailants. The ammunition was so poor that stories spread that defective shells purposely were being disposed of.

⁵⁵ Signed by Japan and 14 other nations at Paris, August 27, 1928; subsequently by 48 other nations.

⁵⁶ At the confluence of the Hwang-poo and Yangtse.

The bombardment of non-combatants and unfortified congested areas was not good publicity.

As soon as she could withdraw "with face" Japan backed out of the Shanghai region. She sought to profit by the tactical experience and, among other things, gave increased attention to aviation in manoeuvres that cost many lives.

Although the Imperial Navy played a prominent part in those abortive Shanghai operations, the battle fleet as a whole was not employed and no opportunity was afforded to gauge its efficiency. Excepting for the relatively small detachments of auxiliaries sent up the Hwang-poo, it lay close to its bases, watching for any naval support of the Western indignation.

This was the critical time when Japan was to confirm her estimate of the Pacific situation: that the loss of British naval support was not to mean British naval hostility, and that the reduced American fleet would not alone attempt to thwart Japanese policy in Asia. Had Great Britain, on any kind of ceremonial pretext, sent a couple of battleship divisions to, say, Honolulu, the diplomatic protests to Tokyo would have been supported by sufficient sea power to have denied to the Japanese expeditionary force access to the continent. Shortly before the Manchurian adventure startled the inattentive world, Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic fleet, quietly brought the *Nelson* and *Rodney* and the Second Cruiser Squadron to Panama during the American naval manoeuvres.⁵⁷ Sir Michael demonstrated that, with the good will of the Canal's proprietor, he could squeeze his broadest-blistered leviathans through the short-cut to the Pacific. Japan was not disturbed because she knew that, at the decisive moment, London would hold them east of the locks rather than jeopardize naval stability in the European zone, where dictators were ready to take advantage of any British diversion. Tokyo proceeded to win the controversies by default, as in the decades following Kagoshima and Shimonoseki she had lost them.

When the sorely-beset League was unable to escape confirmation of the Lytton Report,⁵⁸ declaring Japan wholly responsible for the establishment of Manchukuo, the Mikado's Government was sufficiently self-confident of its unimpeachable dictatorship in Far Eastern affairs to withdraw from Geneva,⁵⁹ avow-

⁵⁷ See N. Y. Times, February 24, 1931.

⁵⁸ Decision broadcast February 17, 1933; ratification by Assembly February 24, 1933, whereupon Japan's delegation withdrew.

⁵⁹ Intention announced March 27, 1933. Effective 2 years after notification.

ing the determination to retain the mandated islands as a chain of forget-me-nots.⁶⁰

As Japan gustily blew into the Nineteen-Thirties, Togo remained personally imperturbable within his domestic circle, which was as tranquil amidst the disturbances as the calm core of a hurricane. The Admiral's memory provided first-hand contrasts that to most others were historic. He had heard the whistle of hostile British shells and lived to see the close of the intervening period of partnership. When the suspicious harbour improvements in the mandated islands, the creation of Manchukuo and other measures of Imperial aggrandizement buried the dead Alliance, the Mikado had to rely exclusively upon his own maritime strength, just as had his grandfather in the early years of the Restoration. The former's fleet, however, was a different weapon, relatively as well as absolutely, from the one that had survived the Civil War. As has been seen, the Rising Sun now was supreme throughout the Northwestern Pacific.

Because the delegates of the Hoover Administration were not even more thoroughly outbargained at London in 1930 than they were, there arose in Japan during the following years a clamour of protest which in Togo's ears must have awakened echoes of the wail of indignation after Portsmouth. Many in the Navy became boldly outspoken against the alleged meagreness of the negotiated victory. The traditional subordination to superiors and to the Government in matters of foreign policy was violated and forgotten.

In the spring of 1932 a band of impassioned young naval officers forced its way into the residence of Premier Inukai and added his name to the bloody list of martyred Japanese statesmen. The court-martial trial of the assassins split the populace into bitter factions over the defence of Japan's unwritten law condoning Caesarian murders. The judges were deluged with pleas of sympathy in forms extravagantly attesting sincerity and earnestness. Letters were penned in the blood of the writers and many of them enclosed self-amputated fingers.

Within the service itself there was a shaking of morale from truck to keel. The high command was too deeply in-

⁶⁰ The naval members of the Supreme Military Council, the Minister of Marine, the Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, and the Commandants of the leading naval bases met on July 16, 1934, to formulate the programme for the London Conference and, among other things, resolved that the mandated islands must be retained, by force if necessary. On July 25, 1934 the Cabinet virtually ratified this position.

volved in the controversy to be able to exert a soothing and unifying influence below. This was an occasion whose gravity invited the great super-Admiral to break his usual silence. The old Cincinnatus paused in his garden and lowered the favourite pruning-shears, which eventually were buried with him, long enough to say just the right thing in a safely Delphic way: "All of the officers in the Imperial Navy must be prudent in speech and action." "Prudent" had become his favourite word. The speaker's own behaviour during the Civil War and the Saigo Rebellion exemplified his laconic precept. It was accepted in every cabin and in every wardroom as an inspired commandment that could harbour no error. Togo's words came from a seclusion and apparent remoteness, almost as though from beyond the mortal horizon, with an effect comparable to what might be expected were the voice of Nelson suddenly to broadcast a mandate to the Royal Navy from the top of the shaft in Trafalgar Square.

This was Togo's last public counsel to the Imperial fleet.

THE year 1933 found the Navy in the Eastern Pacific reinvigorated by a second Roosevelt and the Navy in the Western Pacific unafraid to support Japan's defiant withdrawal from the League of Nations. Within the Togo home the year was a dismal one. The aged couple were bedridden, Countess Togo because of painful neuralgia and the Admiral because of a general physical breakdown. He had gallstones, neuralgia, chronic bronchitis and a diseased throat that finally was diagnosed as cancerous. Desperately every known therapeutic agency was tried under the exhortations of the Emperor and the Government to work another Togo miracle that would save or at least prolong the cherished life. Over a hundred thousand dollars were spent ungrudgingly but hopelessly upon radium treatments. Shells, explosions, collisions and even earthquakes had discriminated in Togo's favour, but cancer uncompromisingly refused to extend any clemency and tightened its malignant grip.

As the year ended, those close to the family realized that the days of Togo were numbered. Even amid the rejoicing in the Palace that her fifth confinement yielded the prayed-for Crown Prince,⁶¹ the happy Empress did not forget her sick old friend. Aware that he was reduced to a liquid diet, she daily sent him a thermos bottle filled with his favourite soup.

In April 1934 Japan enjoined the rest of the world from

⁶¹ Akihito Tsugu-no-miya, born December 28, 1933.

"interference" in China, and then celebrated at Shimoda the eightieth anniversary of the first treaty with the United States. As Tsushima Day approached it became certain that the central figure would be missing from the ceremonies. Public rumours to this effect were confirmed by a doleful bulletin reciting the Admiral's condition. In a sense the planned festivities of the twenty-seventh of May turned into a premature memorial service for the Chief, whose absence made him the more conspicuous.

Togo lay in his room, bare excepting for a picture of Fujiyama, visualizing the celebration. When the hour came for the Emperor's arrival at the distant scene, the weak patient managed to struggle out of bed and kneel on the floor in the direction of the sovereign. This involved a masterful assertion of will power and exacted a heavy toll from the enfeebled physique, hastening the end.

The Palace kept in constant touch with the Togo residence. There hung heavily the sense of despair that pervades such hopeless crises, the frantic urge to do something to thwart the unpreventable.

On the twenty-eighth the Count was raised to a Marquis. It is customary to receive such an honour in full regalia, and the dying man, still conscious, insisted upon manifesting his gratitude to the Emperor by having the suitable garments laid across the bed.

Togo's wife was carried into his room for this melancholy ceremony and it was then that they bade each other farewell. The wife of fifty-three years was to survive her husband by only a few months.⁶²

There arrived from the Palace the dozen bottles of old wine that constitute the traditional parting gift when the imminence of death no longer can be doubted.

The greatest honour of all was the elevation of the Admiral from the Senior Grade of the Second Rank to the Junior Grade of the First Rank, in Palace precedence, but he already had been the premier subject, outranking even the last of the Genro.

In front of the house the street was crowded with silent, sorrowful people, plain people, a cross-section of all Japan, yielding an aisle for the leading citizens of the Empire who called to make personal inquiry. The spring flowers bloomed as usual in the garden where in previous years the old gentleman had spent so many pleasant and busy hours.

⁶² She died December 28, 1934.



THE MIKASA'S FLAG AT HALF-MAST FOR TOGO
THE MEMORIAL AT YOKOSUKA, MAY 30, 1934

(Wide World Photo)

Upstairs he lay quietly. His last words were: "I just want to rest until the end. I am thinking of my Emperor—and roses."

At three in the afternoon he passed into a coma and died at seven o'clock the next morning, May 30.

Japan paused. From the otherwise hushed central broadcasting station, Togo's old shipmate and biographer, Admiral Ogasawara, thanked the world for its messages of sympathy. Throughout the Empire there was a recognition of a life lived well to the last breath. The monuments could stand without apology or blush for any lapse in "prudence."

There was decreed for June 5 the first State Funeral for one not a prince and only the tenth such ceremony altogether since the Restoration. The elaborate services, arranged by a national committee whose chairman had been a Commander on Togo's staff at Tsushima,⁶³ lasted from dawn to dusk. They commenced privately at the home, continued in public at Hibiya Park and terminated in the Tama Cemetery, outside of Tokyo, where the remains were interred near those of the Emperor Taisho. The route was long but scarcely long enough to provide space for the multitude of people who wished to bow before the gun-carriage bearing the plain coffin as it was drawn past by bluejackets. The Premier who walked behind was Admiral Viscount Saito Makoto, Minister of the Navy while Togo was Chief of the Naval Staff. At Hibiya Park an old man in a faded naval uniform hobbled up to lay a flower on the bier. He was Admiral Uriu, the sole survivor among Togo's flag officers at Tsushima. A dozen of the *Mikasa*'s officers of 1905, three at a time, stood eight-hour watches over the grave for a week.

The morning of the funeral there boomed nineteen-gun salutes, followed by others at one-minute intervals, from the great battleship *Ise* at Shinagawa and from the anchorage off Yokohama, where lay the U. S. S. *Augusta*,⁶⁴ H. M. S. *Suffolk*,⁶⁵ and other foreign men-of-war. Airplanes circled above the cortège.

Even while the Imperial Navy was saying *sayonara*, it continued to carry on. The day after Admiral Togo's death there slid down the ways at Nagasaki the new light cruiser *Mikuma*.

⁶³ Admiral Arima Ryokitsu.

⁶⁴ Flagship of Admiral Frank B. Upham, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic fleet.

⁶⁵ Flagship of Admiral Sir Frederic Dreyer, who had known Togo well.

That same morning President Roosevelt reviewed the United States fleet entering New York Bay on its brief and anxious excursion into its old Atlantic haunts. As the American squadrons, in accordance with their schedule, retransited the Canal that fall, the Japanese delegates, seriously and with their country solidly behind them, demanded at London that all ratios with the Royal Navy and the United States fleet be superseded by a formula of absolute equality. This being refused, as was expected and as was inevitable, Japan terminated the Treaty of Washington.⁶⁶ It had served her purpose well, and she could face with equanimity a resumption of unrestricted building.

To supplement the *Mikasa* Memorial as a museum of Togo relics, a temple is to be erected whither Japanese seamen may come for inspiration before sailing forth to the Tsushima of the future. In some prominent place on its walls there should be inscribed that ancient native proverb, forgotten for centuries, blasted into popular recollection by Kuper's guns at Kagoshima and given glorious application by Togo Heihachiro: "The life blood of Japan is the water of the sea."⁶⁷

⁶⁶ Note from Ambassador Saito to Secretary of State Hull, December 29, 1934; termination effective after December 31, 1936.

⁶⁷ Quoted (in slightly different form) in English in connection with Togo as early as 1905. M. C. Fraser, *Admiral Togo*, *supra*, p. 7886.

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